

AUGUST
1926

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



"IM THE BATTLER"

by FRANCIS R BELLAMY - *A story that is unusual* - Also JAMES B CONNOLLY - KONRAD BERCOVICI
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE - and others

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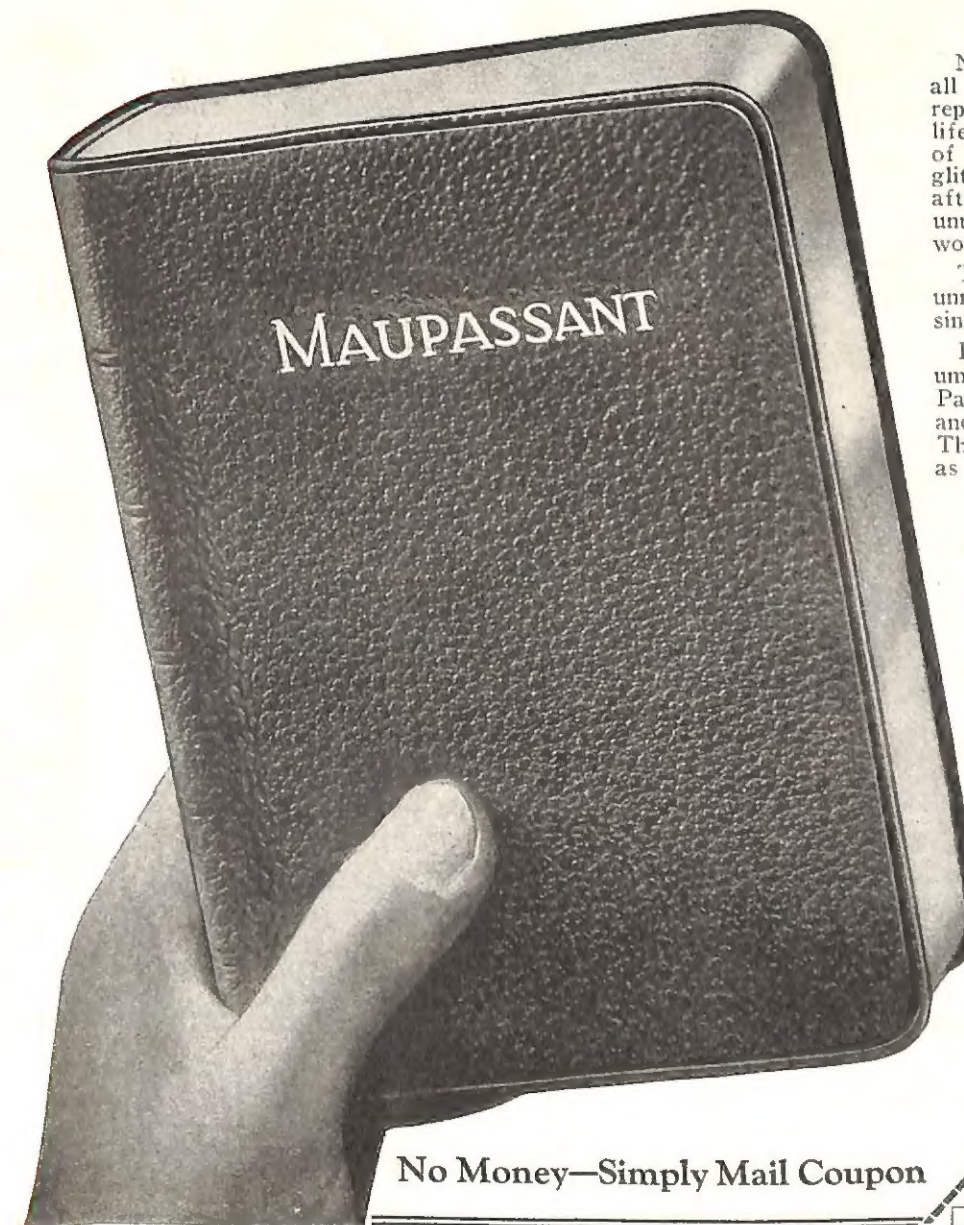
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The Strong-Box of CAPTAIN JADE

MEN drop from high estate by easy stages down among the floating riff raff of the Caribbees, where lives are often bartered for pearls, and Maxwell Harkley, last of his line of proud New Englanders, proved no exception in that; but read how he did prove an exception in another way—"The Strong-Box of Captain Jade," by Paul Annixter, in the September issue.

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"His Tail Between His Legs"

What most men would see if they could see themselves

MOST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for SOMETHING TO TURN UP that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more COWED they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!

The pity of it is, nothing can SHAKE THEM out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They CHALLENGE the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, TO SET A HIGH GOAL—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who DO try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat, laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about YOU? Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in YOUR Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?

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—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.
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The RETURN

By Charles Hanson Towne

Illustration by Lowell L. Balcom

The hills of home, they call me—
I hear them in the rain;
I hear them in the darkness,
Above the city's pain.
Their sweet, insistent voices
Are whispering again.

O high green hills of boyhood!
Amid the doubt and stress,
I see them waiting for me,
In peace and tenderness,
Waiting, with hands of healing,
To comfort me, and bless.

Now I shall leave my sorrow,
The dust of sore defeat,
Forget the roar and tumult
That round about me beat,
And find again the pathway
That knew my childish feet.

The fever of the city
Will vanish when I find
Those slopes that lead to heaven,
Unutterably kind.
O hills of home, how swiftly
You heal the heart and mind!



(A tawny fox-red he was and slender, with his beautiful coat of thick gold fur. He could never be mistaken for anything but what he was—an animal from the woods.)

JIM *the* BATTLER

(The Adventures of a Yellow-Coated Stranger in New York) By Francis R. Bellamy

VAL himself told me Jimmy's story, as we sat on the little iron balcony of the Thespian Club.

"Jim was always different from the rest," he said, as he stared out over the autumn touched park. "He had always that quality of courage, independence—call it what you like!—which is so rare in animals or men. This paragraph in the Sun doesn't begin to tell the real story."

In his hand was clutched the evening paper, and in his eyes was a shining gleam, as of repressed emotion.

"Do you remember Hurry?" he inquired irrelevantly. "That Irish terrier I used to keep up in New Hampshire? Well, he was with me, the first time I saw Jim. We'd gone out for a walk down the winding path that led to the post box. Ahead of us was a thicket of dead brown weeds—tangled and bent. Just as we came opposite there arose from it a violent rustling. Distinct, abrupt thumps, as if a beast were jumping violently on dry leaves time after time. And then a kind of thrashing, and crackling.

Illustrations by Charles B. Falls

"Well, here's something for you, Hurry; go after 'em," I said. "And then I turned to send in the old warrior. To my astonishment, however, Hurry was for once standing perfectly motionless, his deep-set eyes fixed on the brown thicket, one paw raised, and a most curious expression on his face.

"In an instant he gave a low growl, and then a series of short barks—and began jumping backwards, in a kind of frenzy of excitement, and almost fear, his eyes fixed on the spot where the thicket touched the path. In a moment I saw why.

"From the grass a big diamond-marked, brown and yellow snake was coming. And behind the reptile was a small, reddish cat—a miniature tiger of a cat. The cat's ears were laid back, and his teeth were showing and in his eyes there was a distinctness of purpose that couldn't be mistaken. He was after that snake. Even as we looked he leaped upon the reptile and seized it just back of the head, dragging it heavily but madly this way and that while the three feet of snake coiled and whipped and

thrashed after him, winding its coils around the cat's paws, over his back, under his belly, making a ball of cat fur and snake that thrashed about in a sort of fury.

"There must, as a matter of fact, be a tremendous amount of strength in a good-sized three-foot snake. For I never saw a more hair-raising, heart-thumping battle in my life. For four minutes I never saw a better fight. Until at last the snake flopped less and less and lay still. And the cat jumped back in a kind of fierce triumph."

On the balcony Val paused a moment. "Did you ever know that a cat would fight a snake like that?" he inquired. "A snake you couldn't induce a dog to touch?"

I shook my head. "Well, I didn't either," he remarked. "Until Jim showed me. It's what I meant, partly, when I said he had something you couldn't forget. For a cat, I think, he was the most remarkable character I ever met."

And on the balcony, to the accompaniment of the late night traffic around the moon-touched park, he told me Jim's story—the real story, just as it happened . . .

HOPKINTON, in the New Hampshire mountains, was Jim's birthplace. He was one of four kittens born of old Nancy, the barn cat. The first time anyone ever saw him was when he came forth from Will Gallott's hayloft one winter's morning.

He was the first of the four to emerge, and he swayed about hazily on his pink paws, staring curiously with his near-sighted, blue-pupiled gaze at the ungainly cows in the stanchions.

Hurry, too, was in the cowbarn that morning, moving hazily about, his long nails clacking upon the concrete floor, his deep-set eyes and rough coat giving an impression of a bristling fighting spirit which his actions in the barn never bore out. Nevertheless, as he came lazily forward he presented a picture at once terrifying and monstrous.

The sudden scramble of three of the kittens attested to that. They turned and fled, and sought safety again in the hayloft.

Not so, Jim. Like a miniature furry David, he held his ground.

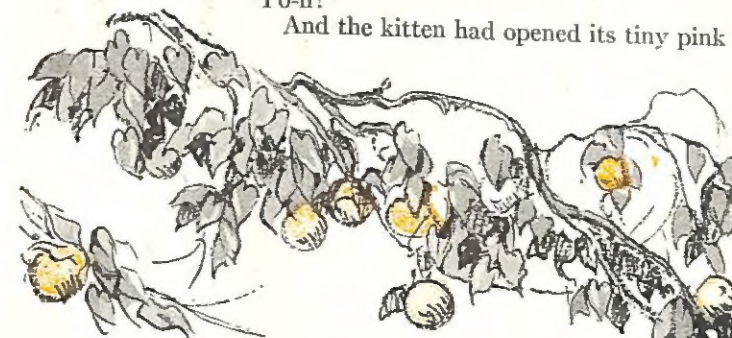
There was, of course, merely curiosity and a faint hope of sport in the tilt of Hurry's head and the cock of his ears.

But Jim could not have known that.

Jim was merely a kitten. And he swayed on his paws, staring wide-eyed at the terrier, the fur on his back swelling heavy and stiff, his tiny tail fluffed with terror. Two steps Hurry took toward him. But Jim did not give ground.

"Br—rugh!" said Hurry, in a sharp, little bark.

"Po-ff!" And the kitten had opened its tiny pink



mouth and let out a fiercely menacing hiss that was audible even to old Will who sat quietly milking. He had not given ground, so much as one single inch.

"Here!" called old Will, in a sudden sharp tone. "Come here, Hurry! He ain't agoin' to run. Leave him be."

Hurry, old Will, and the barn—that was Jim's infancy.

It was February when he was born; when he first knew mother love. It was summer by the time he had learned to fend for himself and had become a genuine kitten.

During those months he had learned many things. Never to touch carrion, for instance. Always to drink clear water. Always to chew fresh grass. Never to let one's fur harden with dirt. Always to kill all fleas and insects. Never to let one day or night end without a thorough cleansing and bath.

He had learned other things, too. Always jump high from the ground at the unexpected rush of an enemy. Never, no matter what the circumstances, to present to an enemy one's backbone. Always to use the hind feet and claws in a fight. Invariably to



roll over, claws out and paws apart, if overtaken by an antagonist.

In addition he had begun to absorb from his mother all the real Lore of the Cat, which begins: "Be Clean. Be Swift. Be Noiseless. Be Patient. Be Moderate. Be Cautious."

At this time, indeed, he was a tawny, fox-red, and slender; with blue-brown eyes which were just beginning to settle into definite color. His ears gave promise of tiny fox tufts upon the tips, and thick, gold hair grew softly about the base. His paws were small but strong and sinewy. And in all his body was a kind of lithe grace that one sees sometimes in panthers and tigers. Beyond all, in his movements there was a kind of indescribable quickness, an earnest promise of a swiftness of mind, a quality of intellect, that seemed to set him apart from his companions.

Down below the pasture was a world devised for sharpening wits—a world of grey rocks and thrusting new grass; of slim white trees and woodland thickets; of old rotting logs and rills of clear water.

Mysterious, wild life moved in this world and challenged all who dared compete with it. And in this world Jim spent his nights and days, browsing and hunting, and oftentimes being hunted, too.

It was why he so seldom came near the buildings of the farm, except to sleep through the warm afternoon.

He was learning the lore of the woods.

Furthermore, he was gradually becoming stronger and more lithe. His eyes—remarkable rarity!—were now a pure, limpid brown. Not yellow, nor green, nor lemon; but the soft brown of the deer, the quick brown of the collie dog.

So he was on the day when Val first saw him and their life-long friendship began.

"By the gods, but you've got courage!" Val said to him that day, once the snake lay lifeless before them. "Animal, shake!"

And he reached forth his hand. But the language was not understandable to Jim. And he merely laid back his ears and stared.

"I won't hurt you, little fellow," he said.

AND somehow, the feeling behind his words must have gotten over, for Jim rose suddenly, his tail motionless, his eyes fixed upon the blue eyes and sunburnt face of the yellow-haired musician. A curious kind of pulsing, appeared in his furry throat, and he took a step toward Val, his limpid brown eyes melting and softening a little.

"That's right," said Val softly.

And the next moment he was petting him . . . It was the year when Val wrote his one ambitious bid for fame—the "Pittipat Princess," and he and his sister Helen lived in the New Hampshire cottage, beneath the oaks. Every day, in the fall, he worked on the open stone flags beside the French windows where the grand piano was handy. And it was there that the friendship between him and Jim began.

It was merely an acquaintanceship at first, of course. Jim did not give himself easily—cats do not. He merely came, afternoons, and sat in the flowers and watched Val at work, curious at the strange movements of the pen, the blowing of the manuscripts in the autumn breeze and the occasional resorts to the piano, inside.

Music he loved; and Val



"I never saw a more hair-raising battle in my life as cat and snake thrashed about in fury."

made it. That was one factor. The woods were his passion, too. And Val shared that. And beyond was the peculiar thing the musician gave to animals—the sympathy that welled up from the unsettled depths of his emotional life.

Food Val never gave him—not at first. They were not intimate enough for that. And Jim would not enter the house; and perhaps never would have, had not the second adventure of his life sent his existence upon that path.

This happened in the third week.

It was a clear, moonlight, September night, that night.

Against the cedars, the fireflies flashed and glowed. Along the path that led from the barn to the cottage, the orchard grass grew high, arching over the path, casting filigree shadows on the deep rut.

And down this path Jim lounged.

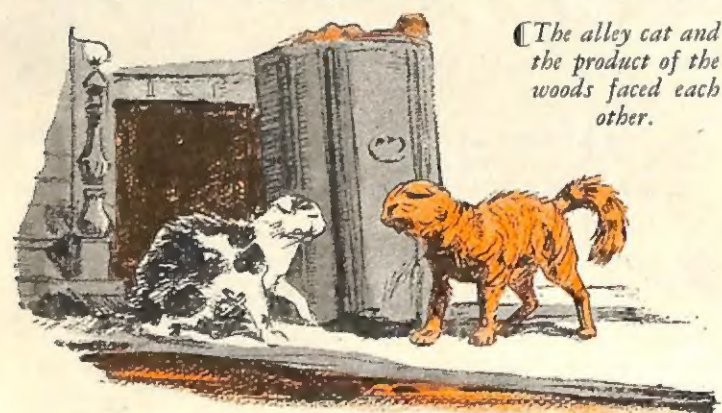
By the lake beach, within a stone's throw of the big oaks by the cottage, was a most interesting muskrat bank. And toward this Jim was bound. He took this path every night and he knew it thoroughly.

And this, perhaps, was why he failed to notice the fact that this time he himself was under observation. Nevertheless, in the thick weeds beside the orchard fence two green eyes glowed. Curiously slit and baleful they were, producing a stare commensurate with the fierceness of their huge, shaggy owner.

Arrived at the beach Jim paused again, listening to the tiny scabbling sound of a squirrel in the willows, while behind him, the Wild Yellow Cat paused, too. He was an old experienced hand at this game of stalking, this yellow cat, and he could out-guess Jim instantly.

Keen murder shone in his green eyes as he went from currant bush to oak tree to willow branch, waiting for his opportunity.

By a green mound, Jim paused, his attention caught again



(The alley cat and the product of the woods faced each other.

by another fish jumping far out in the lake. His back was turned toward the Yellow Cat for the moment, and in that instant the Yellow Cat sprang.

Like a flash of dirty, yellow lightning he sprang and before Jim could turn had him pinioned in the thick grass that grew upon the bank.

Death! Fur-covered; and exuding an over-powering wild animal smell!

That was Jim's first, crashing impression of him. Teeth upon his throat; claws upon his eyes; death tearing at his windpipe. Instinctively, although it was his first experience, he knew he was being killed.

He tried vainly for position; threw himself over; dragged his hind feet free, struck fiercely and murderously with them, caught the Yellow Cat's forepaw in his jaw and bit through it madly. But failed utterly to shake that hold upon his throat.

Slowly, ferociously, tenaciously, that closed upon him—strangling his screams in his throat, thrusting him down second by second into the blackness of death.

Another second, perhaps; a shade less clarity in the moonlight,—and there would have been end to him in that moment. But of a sudden, in the cottage, windows screeched upward. Human voices shouted. And in a moment came a flash of fire, followed by a report.

Bang!

And abruptly he felt the huge, filthy bulk upon him give a convulsive jump, flounder—and fall limp.

"I got the confounded beast, I guess," Val said.

And in the shuddering quiet of the September night, human footsteps were heard descending the stairs of the cottage.

"He was trying to kill our friend, the little Gallott cat," Val said.

And he stooped down to Jim, and touched him slowly, gently, caressingly—while a strange curious warmth crept into the animal's veins.

"You'll do better in the house for the rest of this night," he said then, to the half-unconscious animal.

And he lifted him in his hands, and took him in . . .

Well, for animals as for human beings, there are certain stirrings of emotion, certain vague glimpses of emotional possibilities, which can be called love. Jim might have appeared merely a bloody and torn cat, as he lay half-unconscious on the pillow in the living room. But from that hour forth he was the tall musician's friend.

"I'd like to keep the animal," the musician told Old Will Gallott the next day.

And the old man spat upon the ground carefully.

"It ain't anythin' to me," he replied.

And that ended that . . .

It was still less "anything" to Jim. He had never regarded the farmer as anything more than a doubtful acquaintance and potential enemy—a man whose boot was as likely to strike as pass by. Valentine had saved his life. The musician's home was his.

"I can see we're going to have *this* animal now," Helen told Val a little grimly at the end of a week, when Jim recovered somewhat from the effects of the struggle. "He is going to be your next infatuation."

"I seem to be his, certainly!" Val replied. "I'd say he felt grateful."

First and last, Jim gave many proofs of it. Small gifts at first—a mole, a snake's head, a fish. He brought the things mornings, to Val's bedroom door, and sat outside waiting for the musician to rise. Long walks, next—through the woods and pastures; down to the village beyond the Notch; out to dinner at the neighboring cottages.

He had given his heart to his protector. All day he would sit with Val, until evening had come. And then he would go hunting in the darkness—be the night rainy and full of thunder or peaceful with the infinite small noises of the countryside. He always scorned the food of the house and lived solely upon the kill of his own hunting. Furthermore, although he loved Val, he remained always, first and last, a fighter.

The Grey Cat, down at Grace's, first.

He fought him to a standstill, one February night—and emerged torn and sore, but victorious.

"You really are a little Battler, aren't you?" Valentine remarked to Jim that day.

And the name stuck.

Jim, the Battler, became his name.

By the second summer, indeed, he had become a full grown cat. Where some cats have a slight tendency to slink, he stood erect and fearless. Where others show a tendency to run or skulk, he stood unmoved in the face of the unknown. He had grown up and fulfilled the promise of his youth.

"In fact," said Val to Helen as they sat before their trunks in late September, "the only real question now is whether to take him to New York with us, or not."

"It's a question we can't ever decide," Helen pointed out. "No one but Jim knows that. But I would say that wherever you are, he wants to be."

When the last bag was closed, and the trunks gone with the truck to the station, there was Jim, already in the Ford, perched high on the back seat.

Ahead of him was New York—and mystery.

It was past three o'clock by the time they drew up before the lighted marble hallway. And not a soul was abroad, except a policeman on the corner.

"Lucky for you, we're on the ground floor," Val remarked to him, as they entered the apartment.

But Jim was busy taking in the details of this new place—the bedroom and living room upon the street; the rugs and furniture in the dining room; the familiar trappings of the kitchen, with its one window upon a court, whence could be seen a single, thin tree through a narrow gap between the buildings.

"You'll get used to it soon enough," Val remarked.

But Jim paid scant attention to him. Outside the windows was this strange new world, where no tree or shrub appeared, no bird or insect moved, no branches souged in the wind, no fireflies zigzagged above an orchard. High, glassy-eyed houses; stone steps; black macadam!

What life lived and moved in this new planet, where the pastures were of asphalt, and the moons sat small and lonely on iron posts?



(Just as Jim had been king of his small New Hampshire hilltop so now he became Prince of all Eleventh street from Fifth avenue to the River.



Jim liked to sit on the window sill and listen to his friend Val as he played the "Pittipat" waltz.

"Go out, if you like," said Helen. And she raised the window for him; and he stepped out, a small animal in a strange world.

Before him nothing moved. Quiet and darkness. Below him was the areaway and the janitor's apartment—the entrance to the cellar, and the stone steps leading down. Out upon the sidewalk a garbage can had been set upon the curb, before the side entrance.

He moved toward it curiously, attracted by the touch of home and familiar things that its odor held, and yet filled with no particular desire for it.

Toward it, nevertheless, he walked—only to stop abruptly a second later, and stand as if changed to stone along with the rest of this new strange world.

On the far side of the garbage can, something was crouching, crunched something in the shadow. Black, menacing, he was, in the dark shadow—but otherwise indistinguishable; until a tiny, city breeze carried his smell toward Jim; and he knew him for another cat. A cat; and yet not a cat. With the smell of a cat—and yet not with the smell of a cat. A city, garbage-fed cat, streaked with dirt and oil, thick with dust and filth.

That was the smell—and Jim hated it.

"Grrr!" The growl came instinctively into his throat. At it two baleful green eyes looked up—oddly reminiscent of other eyes in a September night two months ago.

This time, however, the eyes were those of Black Ponto, boss of West Eleventh street, fifteen pounds of feline ferocity and relentless force, who had fought his way to place and power, over five years of bloody, city night.

Unquestioned Prince of Midnight . . . That was what Ponto was as he stood by his spoils from the garbage can and growled.

"Leave, Vassal!" the sound meant, translated into words—"Begone!"

As a matter of fact, Black Ponto expected no interference with his midnight meal. Cats who stood in his way, he killed.

"Move on!" Black Ponto's fierce growl said in clear, unmistakable tones.

And yet Jim did not begin to move. This beast was going to fight him, it had flashed across Jim's mind. And there was but one way to fight—to strike first.

Like a flashlight powder turning to flame, the thought was. Just one step did Black Ponto take toward him, and then the Battler was upon him, sinking his teeth in the side of his filthy throat, his fearfully sharp claws tearing Black Ponto's ears and eyes, his weight bearing the city beast to the sidewalk and holding him there while he brought into deadly action that frightful raking of the hind claws that brings madness in its wake.

All that Jim had learned in his long list of struggles in the distant Hopkinton mountains lay in the manner in which he sprang at his enemy. And it was like a sudden madness to Black Ponto. So that he screamed with the terrible surprise of it—blinding agony mixing with a fury he had never known.

For there was no intention in Jim of anything but clear death. In the woods of Hopkinton whatever lived, lived but to attack again. Here was a pitiless, unprovoked enemy. Here, then, was death.

Up and down the walk indeed, the two strove, like furred gladiators, clutched, tearing, rolling. Under the iron railing Black Ponto dragged them, cracking Jim's head against the iron bars madly in an endeavor to loosen that hold. Once, twice, thrice, he tried it; and then with a crash they fell in one tangled mass down into the areaway, into the garbage can, upsetting it,

rolling it with them, spilling its contents upon them, the deadly cold fear of death in Black Ponto as his breath came shorter and shorter and still no sound came from Jim, no let-up, no indication that the blood-streamed agony of his body was having the slightest effect upon him.

No animal, indeed, could stand that pressure for long—that meeting of sharp, needle teeth on his windpipe.

Nor did Black Ponto. By the time Helen arrived at the window to see into what difficulty Jim had fallen, Ponto was dead . . . the Battler had won his first victory in New York . . .

"In fact, I think the little fellow is going to like New York after all," Val confided to his sister a few days later. "He's at home on the street already." And he watched the little Battler as he sat calmly on the windowsill.

A week had passed by that time. And already New York had lost its strange look to the mountain-bred cat. There is, in cats, an adaptability to circumstances and a philosophic ability to master them that deserves the admiration of man. No cat ever starved to death, let Fate put him where she will.

In this instance, Heaven had granted to Jim a bit more intelligence than to most. So that, although only a week had passed since he had first jumped from Valentine's Ford, the city streets had already begun to assume for him the aspect of a well-known place wherein life could be met and mastered.

For one thing, human beings paid you not the slightest attention, provided you kept out of their way. Second, during the hours of daylight the roadway was filled with moving death—with hundreds of machines much like those that once had passed in a cloud of dust on the New Hampshire road; only after midnight could real life begin, and an animal venture forth.

Again, all dogs were either puny, undersized creatures not worth bothering with—or else they were muzzled. This brick and iron Bagdad was a Cat World. There were dozens on Eleventh street, alone, between the churchyard on Fifth avenue and the roaring Elevated by the Jefferson Market Police Court.

Again, there were many friendly people. The little girl with the golden curls; the old lady who got into her carriage every day at three; the artist who worked with the ship in the window; the Russian garbage man, with the pointed hat on his shaggy head.

These people were friendly—as was the policeman who stood on the corner so long, at night, beneath the occasional roar of the Elevated.

Also, there were places hidden away behind these houses—places you would never suspect. A world of straight, high, wooden fences, strangely reminiscent of the village where he had



Sixty miles to New York! Stretched roads pausing only now and

once gone in the Ford. More cats hung upon these fences and lived in hidden kitchens. Above all, in these little-suspected retreats game lurked—mice, and heavy ferocious rats—things worth stalking and killing!

The seamy side of these gigantic alleys held life and interest.

What was more, the open windows of Val's apartment afforded easy ingress and egress both night and day, and he could explore and examine every nook and cranny of the streets. From far down toward the Elevated too he could hear whether or not Val was home by merely listening for the Pittipat Waltz the musician always played.

Tidbits from Val; a seat beside the musician at every meal; Sunday papers to roll upon; occasional captured mice to present to his friends.

That was his conventional life. And in addition there was the real life of Eleventh street to be enjoyed—the feline life of Eleventh street after midnight.

Two things joined in Jim indeed—a peculiar fearlessness and the instinct to dominate. He was a hunter. And when he could not hunt he had to fight.

Jim the Battler had been king of his small New Hampshire hilltop.

He would be Prince of all Eleventh street, from Fifth avenue to the river.

So he might almost be said to have sworn! And in the end to have made his oath good. By the time another fall had come, Black Ponto had a successor.

So matters stood on the day the taxicab ran down Valentine—and life changed like a kaleidoscope, once more . . .

There was a real, genuine, old-fashioned snowstorm, that day. And Val breasted it, dreamily, his thoughts busy with melody and the romance of the stage. A new opera was thrumming in his brain.

Probably that was why he paid so little attention to the steaming, wet, snow-covered crowds, the slippery streets and confused traffic.

In any case, he did not see the taxicab which came so swiftly, and unexpectedly from the side-street. Instead he stepped directly in front of it. And the next moment lay in the street.

"Yes, the Roosevelt Hospital," was the message that came to Helen, a half hour later. Val was conscious, but badly bruised and broken, in the emergency ward, his left leg broken, and one lung badly crushed. Oh, no, he would not die. But a taxicab had struck him.

She left the apartment, with her velvet hat clutched in her hand, her eyes blinded with tears, her mind trying desperately to calm her emotion. Jim, she remembered, was still sitting on his window sill, beside the half-opened window, watching the snowflakes. But she could not stop for that.

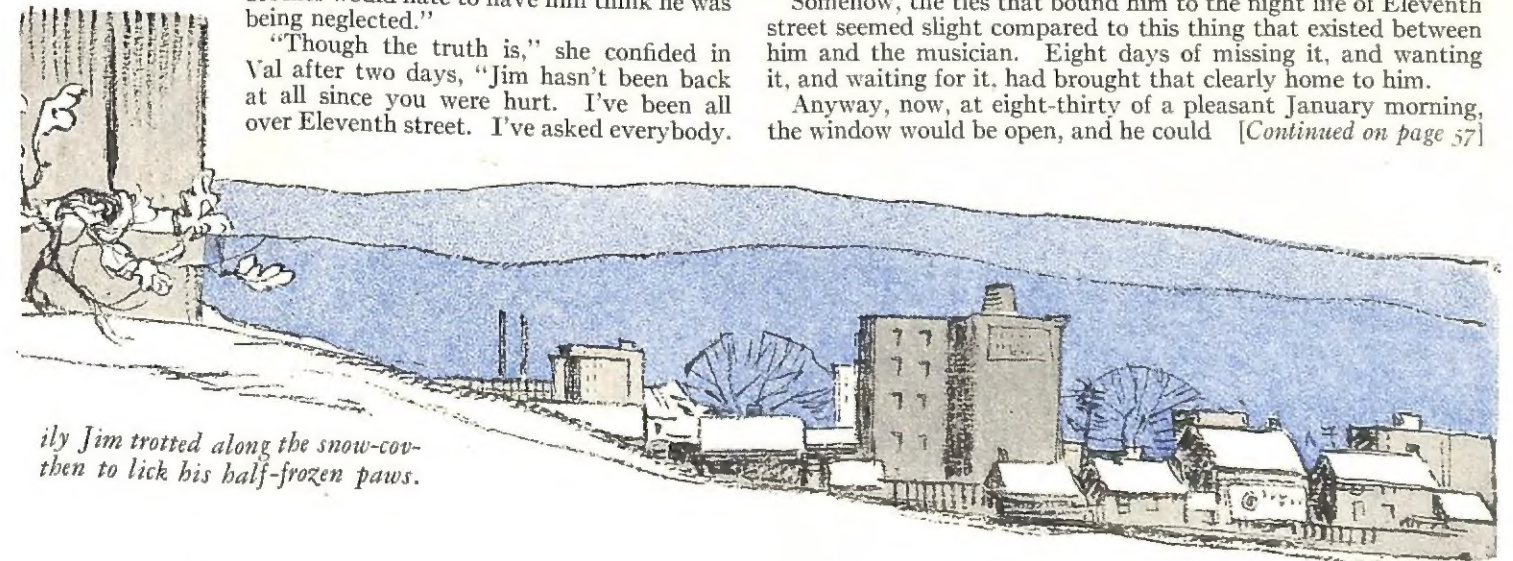
She remembered all these details afterwards, because when she came back at eleven that night, the window was still open. And Jim was still out.

"He didn't come in last night," she told Sullivan, the janitor, the next morning. "Did you see him?"

No, Sullivan had not. But he'd keep an eye.

"Thanks," she said, as she left for the hospital. "I know my brother would hate to have him think he was being neglected."

"Though the truth is," she confided in Val after two days, "Jim hasn't been back at all since you were hurt. I've been all over Eleventh street. I've asked everybody.



ily Jim trotted along the snow-covered roads pausing only now and

No one has seen him. And it's been such a terrible storm. I can't imagine where he could have gone—or what he's doing. There's so much snow."

All New Yorkers, indeed, whose memory extends back over six years still remember that snowstorm. For five days it snowed, and gradually the city froze and lay paralyzed beneath the white incubus.

And somewhere in it, Jim was. "But he'll come back," Val said confidently, staring out of his hospital window. "Trust the little Battler."

It was not until a week had passed that he began to take the animal's disappearance seriously. And then it was because of what he himself was faced with—the necessity of leaving New York. His leg was merely broken, so the doctors agreed. But not so his lung. It reacted strangely, it disclosed inexplicable spots beneath the X-ray. Baltimore and Johns-Hopkins should see it as soon as he was sufficiently strong to travel.

"But we can't go and leave the Battler," Val objected.

"We'll go at once," Helen told him. "I'll arrange to have Jim taken care of."

And so it was. Two days later they had left, and in the hands of Sullivan, the janitor, and Ward Morris, Val's friend on Twelfth street lay the Battler's fate . . .

Meanwhile, where was Jim?

Well, come with me down Eleventh street to a row of houses between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and I will show you an old-fashioned dwelling, one of several, set back from the street. On the second floor of this house there is a window which affords light to a hall bedroom. Inside, beneath the sill, a small steam

radiator provides a platform upon which an animal may sit and stare out the window.

On this platform sat Jim.

Back of him in a high, old chair, an old lady dressed in black bombazine, rocked benignly, surrounded by five other cats of varied hues and dispositions. Mrs. Hester, you may guess, was Good Samaritan—to Cats. Let any storm assault the city—and this good lady sallied forth to see how all the animals were faring.

She had come upon Jim sniffing an ash barrel before her house, and her last opportunity to befriend the starving animals of Eleventh street had presented itself.

"Come here, Kitty," she had said kindly, her voice barely audible above the howling wind.

And Jim had purred and rubbed against her hand. And the next moment had found himself being carried into the house and deposited in the warm bedroom upstairs. For all practical purposes, he was imprisoned.

Day after day he had tried everything from whining to scratching in an attempt to get out.

And meanwhile, down the street, Helen had come and gone, her emissaries had scanned the areaways for signs of Jim, and finally she and Val had departed—Val in a plaster cast and carried to the Pennsylvania Station—almost exactly an hour before Jim squeezed himself at last through the small crack in Mrs. Hester's doorway and betook himself swiftly along the cleared sidewalks toward Fifth avenue.

Somehow, the ties that bound him to the night life of Eleventh street seemed slight compared to this thing that existed between him and the musician. Eight days of missing it, and wanting it, and waiting for it, had brought that clearly home to him.

Anyway, now, at eight-thirty of a pleasant January morning, the window would be open, and he could [Continued on page 57]

WHY Europeans



(The American tourist is sometimes lacking in social smoothness, but he feels that since he pays for what he orders he can do as he pleases.)

CA Sympathetic Visitor Reasons for

YEARLY hundreds of thousands of Americans are going abroad to tour Europe. Up to a few years ago they always returned with tales of hospitality; of how they were treated, respected and loved everywhere they had gone. But in the last few years this seems to have changed and more and more one hears tales of woe from the tourists; how they have been overcharged in shops and stores, restaurants and hotels; how they have been fleeced and robbed. And even those who haven't anything of the sort to tell, return with the feeling that though they have been free and generous and have spent their dollars lavishly everywhere, they have been disliked, that tourists of other nationalities have been given preference though they spent much less than Americans.

Americans have a distinct feeling of the ungratefulness of these people and frequently make reference to the fact that the French, whose country they saved from the enemy, the Italians and the English whom they so greatly assisted in the War, have now turned the tables against them and treat them as enemies. There is an old French saying: "To Expect Gratitude is Ungrateful."

My experience abroad has taught me that though there is a good deal of exaggeration on the part of the Americans in regard to the feeling of other nationalities towards them, there is a good deal of truth in what they feel and what they say. But the attitude on the part of the European nationalities has an explanation. The root of the matter is not so deep as it is thought to be. Take the French and France as an example.

Paris and the Riviera are the two main points where Americans go for their holidays. There are at least thirty thousand Americans to be found at any odd time in Paris, and probably half that number spread all over the Riviera from Manton, the borderline towards Italy, throughout the whole Mediterranean.

Before the War France was the wealthiest of all nations. Its per capita wealth was unequaled by any nation. France was a country with practically no external debt. The French had so much confidence in their own country they covered all loans of their government the minute they were issued. Most European countries were France's debtors. How things have changed since! France is one of the poorest countries. She cannot obtain any loan at home or abroad. Those of the French people who still have some money saved have so little confidence in their own

government, loans have become proverbial failures, due chiefly to the fact that the old Rentiers who had all their savings invested in French Government Bonds to assure their old age, have been wiped out and have become the poorest of the poor. The Frenchman who now has some money he does not immediately need is investing it in American securities. And every time he does so, he feels tremendously humiliated. His franc has dwindled from five to a dollar to almost thirty to a dollar—to one-sixth of its value, and is fast dwindling still.

Rightly or wrongly the French have the feeling that this dwindling of the franc, carrying with it the lack of confidence of the rest of the world, and minimizing the purchasing value of their money, is chiefly due to America.

Two years ago when the dollar was worth sixteen francs, the feeling of the Frenchman was very much different than it is today, when the dollar is worth thirty or so francs. One never heard then, as frequently one hears today, the phrase:

"Vous avez vos dollars!" ("You with your dollars!")

When one attempts to protest against extra charges on a bill in a restaurant or a hotel or anywhere else, he is sneered at. On the other hand, American generosity and lavishness is generally interpreted as a deliberate insult. "They want to show us how little they think of our money."

THE Frenchman tips a waiter ten percent of his bill. If he has had a meal at the restaurant and the bill is twenty francs, he is careful not to give the waiter more than two francs. The American sitting next to him, perhaps at the same table, who figures his money in dollars, who will figure that the beautiful meal he has had with wine and coffee only comes to sixty cents, more frequently than not gives the waiter a five or ten franc piece. Strangely enough, the waiter, though he profits most from this lavishness, will be the first one to resent the humiliation and will be the first one to tell stories about the Americans; how they neither know how to eat nor to drink.

This seems to be a very small matter, yet, if Americans knew how much their lavishness is hurting them and creating false impressions and humiliating the ones to whom they give as well as the other clients in the place, they would cease doing so. They would have much better service in giving ten percent than

HATE Us

By Konrad Bercovici
Illustrated by Rea Irvin



to Europe Points Out the Her Change

(An American, inspecting the Louvre for the first time, exclaimed: "If they sold all that they could pay us what they owe!"

fifty percent. The French are a very thrifty people and hate spendthrifts even while profiting from them.

In Paris there is also another element that causes a certain anti-American feeling. I want to say just a few words about the Montmartre, Mont Parnasse of the Americans. Groups of more or less expatriated United Statesers have for some reason or other come to the mistaken conclusion that in France one can live without social restrictions, and one can give vent to all his feelings and emotions.

THERE are any number of houses where the Concierge, the housekeeper, refuses to rent an apartment to Americans. She will tell you that they are people who never sleep and make unearthly noises and they give bad examples to the youngsters in the neighborhood. It only means that our young Americans going there for a fling, under the pretext of going there to study, get drunk too often, and then dance the Charleston in their rooms. And the continental tom tom of Jazz jars the ears of the French. It is a horrible noise to them. Now, it is as rare to see a drunken Frenchman in France, where one can have for little money the best wines and liquors of the world, as it should be rare here were prohibition really enforced. The trouble with Americans is that they drink, yet don't know how to drink! These expatriates learn to know better, as soon as they know the language and begin to know the customs of the country. They are the first ones to criticize bitterly, afterwards, the new comers who do as they have once done! But Mont Parnasse is full of Americans who have arrived yesterday!

The tourists suffer a good deal of the impressions made on the Frenchman by these Americans. I have heard Frenchmen accuse the Americans of having lost all the politeness which they used to have, because the franc has gone down in value. Frenchmen told me that in former years the Americans who came to visit Paris were extremely polite and kind and had never created anything but a charming impression. But the Americans now, they will tell you, have no regard for French sensibilities and behave as if they were a superior race come to observe how the other half lives.

The American tourists coming now to France, are of an entirely different sort than the ones who came there before the War.

In former years there never were more than a few hundred Americans in Paris, mostly people of wealth and culture. But since then the American of all classes and all conditions has become much more of a traveler than he has been. The farmer of the middle west, the California rancher, the Montana sheep herder, and the Chicago plumber have all gone to have a look at Paris. It has been so strongly advertised during the War. Our youngsters, the soldiers, have come back and told stories. And so many of these youngsters of the American army who have only passed through have vowed to return at the first opportunity, and have a second look at it.

Of course, these are the people who, while being just as good as the others, haven't much social technic and have not absorbed the book of etiquette. They don't know how to smile in answer to a nod! And when they sit down to eat, they gulp up the food before them without thinking of the sensibilities of the chef, who watches his audience as a playwright watches the audience to see what effect the play has on them.

AT THE museum an English-speaking guide is pointing out pictures and statues and tells the value not in esthetic terms but in money. It offends the Frenchman to hear the Ohs and Ahs when the sums mentioned are before the picture of Mona Lisa or the statue of Venus de Milo. "For this picture, ladies and gentlemen, the government has refused a hundred million dollars."

Our middle west, west and California Americans who have not taken the trouble to learn fifty or sixty French words, of which they could have great use in France, insist on having their own brand of cigarette, and they are annoyed when the waiter returns to learn that there are no Lucky Strikes in the house. You can hear them thunder—no other cigarette would do than this brand from home—the best imported cigarette would not replace an American cigarette. The best French food, prepared by the hand of an artist doesn't mean a thing to them.

The French have from time immemorial taken their Theater seriously. People dressed anyway they pleased went to balconies and galleries, but the orchestra seats downstairs, were almost always filled by men in dress and women in evening gowns. Going to the theater was a social function. Today most of the places downstairs are occupied by Americans who come to the



(The French have always dressed for the theater. It is no strange sight now to see French theaters filled with Americans in sports clothes.

theater in knickers and gold stockings and soft overturned collars and colored neckties; and their wives or sweethearts in sports clothes. They go to the theater to hear good French; it is better than a private lesson. And because they buy the best seats the price for the best seats has been "jacked up" until it is almost equivalent to New York theater prices. The Frenchman has been squeezed out. He cannot afford the price. Today it is a rarity to see a dress suit in the parquet of a Parisian theater.

IT IS an old French tradition that of the Theater. The American tourist of years ago knew it and behaved accordingly. The tourists of today do not attempt to humiliate the Frenchman, but most of them have never put on dress clothes in their home towns. Were the French franc today at par the Frenchman would not feel offense at such behavior; he would merely shrug his shoulders at the unconventional, at the eccentric American. The American tourists should learn to understand these sensibilities and attempt to behave in Rome as the Romans do, to behave in Paris as the Parisians do! The French are a proud old nation of great culture and deep traditions. Their present poverty is only a temporary one. The Frenchman walks around with a chip on his shoulder. The American tourist is the only one who fails to consider that in dealing with him.

Not only are the tourists guilty of lack of consideration for the other's feelings, but American companies having business in France are equally guilty. The Parisian has always been rather proud of his boulevards, but now the American Companies have defaced many of the walls of these boulevards with huge electric glaring signs advertising American products: Mazda signs, fountain pen advertisements, Fords and such things. They create enough animosity to make the Frenchmen resist the very products that have been so inconsiderately advertised. And they will tell you that Paris is no longer a French city, that it is all American. Because of their natural exuberance the Americans in Paris seem more numerous than twice as many Germans or Russians. There are, as a matter of fact, ten times as many Russians as Americans, yet no one says anything against them and God knows they spend very little.

Up to a few years ago Spain was Terra Incognita to most American tourists, indeed it seemed as if Spain was somewhere on another continent than Europe. Immediately after the War, however, Americans suddenly became more interested in Spain than they had been before and one began to meet them everywhere at museums and hotels. For a long time the Spaniards were delighted with them; delighted with their generosity and spending habits. The Hotel had never been so prosperous and I must say, to the credit of the Spaniards, that in spite of this rush, the prices remained the same.

Things would have gone on so, indefinitely, if the Americans

had never gone to bull-fights. I can understand how people who have not been brought up on bull-fights and bull-fight lore and who have not the temperament of the Spaniards, would be disgusted with the spectacle of the arena, with the goring and seemingly unnecessary killing of the horses more than the killing of the bulls. But it was, and is rather ungracious on the part of the guests of the country to have shown so openly and so loudly disapproval of the Spanish sport.

It is an American habit to be superior everywhere. Not for one moment would these protesting ladies and gentlemen consider that the Spaniards are at least equal to them culturally. Bull-fights do not prove that they are inferior! All the beautiful paintings and statues one sees in the Prado are suddenly forgotten and the Spaniards are classified as an inferior populace. This attitude alone has off-set the good impression they had created upon the Spaniards.

Easter Sunday is a great day for the Spanish woman. She puts on her most gorgeous mantilla and manton and the highest shell comb and parades up and down Spanish Main street. Mantillas, mantons and high combs are the Spanish woman's national costume. The Spaniards revere their national, regional costumes more than they do the flag of the country. Even the Spanish lady whose dresses are made in Paris would not think of wearing anything else but her costume during the Holy Week or to a bull-fight. On these occasions she wears the mantilla and the colored shawl which she, of all women in the world, can wear with grace.

WHILE with Spanish friends one day I noticed a sudden change in their faces. They looked in one direction first and then at one another. I could see them grow pale with anger. An American woman had just taken her place in a balcony next to ours. She had put on a high comb, wore a lace mantilla thrown over her neck, and used the shawl, the emblem of grace, and a beautiful shawl it was, to cover her knees against the blowing wind. To make matters worse her escort wore a light-colored Flamenco hat, which no one but an Andalusian dares to wear in Spain. Now, these two young Americans came to Spain with the best intentions in the world. They liked it there. The lady put on a shawl because she liked the shawl. It was beautiful. The gentleman did not mean to insult the Spaniards when he bought a Flamenco hat and put it on. But it would have been well for them to understand how ill-chosen their compliments were to the Spaniards.

They felt the Americans put on these things in the spirit of comic opera fun. Spaniards are very, very sensitive about their costumes and traditions. They consider themselves the aristocrats of Europe. When one attempts to explain to them that they are backward because they have not accepted industrial methods they invariably point out that they are superior to the others



(This American couple might have had a wonderful visit in Spain if they had not outraged Spanish custom by wearing the Manton and Flamenco hat at an ill chosen time.

because they have not submitted to the crushing influences of industrialism! My American friends left Spain the following day vowing they would never return. They had an unpleasant experience on the street that day. The gentleman's hat was torn off his head and thrown away. What a wonderful time they could have had had they understood the sensibilities of the Spaniards.

CONTRARY to what some of our moving picture producers have maintained, the American films have not endeared the Americans to the people of the respective nationalities where these pictures are shown. The French, the Spanish, Italians and English resent the fact that Americans own and control their theaters. It is wrong to impose upon other nations a continual run of pictures of American life as portrayed in American made pictures. The barroom scenes, the bedroom scenes, the political boss scenes, with the villain compelling the beautiful but innocent maiden to pay the loan to the Father or Mother—all this rot goes against the grain of the European.

Yet, because American firms do own the theaters where these pictures are shown pictures made in France go begging. It is true that most European pictures are technically inferior to American pictures; but not because they cannot make them better; only because there is not enough prospective profit to make them employ all the technical advantages the American employs. Because European film makers have a very limited market for their wares.

In England the Americans are disliked because they are "loud." I listened to a thousand recriminations against them but the gist of it all was: "They are loud." How much an Englishman can include in that one word is inconceivable. After much wrangling one of the very well-known English writers told me:

"They have gathered all the gold of the world."

I told him that England had had its turn at that, and that there had been no hatred in America against the English.

"Yes," he said, "but we are not bragging about it. We did not clink it continually. We did not show it to everybody. You go up to the Savoy Hotel and you will see them all."

I told him that if Americans would not spend as freely, the English would probably accuse them of being miserly.

"It is true," he said, "but there is a middle way."

To which I agreed.

American tourists are not the only tourists now in France or Spain. The Riviera is populated with people of a dozen nationalities; Russians, Germans, Spaniards and South Americans. But the class of people from these nationalities coming to the Riviera is one that has acquired the necessary social smoothness of the world.

These tourists frequently also dislike the American. They resent him and his habits. A Russian or a German knows that the

chef is offended if he sees you smoke a cigar or a cigarette between courses. The American feels that he pays for what he is consuming and is therefore free to do as he pleases regardless of sensibilities of chef and maitre d'hôtel. He will insist on ordering red wine with fish, which in the eyes of a Frenchman is a crime against all epicurean rules! He will drink white wine while eating meat and order whisky when he can drink cognac. He will spread an American newspaper before his eyes to read while the orchestra is playing and will put his feet up on the table in the smoking room of the hotel. All these things constitute breaches of etiquette. I have heard many a foreigner tell the waiter who had not treated him well, "I am not an American." As if treating an American badly was more than permitted.

One hears from returning Americans that the prices in stores and shops are put up for them, or better said that many stores have two different prices, one for the French and one for Americans. The American has become suspicious of Europeans. He looks upon them as cheats. When he thinks that he does not get things as cheaply as he expected to get them, he reaches the conclusion prices have been put up the minute he has arrived in a shop. The truth is, that there are many shops and stores especially intended for Americans, along the boulevards in the Rue de la Paix, where no Frenchman could afford to buy anything for himself. The truth is also that most of these shops are owned by Americans. If an American wants to buy things and not over-pay four and five times, he should leave the boulevards and go into other streets.

ANOTHER thing that has very frequently caused considerable friction and has set Americans off in a rather unpleasant light, is the difference in attitude towards colored people between the Europeans and the Americans. In France, in Italy, in Spain and in England there is hardly any perceptible discrimination against negroes, against any people other than white. It may be that it is because of political conditions; because of the colonizing interests of the French, the Italians, the Spanish and the English. The Senegambian, the man from the Martinique or other French colonies is considered a Frenchman by the French. He will not be refused entrance anywhere and nobody would think twice before sitting with him at the same table. There has been considerable intermarriage between the negroes and the whites. Right or wrong this is the attitude of the Frenchman as well as of the other people.

I have been witness to an occasion when a whole café rose up in anger against a South American gentleman, who had protested violently and even grossly against a negro being placed at his table. I can understand the Southerner's prejudices. He has been raised in the milk of these prejudices, yet as with a good many things, it was wrong to have carried his national prejudices into another country.

[Continued on page 71]



“Bennie comes home with a big trip of salt fish, and he's hardly ashore when the Racing Committee ask him if he's willing to enter the race. ‘Race my vessel for Gloucester against Chebucto? Damn sure! How long afore I sail?’”

When Scuppers GO UNDER

By
James B. Connolly

(A Briny Tale of Gloucester Fishermen)

Illustrated by
Olaf Olson

THERE were people, even in Gloucester, who always held that a salt fishing skipper should never be picked to go sailing master of a racing fisherman. Roy Fenton, the same Roy who stayed ashore one summer to go yacht racing for a millionaire, used to argue that way. A clever sailing master, Roy, and a good all round fisherman with it.

“A man's got to get regular practise at whatever game he's playin' or back he goes,” said Roy. “Now where does a salt bank skipper get regular practise in the fine points of the sailing game? I'm a salt fisherman, say. All right. I run my vessel off to the Grand Banks or wherever else I'm bound. Am I in a hurry? I'm not. No vessel ever hurries bound out. Comin' home I don't have to hurry. Salt fish will keep and the salt fish market don't change over night. Am I right?”

This talk was among a bunch of us in the Master Mariners' rooms, and Leo Hall was nearest the window looking down on Fishermen's Corner.

“Admittin' you're right, then what?” asks Leo.

“Then what? You take a fresh fisherman an' what's he doin'? Why, always racin' home to market, ain't he? Or take a seiner, who has to be always handling his vessel in crowded quarters. Take sixty or eighty sail of seiners cruising in company, every one of 'em tryin' to beat every other one in the fleet to the first school of mackerel that breaks water, and what do you get? You get vessels in trim and captains always in practise at sailing them. The seiners and the fresh fishermen I tell you, are the boys for the fine points of the racin' game.”

“There's Bennie Clark standin' down on the Corner,” says Leo. “Speakin' of fine points of handlin' a vessel, did y'ever see Bennie makin' flyin' pick-ups of dories?”

“You can't tell me anything about Bennie. Nobody cleverer than Bennie at that, and he's got guts.”

“You bet. And I'll bet he'd agree with me that if that harbor yacht racin' stuff is all there is to this International Fishing Championship then it's a damn poor game for a bank fisherman.”

“NO, NO. It's a great game. Give me the honor of winning that championship down Chebucto way with my vessel this fall and the owners and crew can keep the prize cups and money for all I'd care. But of course I have no chance against the Samoset.”

It was on an August morning we had all this talk. That same afternoon Roy Fenton and Bennie Clark put out to sea together, Roy off for a Cape Shore seining trip and Bennie off for a salt fishing trip to the Grand Banks.

A week later the Samoset was lost in a thick o' fog on Sable Island's northeast bar, her crew, thank the Lord, coming safe away.

There was gloom in Gloucester. The Samoset had been built only the winter before to show the world, and Chebucto especially, that Gloucester had yet to take the wake of any port in the world when it came to turning out fast sea-going schooners; and from her first day she had proved herself a wonder. She showed herself so fast that the Racing Committee had forgotten all about a second choice in case of accident to her.

And now she was lost, and no second vessel ready.

The Committee was all adrift wondering what vessel that was fast enough could be put in trim to send to Chebucto, when Roy Fenton came in from his Cape Shore trip. “Here's our man and here's our vessel,” said the Racing Committee.

“I'm not your man and I'm not your vessel,” answered Roy.

“Bennie Clark is your man and his is the vessel to send to Chebucto. I had a try-out with him in our run off to the east'ard this last trip out. You all know what my vessel can do. Off the wind I beat him, wind abeam he held me even. All one day we had it across the Bay of Fundy. Off Cape Sable Light that night the wind hauls into the East. Dead ahead it comes, and when it does, away goes Bennie and I see him no more. That vessel of his can cert'nly go to wind'ard in a breeze.”

“But a salt banker! You said yourself less than a month ago—”

“I know what I said then an' I know what I'm sayin' now. Nothin' mysterious about the fine points of the racin' game that a man can't learn 'em. And don't worry—Bennie'll learn. All he needs is stirring up to learn. I run up alongside of him this last trip out and I hail him, saying: ‘Will you give my vessel a little try-out, Bennie?’”

“Damn sure,” says Bennie. “Just let me trim her a little.”

“He had his salt ballast layin' loose and casual below decks but now he puts half his crew below decks shoveling that salt till he had her in trim. And believe me he knows when a vessel is in trim. Stirring up is all he needs. Pass the word to Bennie, tell him what's ahead of him and send him and his vessel to Chebucto and you'll get a race,” says Roy.

About the middle of October Bennie comes home with a big trip of salt fish, and he's hardly tied up to the wharf when down aboard him come the Racing Committee and ask him if he would be willing to race his vessel against the new Chebucto one for the championship.

“Race my vessel? For Gloucester against Chebucto? Damn sure! How long afore I sail?”

You have to live in Gloucester to understand what it means for Chebucto and Gloucester to hook-up for the International Championship. Every young fisherman on the Corner wanted to ship to go racing in the Dawn, which is Bennie's vessel. There were half a dozen old fellows in the Dawn's crew and the young fellows hinted that the old boys with their stiff joints ought to stay ashore and let younger men take their places for the race. But all the old lads wanted to go racing with Bennie, and they put it up to him.

“If you're able enough to go bank fishin' with me you're able enough to go racin'.” Damn sure!” said Bennie.

However, he had to take on half a dozen men to bring his crew to racing numbers, and among the half dozen is Roy Fenton, Leo Hall and three other skippers. I got a chance too. If we couldn't race the Chebuctoan with our own vessels we wanted to be on the Gloucester vessel that would race her.

WE SAILED to Chebucto; and we're most of the crew of us in the lobby of the Chebucto hotel on our first night ashore. The place was crowded with people talking race. None of us from Gloucester had seen the Chebuctoan under sail and we asked questions about her.

“Wind is what our vessel wants,” says one fellow. “I hope it blows fifty miles an hour tomorrow to make a race of it.”

Roy was standing near him. “I hope it blows a hundred miles an hour an' make a good race of it,” says Roy.

Next morning we sailed out for the first race. The loose and easy way Bennie fooled around the mark made Roy nervous. He was keeping the time for Bennie.



"Gawd's sakes, you'd think you were makin' ready for a thousand miles drag home from the Grand Banks 'stead of a little fifty mile dash. Wake up, Bennie. If you don't watch out she'll beat us four or five lengths crossin' the line."

"Four or five lengths? If I can't beat a vessel more than four or five lengths in fifty miles I don't want to call it a race," says Bennie.

"You're all alike—you salt bankers! There goes the gun, and there she goes—over the line ahead of us."

"So she is, but we're to wind'ard and goin' to wind'ard's the proof of a vessel's quality," answers Bennie.

The first part of the Chebucto race course lay along a high and rocky headland. We being to windward and the wind off the land we were nearest the high cliffs. The Chebuctoan began to crowd us close up to the cliffs. Leo Hall, who was our masthead man, could almost reach out and touch them. "What do the rules say about crowding us on the rocks?" hails down Leo.

THERE was a Chebuctoan put aboard us to see we didn't violate any rules, and he happened to be the same who had wanted plenty of wind the night before, and he was now standing near the wheel.

"Yes, what do they say?" repeats Roy to him. He was a gloomy, glowering kind, who hadn't given us a good morning, or it's a fine day, or how are you, or go to the devil—not a word out of him since coming aboard. He stares coldly at Roy now.

"If the in-shore vessel calls for sea room the off-shore vessel must give it to her. If you are nervous you can call for sea room and our vessel will be obliged to swing off."

"We mightn't be nervous and yet want our rights. Why shouldn't she give us our rights without our havin' to call for them?" growls Roy.

THERE was another Chebuctoan aboard, he acting as pilot to keep us from getting into any of the shoal spots near the course. He was a good sport. He has a peek up this rocky cliff which is leaning over our masthead almost, and he says: "He oughtn't to crowd you like that, Captain. You order me and I'll call for sea room for you if you want."

"Thanks," says Bennie, "but when I order you to call for sea room, you'll see codfish wearin' raincoats."

Squalls were coming off the headland at this time. They swept off the high bluff, rolling up the water into white frothy ridges off-shore; but not till we had made out from under the lee of the headland and were pointing out toward the open sea did we feel them. To our scuppers we went then. Then one top plank went under, two top planks went under. Three, four planks went under. To her rail she went.

Bennie was to the wheel of course. She was a beautiful vessel to steer; and he was standing to leeward of the wheel, with an easy grip of the spokes. Now and then he would take tight hold of the spokes and draw himself close to the wheel, as if it was a



child he wanted to feel against his breast. Only a man who loves a vessel ever does that.

He had an eye for the compass and an eye for Leo Hall at the foremast head to see was he making any signs, he being on the look-out for the next turning buoy, the black buoy being not too easy to pick out in the lumpy dark sea. From the compass to the masthead man, to the set of the sails, to the driving clouds overhead and back to the belt of white foam under her lee Bennie would look.

THAT belt of white foam flying past her lee was what pleased him most. He pointed it out to the Rules Man, saying: "This one always did like to carry a wet rail. Yes, sir, she cert'nly does like to keep that lee rail jumpin' in and out of the white swash. When you see her like that you don't have to haul any log to know she's steppin' along. Likes to wash her face in it. Likes it rough—the rougher the better."

He half turned his head then, squinting back along the tumbling white swash to the Chebucto vessel, saying: "That one of yours is a good vessel too. But I don't think the rough goin' suits her the same as it does this one."

At this time we were leaping through it, dropping the Chebuctoan astern with every leap. An able, handsome schooner driving before a strong quartering breeze—what man who knew a vessel could help warming to the picture she was? Bennie naturally couldn't help showing his pleasure. He didn't mean to

"*"They're crowdin' us on the rocks, tryin' to make us call for sea room. But when you hear me callin' for sea room, codfish'll be wearin' raincoats," shouts Bennie.*

praise his own vessel too much; and he wasn't praising her too much. He could have said a lot more about her; any one of us curled under the weather rail would have said a lot more about her if he'd left it to us, and that without meaning to make the other vessel out an old plug. What he said, he said with a beaming glance to the Rules Man, speaking as any man who knew a vessel would speak to another who should know the qualities of a vessel about which of course there couldn't be any two minds.

The Chebucto man may have known all about race rules, but he certainly couldn't have known a real vessel when he saw her. Instead of answering Bennie he glares at him, and marches forward to the break without a word; which puzzled Bennie. "What did I say to chafe him?" he asks Roy.

NO USE talking any more about that first race, which I only mention to make it clear that it was best two out of three races and that in a breeze of wind the Dawn was a grand vessel. We won that first race with so much to spare that even the Chebuctoans up to the hotel agreed their vessel had no chance with our one in a breeze. That night after the race Bennie was in the hotel, and wherever he was the crowd was thick around him. Without knowing much about it [Continued on page 68]



*Roosevelt's Motto for
the Berry Schools —*

**Be a Lifter...
Not a Leaner**

WHEN Martha Berry exhausted her own resources in an effort to provide a school for the poor white children of the mountains near her home in Rome, Georgia, she swallowed her pride and went to New York on a "begging tour," asking funds to continue her work. Her neighbors and her friends might have helped her; they were aware of the pitiable conditions that existed in the mountain cabins. But they had long been accustomed to the problem and shrugged their shoulders over it, at the same time bitterly reproaching Martha for "throwing away" her life and the property which she had inherited from her father. They held that it was the duty of the state to provide schools and, since the state neglected its duty, it was folly for a young society woman to attempt it.

But Martha found New York reader to recognize the possibility of successfully maintaining her school. She returned to Georgia with about one thousand dollars, which insured another year's education for the eighteen boys who were living in the frame dormitory she had built on the tract of forest land that she had deeded to the school.

SO THE school lived through its second winter and, with the coming of spring, the boys cleared the trees from more fields and planted potatoes, fodder for the stock, and corn. She felt that she could plan for the future. Boys were coming down from the mountains and pleading for admission to the school. She hired two additional teachers and a man-of-all work and by fall, had a student body of twenty-seven boys.

The boys built a two-story log house which was called "The Cabin" and which became a dormitory for Martha and the teachers. They also put up several slab buildings; one a shed for the cow, oxen and mules, another for the chickens, a third for the laundry where sawed off barrels served as tubs and a fourth which housed a shower bath. On the wall of this shed was a placard with this message: "If you are not here at the stated time, you will miss your bath. And Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Below it was a list of the names of all the boys and a schedule of



*(Martha Berry—The Sunday
Lady—Founder of the
Berry Schools.)*

gave him her instructions. "Take this boy to the bath house, Lem, and see that he gets a good scrubbing with soap and water. Be sure to burn all his clothes."

Half an hour later Lem appeared before Martha. He was puzzled and disturbed. "Ma'am," he began, "I gave that little fellow a good hard scrubbin'."

"That's fine, Lem."

"An' I burned his clothes like you said."

"Very good, Lem." She smiled. "Now bring the boy into the house and introduce him to everyone."

Lem scratched his head and squinted an eye, perplexedly. "That's jest it, Ma'am," said he, forgetting his grammar in his agitation. "That boy ain't got no clothes now."

It was not an easy task to find clothing for him. At length he was curiously attired in one of Martha's shirtwaists, and trousers, stockings and shoes borrowed from other boys. The next morning Martha was informed that the new boy was ill. She found him on his cot, burning with fever and his skin showing a rash.

"I didn't feel right when I come, Ma'am," he said, weakly. "An' I feel wuss, now. I feel awful bad."

Martha sent for a doctor, a young man whose diploma was still crisp. He examined the boy and rendered his verdict. "Miss Berry, that boy has smallpox."

The



(The faculty, and student body of the Berry Schools which, at the present time, numbers about seven hundred, with the beautiful Dining Hall of Mt. Berry as Background.)

SUNDAY LADY

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

Martha sent for another doctor, who was able to assure her that the boy did not have smallpox; but that he was suffering from measles and double pneumonia. Measles spread rapidly among the other boys and a dismal winter began. Other cases of pneumonia and gripe developed. Martha drove herself almost to the point of physical collapse in attempting to nurse these students who were in her care.

A WILD rumor spread through the mountains. Frantic parents heard that the boys at the school were dying and came down to make agonized protests. They found their sons either completely recovered or being carefully cared for. There were no deaths and the real sufferer was Martha, whose face was drawn and pale from the strain.

The epidemic ended with the Spring and Martha began to plan the school's first commencement. One boy was ready to graduate. "Wylie," Martha informed him, "you are going to be Valedictorian, honor graduate and the highest and only member of the class of 1904. Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia will make the address of the day. We shall have a band and everything."

But to her great sorrow, Martha found she could not afford to hire a band. The best she was able to do was to rent a bass drum for three dollars. Then just a week before Commencement, the schoolhouse caught fire and burned to the ground.

Classes continued under the trees and, since Commencement Day threatened to be stormy, Martha borrowed a large tent that had been used for a Baptist revival. This was pitched near the spot where the schoolhouse had stood. So, in spite of everything, a driving rain, a disastrous fire and a band that consisted only of two boys and a bass drum, the exercises were held.

The tent leaked. Mountaineer men sat on the benches with their coat collars turned up, while their wives wrapped coats about their babies and awaited the Governor's arrival with increasing impatience. The twenty-eight students were lined up to receive their distinguished guest and the bass drum was pounded without intermission, so as to keep the people from getting impatient until the Governor arrived.

Upon this scene the Governor and his party appeared. Their umbrellas were up and the corners of their mouths drawn down. They drove into the campus and looked about them. They saw an extensive forest, dripping and verdant; some fields and cultivated clearings; a huge tent from which rose a chaos of sound; a group of boys standing in the rain outside the tent and all about a collection of horses, mules, wagons and dogs that had brought the parents of the boys to the Commencement.

"Is this the Berry Schools?" asked the Governor, looking around.

"Yes," Martha replied.

"Where are they?" he inquired, with pardonable curiosity.

She pointed to a grove which almost concealed the dormitory, Brewster Hall.

"How many are to receive diplomas?" he asked.

"Only one."

The boys lined up behind the Governor. The drum was pounded. Commencement had commenced. But inside the tent the procession was halted. The aisle was filled with babies.

"Ladies," Martha called out, "please pick up your babies."

After the prayer had been said and the Governor delivered a brilliant address, Wylie, the graduating class, arose to make his speech. It observed every honored tradition of Commencement Day oratory. He spoke of his Alma Mater and of Martha Berry, the Sunday Lady, who had made all this



*(The House O' Dreams—built for
the Sunday Lady by the students
of the Berry Schools.)*



(Theodore Roosevelt visited the Berry Schools and through his enthusiastic efforts Martha Berry was able to establish the girls' branch of the Berry Schools.



(Recitation Hall of the Berry Schools—which originally was a log cabin built by the mountain boys.



(Alice Lemley Hall, one of the boys' dormitories. Nearly all the school buildings have been built by Berry students.

possible. And then, with the rain-soaked walls of the tent spraying water upon the chilled guests, he concluded the speech he had prepared before the schoolhouse burned.

"We venture forth," he said, "from these stately halls of our Alma Mater . . ."

He took his seat amid a clamor of applause. Babies howled. Dogs barked.

The Governor turned to Martha, who was sitting beside him on the platform. Her face was flushed; her lower lip trembled; there was a suggestion of tears in her eyes.

"These Stately Halls," she murmured, trying to smile.

The Governor leaned toward her, his face serious, his voice earnest. "Miss Berry," he said, "you have a wonderful school."

To replace the little white schoolhouse, Martha was forced to make many journeys to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities, where she told of her work and asked for funds. New friends came to her assistance and made it possible for her to build a recitation hall such as she had dreamed of. Other log houses were built to serve as dormitories and the student body grew to forty boys.

Then Andrew Carnegie went to Atlanta, to dedicate a new library. Martha was invited to the reception by one of her friends, with the idea that she might be able to interest the "Ironmaster" in her schools and the work they were doing. Owing to the crowd at the reception, she was unable to have a talk with him.

Then a member of the Carnegie party suggested that Martha travel northward with them, on the private train and meet Carnegie at breakfast the next morning. Martha accepted. Still wearing her evening gown, because she had no other clothes with her, Martha took breakfast with Carnegie. Before she left the train at Richmond, he had invited her to call upon him later and explain her work.

She was forced to wait in Richmond for several hours, before she could get a train back to Rome and she created a considerable stir upon the streets; a crowd even followed her wondering who was this strange young woman who was appearing in the early afternoon wearing an elaborate evening gown, a cape and no hat.

Carnegie was faithful to his promise. He listened to Martha's story of her work and then made this offer; he said that he would give \$50,000 to the Berry Schools whenever Martha raised an equal amount.

A year later, Martha was a guest at a meeting of a federation of women's clubs in Boston. She was to address them and ask for support. She had nearly raised the \$50,000 which Carnegie had offered to double. As she sat in her chair, waiting to be introduced, she fainted from the long continued strain. She was carried to her hotel and a physician warned her that she must take a vacation. Then the president of the federation came to see her.

"You may consider your campaign successfully closed,



(Berry students picking cotton on the Schools' plantation. The Schools from the first were essentially agricultural, the students glorying in blue ribbons for their products.

Martha," she said. "We will secure the rest of the amount."

The hundred thousand dollar endowment yielded only six thousand dollars annually. This was not enough to cover the expenses of the school, now increased to sixty boys. So Martha's never ending campaign for funds continued and she was forced to postpone for three years her dream of adding a school for girls to her other burdens.

Then from a totally unexpected source came a menace which threatened to wreck her entire establishment. A railroad condemned a portion of the land belonging to the school and the line was surveyed through the group of school buildings. Martha felt sure that, if the railroad was constructed, it would be impossible for her to replace the buildings that would be destroyed.

During the weeks that followed Martha went from foreman to overseer, from overseer to superintendent, from superintendent to manager. To all of them she pleaded in vain. She tried to see the president of the railroad and was refused admittance to his office. Finally, in desperation, on the evening before actual construction work was to start, she met him at his home.

She told him, briefly and simply, about her work and her problems. He listened without a word until she finished. Then he went to his desk, wrote a check and folded it in an envelope.

"I'll wire the Rome office that they are not to proceed with the construction. I feel sure that there is no necessity for running the line through the heart of your property. We may have to use a part of the land, but it will be far enough away from your buildings so that it will not harm you. Don't worry about it any more."

She tried to find words to express her gratitude. "You need not thank me," he said, "I understand." Then he handed her the envelope. "Give this to your Board of Trustees. It's a little gift to the school."

Martha Berry's success and something of her trials reached the ears of President Roosevelt. He invited her to call upon him in Washington. He allowed a number of statesmen to wait, while he talked with her.

"I'm glad you came, Miss Berry. I was afraid you might have forgotten."

"Forget," she exclaimed, "Why, I've thought of nothing else. But I thought you were too busy."

"Nothing is more important than this," he replied as he drew up his chair and began to look at the book of photographs of the school which she had brought with her. The President examined every picture and demanded the fullest explanations of each detail. When a secretary entered the room to remind the President that certain important callers were waiting to see him, Roosevelt brought his fist down on his desk.

"Let them wait," he thundered. "This is the real thing!"

Unhurried, he listened to her explanations, asked questions about this boy and that boy, noted the [Continued on page 72]



(The Road of Opportunity which Martha Berry planned fifteen years ago is now a reality.



(Foundation School—one of the dormitories at Mr. Berry. This is one of the oldest buildings belonging to the Schools.



There she was every Sunday as Lucius drove by, seated in the hammock, graceful and slim, her pretty pale hair shading her face as she bent over her book.

THE SUNDAY dinner was finished, and according to the custom in Lucius Bartlett's house it had been succeeded by an hour of lethargy for the processes of digestion. Miss Ansonia Bartlett, Lucius' sister and housekeeper, spent this interim napping on the living-room sofa. Their brother Arthur and Arthur's wife Martha, invariably their guests on this occasion, read the newspapers on the side porch. And Lucius himself sat by the table in the library, the second volume of the *Crowned Compendium of Human Thought* open on his knee while his gaze sought the marble clock on the wooden mantel, his expression becoming increasingly anxious as the minute hand neared the Roman X-two-I's. For when that should happen the clock would chime thus, toong—toong—toonghk. Then Lucius Bartlett was to prove himself a free man, or to remain forever a lowly and lily-livered slave.

For when the clock should strike three, Miss Ansonia would rise from the living-room sofa, gaze across the hall at the top of her brother's head and say with bright firmness,

"Looshus: isn't it time you were getting out the car?"

And then Lucius was—or was not—to hurl the bomb at the bosom of tradition by saying these words, slowly and clearly:

"I'm not going to drive the car today."

This was not the first time Lucius had imagined himself voicing this seditious utterance, but today he had done more than imagine, he had sworn. He had made it a matter of honor with

himself. He felt that if he should fail he could never again respect himself. Yet the swift approach of the moment of crisis filled him with embarrassment and unease. For assuming he should speak those words, how was he to explain them? He did not dislike the car, or driving. But for years and years, it seemed, always just at three on Sunday afternoon he brought around the car and they went on the Post Road for a drive. Always they four, and always on the Post Road, north to Wallford or

south to Great Hampton, and back at six.

Today they would go to Great Hampton. He could foresee every moment of the drive, first up Winkle street to Park street and so into the Post Road. And they would all declare that the Road was growing worse each Sunday, that the traffic was a scandal, that one could never see a foot of the scenery any more, and that it was a wonder Lucius could manage to drive at all. And yet they would not understand him if he said he preferred to remain here at home, reading in the *Compendium of Human Thought* the history of some bold fellow like Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar and in imagination share the perils and adven-



LUCIUS

Leaps Over

—and Discovers
There's Adventure
Outside Books

By BOINE GRAINGER

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

tures that rendered their lives exciting, unforeseen and new.

For Lucius' week-day life offered none of these sensations. He owned a shoe store. To be sure, once perils had attended that business, but that was in the way of venture rather than adventure. Now the store prospered and Lucius, at thirty-five, enjoyed that prosperity. But at times he was too conscious of the monotony of shoes. Shoes are so much alike, being black, or tan, or brown, and so on, with a little variation as to size and style, but not otherwise. Just as it is with automobiles, which also have little variation, being black or tan or brown and so on, with a certain range of style and size, but otherwise alike. So that driving on the Post Road was not very much of a change from being in the store, and indeed while driving last Sunday he had found himself asking, foolishly, whether cars laced or buttoned, and whether shoes ran on rubber wheels . . .

THERE was, however, another factor aside from the slavery and the monotony that had brought Lucius to the fine rebellion of today. But this was a matter that shamed him and so he did not let himself think of it as he sat there watching the clock. It was the matter of a young woman, and he did not know her and it was unlikely he ever should know her; for even as she was but a recent, so might she prove to be but a temporary, element of the Sunday drive. He almost hoped as much since the summer was getting well along toward its close.

One came upon her at a certain spot along the Post Road. First there was a curve and then a little rise, then a twist, still rising, and then at the apex stood a diminutive cottage well back from the road and behind a row of zinnias. The cottage was shingle-grey and against it the hues of the zinnias were luminous like flame. A great maple shaded the house and in the hammock slung there, the young woman was always seated. She swung slightly, and her pale pretty hair hid her face as she bent over her book, and her feet were thrust in sandals. Between her and the zinnias were her rake and her hoe and her gloves, showing that she had been tending her flowers and her lawn.

A young woman graceful and slim, preoccupied and stationary. Yes, stationary; although at the back of the tiny house stood a dusty diminutive car proving that she too might have made one of the Post Road procession had she not known better how to find enjoyment, surprise and adventure in the pages of a book.

It was this superior intelligence, and her ability to act upon it, that shamed Lucius each Sunday as he drove past that spot. He always, if possible, drove a little faster just then so as to get

by at once. Not that she ever looked up. Each Sunday, going and coming, he glanced out of the corner of his eye to see if she would look up. But her eyes remained in her book, or if she looked away from it, it was in profile, with her chin well raised and her eyes fixed far-off, as if her enlivened imagination carried her still farther abroad on the wings of adventure and exploit.

But today his good sense was to be equal to hers. As she in her hammock, so he here in his library chair, should taste some high adventure of the days before concrete was known, and when a vehicle was a four-horse chariot, a palanquin, or a Grecian galley riding the ocean wave.

Lucius sat rigid and brave, steeled to the great moment now at hand. That expression was unwonted on his ruddy and open countenance, usually genial, but perhaps a little too mild. Yet it could not be denied that his features gained by this new firmness, to which they were adapted by their regularity, especially the well-bridged nose and the excellent and flexible mouth. It would have helped him could he have seen himself thus. His over-modesty would have drawn added courage from his added good looks.

But now the clock was actually about to strike.

If it struck it was not heard. The telephone bell drowned that brief chime with its long loud clamor.

Thus did fate intervene in Lucius' behalf.

For the call came from Bealeville, many miles away. Bealeville was where Cousin Cornelia lived, and there, it seemed, she was about to die. Ansonia was to come at once, by the three-twenty train.

ALREADY Arthur and Martha had come in from the porch, and Martha declared that either Lucius or Arthur must go with Ansonia. For Cousin Cornelia was known to be eccentric, and wills can be changed on death-beds, and have been. And Arthur said he would go, and then Martha said she would go with him, and Ansonia said they must hurry, and, she said:

"Hurry, Looshus, and get the car and take us to the train."

But now how readily Lucius could concede that office, since at the station he could turn the car around and come straight home. It was as if the gods of Alexander and Caesar had rewarded him. He felt indeed particularly akin to Caesar, who as a man of initiative had always been a favorite of his.

So they caught the train, and Lucius stood beside the car and watched the last coach disappear around the curve. Then he entered the limousine, alone. He turned it towards home. No

journey to Great Hampton, he exulted as the car turned into Winkle street. No well-worn speeches and jokes, he rejoiced as it entered Park street. No miles of opposing, habit-driven traffic, he reflected as he emerged into the Post Road. And only then did he realize what he had done.

Yes, sheer force of habit had conquered. His hands had performed their accustomed duty, and now he would be unable to head the other way until he reached the Bridge. He blushed in very shame.

But he never turned the car for home. First he drove farther down for gas. There the congestion was hopeless, and he proceeded still farther towards Great Hampton. So Lucius Bartlett, freedman, pursued his slave's course, eaten by shame and yet helpless, somehow, to redeem his high resolve. All the familiar landmarks sped by. There was the big house on the right with the seven tall pillars. There was the deserted farmhouse behind the cornfield. Ahead was the curve where there had once been the big accident, and just beyond was the rise and the twist, still rising, and at the apex he would see the grey cottage with the zinnias in the yard . . .

AND there it was, and there was she. In a bright flowered dress as if she were but a larger zinnia that had wandered from its fellows over the little trim lawn. There was her bent head, with the pale, pretty hair. And while he observed this assemblage of pleasing qualities, that which was almost an accident happened.

A big car coming towards him essayed to pass another that had no mind to be outstripped. The two were upon poor Lucius like two of the Roman chariots he had dreamed about, and shouts and screams filled the air along with frantic honkings all up and down the highway. But Lucius did something with incredible swiftness, and missing him by a hair the looming menace shot by, while his own car plunged up the grassy embankment, and stopped.

The honkings and shouts ceased and as if nothing had happened—as by the grace of providence was true—the endless streams of vehicles continued their swift opposing flight.

The young woman had sprung from the hammock and she stared at Lucius from angry, frightened and lovely eyes. But he, unfortunate man, was overcome with horror, for his front wheels had made four separate swathes across the row of zinnias, of which flowers not one now outdid in vividness the crimson of his own face.

His predicament was really painful. If he backed the car he must further demolish the flowers and if he went forward he must not only flatten the nice trim lawn but ruin the little hedge of barberry bush along the path. He looked at the young woman with a hang-dog expression and she laughed.

"It's a good thing you didn't hit the house, anyhow," and she appraised the limousine, which appeared somewhat larger than the domicile. Lucius alighted to survey some line of retreat.

"I'm so sorry," he heard himself remark with a horrible carelessness in contrast with what he had done. "I just had to do it," he added with a better show of concern.

"Yes, you just came out of nowhere at all, and there was such a lot of shouting and screaming. Maybe you can back in the same tracks."

He did this and again alighted. What amends could he make her, he asked, and he begged her to suggest something. He would hire a gardener to come and plant more flowers and fix the turf, but she shook her head at that. Still he implored, and she only said it didn't matter, but at last she wavered, he was glad to note.

"Not by way of making amends, I wouldn't think of such a thing, but if you were on your way to Great Hampton—?"

"I was, I am," he said eagerly.

"Well, if you will drive me there and back, just for a little spin?" was her astonishing request, which she made quite casually, however, as if it were an ordinary proposal.

Lucius managed to transform an exclamation into a cheerful cough and said nothing could please him more. In fact, so he began to feel when she smiled and said "Thanks." Then she ran in to get her things and he meantime cast a glance at the book she had been reading and which she had dropped in the folds of the hammock when she sprang from it on his arrival. He could only make out that it was paper-bound when she herself came out and took possession of it. She had put on a tight little hat to which she had added a lace veil and while Lucius was not very versed in such matters he did think the lace veil went rather oddly with the flowered print dress and the old brown sandals.

He opened the front door of the car but she informed him matter-of-factly that she preferred to sit behind. Somewhat further astounded Lucius got the car on to the concrete of the Post

Road, and continued the journey he was never to have made and which he nevertheless proceeded to round out; mile by mile, as usual.

As they started, however, she leaned forward and said she did hope she was not putting him out, and that she would explain it all when they returned, when she would make tea for him, and toast spread with her own strawberry jam. Lucius thanked her with real relief, for toast and jam were tangible realities, something to cling to, as it were, in the face of further surprises. Nor had he gone far when he needed this support, for on glancing back at his passenger he saw her huddled in the big deep seat, oblivious of the world and the automobiles whirling past, her head bent over the pages of her paper-backed book.

Lucius nearly hit a telegraph post in his astonishment. Here, he thought, was a bookworm of the very first water. In fact, such absorption, while admirable, was hardly natural. But she remained absorbed, and only once more spoke on the way to Great Hampton, when she again leaned toward him and said, "Drive fast, if you want to, I like it. I don't care how fast you go."

Well, he thought, after this nothing could seem strange, surely. And since the faster he went the sooner would the extraordinary outing be ended and the nearer he would be to the explanation she professed she would give, he obeyed her hint. And he began to wonder if in some mysterious manner the gods of Alexander and Caesar, those Grecian and Roman deities, were not really vouchsafing him some great adventure, for which they had influenced him to come driving down the Post Road instead of going home.

Thus meditating in his swift flight he came nigh to calamity. He was aiming to pass a car he was tired of following notwithstanding its speed—for somehow he found that he did enjoy speeding, now that he was doing it—but lacking criminal instincts he stopped when a roadster made its appearance a little too soon. All the traffic slowed and there was suspense, but no outcry. The driver of the roadster glared at Lucius with intense indignation. But Lucius was at first too impressed by the vision to glare back.

This young man—for he was younger than Lucius—was, like his car, all in pale exquisite grey. The delicacy and immaculateness of his appearance contrasted with the dramatic ferocity of his face, which was more than handsome with its dark brows, straight nose, well-curved mouth and sculptural chin. He was hatless and perhaps his magnificent dark hair more than anything else caused Lucius at last to answer him glare for glare. For Lucius' hair was sandy and almost curly, and those raven locks had been decidedly arrogant. But this return of courtesies occupied but a part of a second, and then as before the double procession of vehicles resumed swift flight.

The passenger, he observed, had not noticed the incident, her face was as deep in her book as before.

TO BE conscientious he went clean into Great Hampton and then asked her if they should not now turn back. She had abandoned her book but her expression was absent and she appeared to gaze at something far beyond and spiritual as she nodded brightly and said in a voice high-pitched and musical, "Yes, oh yes!" in a sort of wonderment. At the same time she gestured picturesquely. "By all means, if you wish," and she smiled, her lips remaining parted and her eyebrows going up wistfully behind the lace veil. Then all at once, downrightly, she laughed. Her eyes gleamed with, he thought, a secret amusement.

Lucius grew red. Was she really laughing at him, and was this fantastic ride but her punishment of his destruction of the zinnias? With some abruptness he swung the car around at the statue of the Spirit of Great Hampton and asked her with no little irony if she still wished to go fast. To this she had the audacity to say Yes, the faster the better. So Lucius decided to let her have her own way and to drown his chagrin he passed every car he could manage by hook or crook to outdistance on the return journey. By a great fortune the motorcycle patrol was busy on some other section of the Road and glares and maledictions, but no arrest, accompanied that terrible ride.

Had he been driving normally Lucius would have heard that his passenger spent her share of the trip in enunciating various short speeches. At last he did become aware of her strange pastime, for he had heard this phrase:

"You have broken my heart, but my spirit you shall not conquer. I may break, but I shall never bend!"

She was not looking at Lucius, she was gazing with a lofty yet poignant expression straight before her and there were tears in her widened eyes.



(After Lucius heard her through the impassioned speeches of her part, he spoke a line all his own: "That Tappington fellow will say all these things and kiss you and all that, the way it says here!")

Then Lucius thought he understood. For she was crazy. The poor girl was out of her mind, a matter he should have comprehended from the very first, when she asked him to take her on the preposterous ride. Why had he never thought of it till now? But now his one thought was to reach that shingle-grey cottage and to deposit its tenant on her little lawn beside the row of flowers and so his pace never slackened, but he grew, perhaps, more careful when passing other cars.

At last the cottage came in sight. And there in front of it stood the pale grey roadster he had encountered so short a time before, and in the hammock sat its handsome driver, who, on recognizing Lucius, repeated his previous and hostile glare.

"Why, it's the Doctor!" exclaimed the young lady and she threw open the tonneau door and sprang to the ground.

"Good Lord, Deeny, were you in that car?" the young man exclaimed, and his glare at Lucius now had added significance. Poor Lucius was ready to sink into the earth. This handsome fellow

was the unfortunate girl's physician, and would without a doubt demand a thorough explanation of how he, Lucius, a total stranger, happened to be carrying a young girl who was out of her mind all over the country at a death-courting speed.

The young girl, however, was speaking in her escort's behalf.

"Why should I not have been in that car? It is a lovely car and he drove it quite heavenly. I am so much obliged to you, Mr. —? Oh, Mr. Bartlett," she smiled as Lucius, flushing deeply, presented her with his name. She now introduced him to the doctor, forgetting in her haste, however, to mention the latter's name. But she addressed him as Taps. "Mr. Bartlett is going to stay for tea, Taps, and you are going to help me get it ready, aren't you? And Mr. Bartlett, will you make yourself at home here in the hammock? We shan't be so very long, I'll see to that for I haven't eaten since ten o'clock this morning."

"And I not at all," the doctor returned, and smiled, and it was indubitable that this expression lent much unsuspected

charm to his hitherto morose face. They went into the house and presently Lucius heard them laughing and chattering in a manner rather intimate for physician and patient. But Lucius was beyond thinking. He no longer understood whether or not the young lady called Deeny were affected in her mind, but he was certain that he, Lucius Bartlett, was in his. And, he suspected, in his heart too, else how could he account for the disappointed and downcast emotion with which he overheard their light and familiar conversation, or at least the tones of it if not the words. As for the doctor, it was little likely any girl could receive him with indifference.

Lucius, swaying uneasily in the hammock with his feet ungraciously scraping the grass, pondered on some plausible means of leaving. Or he might, perhaps, merely get up and go before they emerged from the house. After all, such a departure would not be more abrupt than his arrival had been. And then all at once he thought that he would stay. Alexander the Great would have stayed, and he was sure, most certainly, Julius Caesar. Veni vidi, vici; I came, I saw, I conquered. And in his face the same look grew apparent which had been there when he sat in the library watching the marble clock.

"I am fearless and happy again when your arms are about me like this," the young woman's voice was heard in the very doorway, and then the doctor answered firmly and tenderly, "Then, Loved One, never, nev-er shall I let you escape me again." Therewith the two of them appeared, she with a tray of jam and toast, he with another tray of tea things. The young woman looked at Lucius with merriment in her eyes.

"Here then let us plight our eternal troth," she said. And then she and the doctor both laughed very gaily.

"That's from our parts," said Deeny. All at once she looked quite astounded, as if at herself. "But heavens, I forgot to tell him, Taps. He doesn't know we're in stock. This is Mr. Leigh Tappington, Mr. Bartlett, and I am Aldine Locksley, he is the male lead and I'm the female lead. We play in summer stock in Wallford, maybe you go there sometimes? We give a new bill every week, and on Sundays we get up our parts."

"I thought," Lucius managed to say after swallowing, "I thought you said Mr.—I thought you said he was a doctor."

"Oh, in the play, yes. He is Doctor Purdy, in *Maid for Marriage*. Fancy his being a doctor anywhere but in a play!" and she laughed again, but Mr. Tappington remained unmoved. He said he did not see the point of her remark. Lucius, meantime, regained his wits gradually, while they two indulged in badinage and arranged the tea things on the rustic table. He was very glad that Deeny was not out of her mind, and as she now belatedly explained to him that she wanted that ride down the Post Road because she could learn her part better while in swift motion, he was further glad that she had not been laughing at him, although her explanation remained, he thought, an odd one. He had heard, however, that actor folk are a somewhat unusual lot, and he believed it now. At least they had not taken it at all amiss that he was not familiar with the theater in Wallford. Of course he had declared that he intended to become an immediate habitué.

THE tea and toast were good enough and the strawberry jam was superb. Lucius would have been in every way happy but for the rather too obvious intimacy in the manner of Mr. Tappington towards Miss Locksley. And this play they were giving next, with all the love scenes, the embracings—that gave the handsome dog rather an unfair advantage. Then Lucius remembered that it was just such disadvantageous odds which the late Julius Caesar used to lap up, and so he accepted a third cup of tea and a fourth slice of toast and jam, while Mr. Tappington discoursed of the theater and of the slavery of actors, in a suddenly lugubrious tone.

Aldine tried to stop him, saying Mr. Bartlett wasn't interested, but the leading man continued this topic at such length that he overstayed what turned out to be a limited duration of time for his visit, for he had to be back in Wallford at six o'clock sharp. "I'm sorry I can't stay to hear you run over your lines," he said as he rose to go.

"But," said Aldine, "maybe Mr. Bartlett would like to hear them?" and she smiled inquiringly at Lucius, who declared his great willingness.

"And," said Mr. Tappington, "you will return to town of course by jitney." And he glanced significantly and forbiddingly at their guest. But Lucius had no mind to be set aside by a stage frown, no matter how handsome and dark the brows, and he at once said that he would be most happy to take Miss Locksley in to Wallford and would indeed listen to [Continued on page 55]

My Boarding-House Life

By John V. A. Weaver

I HAVE never, somehow, asked George Abbott about his boarding-house experiences. That's strange; but I just sort of took it for granted that he was fully conversant with lodgings, since he is an actor.

But I'll bet few actors have had more to do with furnished rooms than I. Despite the fact that I have usually had a home, landladies seem to have loomed large in my career.

The earliest of these memories concerns a two-month's stay in one of those dilapidatedly respectable brown-stone fronts around West Forty-seventh street in New York. All I recall of it was that McKinley was shot around that time, and I used to stage, with the assistance of innumerable lead soldiers, and a Huyler's candy box, surmounted by a flag, a military funeral cortège, which would occupy all afternoon passing down the long hall into the parlor, where services were conducted with myself as music, preacher and audience.

There was a girl of twenty-three, too, who comes back to me as ravishingly beautiful; she was studying singing and piano, and many were the evenings I spent, love-sick and worshipful, listening to her practicing. The landlady was fat, and she would slip me cookies. I wept long and loud when I was taken back to Chicago.

Many years later, when I got a job in the classified advertising department of The Chicago Daily News, during almost a year the furnished room was the scene of my daily activities.

I learned how to look as if I were an applicant eager to inspect a room advertised in The Tribune, gain the wistful proprietor's confidence, and then spring upon her the fact that The Daily News could rent it for her much more quickly than our rivals, without infuriating her to physical violence. Landladies—God bless 'em. Fat, short, lean, tall, disheveled, vampish, harassed—I must have interviewed several thousands during my employment. And the stalls some of them put up! And the funny things they said! And the rooms I saw! Well, the experience was certainly invaluable.

Invaluable for literary material, at any rate. But apparently I had learned very little when I came to applying for a room myself. My last year in Chicago I spent alone, since my family had moved East, and I didn't want to leave the position I then held as Publicity Manager of The Daily News. So I made the rounds in search of a "commodious room, nicely furnished, with breakfast extra, and kitchen privileges." I emerged from my first lodging with large red bites scattered upon various portions of my anatomy; and the place had looked so neat!

In the second, which was with a private family up on Wilson avenue, I was suspected by the husband of having wild intentions toward the proprietress, a hatchet-faced hag with a disposition like a bad grape-fruit. He and I had an argument and my disillusioning remarks led to my quick departure.

Finally I found an ideal room on North State street, with excellent meals, and for fellow-lodgers a Princeton graduate, a bank-cashier, and the only ex-soldier I have met who possessed both the French and the American decorations for bravery. He was then working in Carson Pirie Scott & Company, and some of his anecdotes of department store life colored "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

I have a farm in Connecticut now. But some day, when I need some new material, I shall take a room on one of the West Seventies. There are thousands of novels a week unreeling in the boarding houses and furnished rooms of our cities. That's where you see life in the raw—and at its funniest.



MAME (Florence Johns)—Accused of theft by her sister JANIE (Katherine Wilson) tells her—"I wouldn't do to a skunk what you done to me!"

"LOVE 'Em and LEAVE 'Em"

By

John V. A. Weaver and George Abbott

(A Play that Shows How the Other Half Loves

EDITOR'S NOTE: New York has been reveling in a pungent little comedy about a group of department store clerks—a keen cross-section of their lives and loves—an honest record of their Americanese.

MAME WALSH (Florence Johns) and Billingsley (Donald MacDonald) used to "keep company." Now, almost on the eve of the annual show staged by the Ginsburg Store employees, their romance has suffered a change. Janie (Katherine Wilson) Mame's younger sister and

an artful minx, has been getting in a little of her fine work.

Mame—You're gonna take Janie to the dance.

Bill—Oh, that. Well, it's all right, ain't it?

Mame—Sure.

Bill—Seemed all right to me.

Mame—Whyn't you tell me?

Bill—I didn't know how you'd take it.

Mame—How should I take it?

Bill—Well, I and you, I mean, in a way, we been kind of keepin' company—

Mame—In a way?

Bill refuses to take any "razzin'" on account of his dereliction; but he does admit that he is sorry it has happened.

Mame—On account of once being so friendly as to ast me to tie up with you, you know—hum—
Bill—Well, you didn't.

Mame—No, I tole you go make a salary two could live on. I ain't gonna have no babies in a back-bedroom and be leavin' 'em with somebody while I go out to work. But that's all past anyhow and all I mean is, are we still keepin' company or are we—You know—your takin' somebody else this way—

Bill—Gee, Mame, I feel terrible, on the level—I don't know what to say.

Mame—You could tell me what's goin' on, that's all.

Bill—A fellow can't help a thing like that—he can't help it no more than nothin'.

Mame—Can't help what? I don't know what you're talking about, Bill.

Bill—They ain't a guy in the store that wouldn't fall for Janie if he had the chance.

Mame—Oh, then you've fell for her? Well, that's all right. I guess there ain't anything more to talk about.

Thus does Mame meet the peridy of human nature. The gash across her heart makes her reckless and scoffing. And when the Ginsburg "amatoors" meet in Mame's room at Ma Woodruff's boarding house to talk over the coming entertainment they are regaled by her "hard-boiled" ideas.

Mame—Love 'em and leave 'em—that's me. All this stuff about "lastin' forever" makes me sick. I'm not goin' to let any man play me for a fish. Kid 'em along, fool 'em and forget 'em.

Janie, exhilarated by her conquest of Bill, puffed with importance at having been appointed assistant treasurer of the Ginsburg Welfare Club, dances along on a volcano. As the two girls prepare for bed that night, Mame takes Bill's picture from the top of the bureau and dashes it to the floor.

Janie—Oh, you broke Bill's picture.

Mame—I dropped it. Be careful where you walk.

Janie—You give me the wrong pilla.

Mame—This one's mine, ain't it?

Janie—You always let me use it.

Mame—I always let you use everything. But it's mine, ain't it?



In the famous crap game when LEM (Donald Meek) finds himself cleaned out, he snarls at MAME: "There's somethin' crooked about this," and tries to snatch the money back.

Janie—Oh, go have a fit and jump in it. I don't see nothin' to get sore about.

Mame—Sore? Who's gettin' sore? I'm just sayin' it's my pilla and I'll use it if I wanta.

Janie—Go ahead and use it.

Mame—All my life I never owned anything 'cause if you wanted it, you took it. You was pretty and I was plain. You was the pet. Everybody loved you and was nice to you. Nobody more'n me, Janie Walsh. But there's sometimes a limit. Just because we give you everything, you think you got it comin' to you. If a person has anything around they want to keep, they better lock it up where you can't get your hands on it.

Janie—You never talked to me that way before in your life.

Mame—Well, I could say a lot of things if I wanted to sometimes. Guess you know why—all right.

Janie—If you don't want Bill to go to the dance with me, why don't you say so—I can't help it 'cause he likes me—well—I can't—

Mame—Well, don't be crying—go on to bed. You can have the pilla.

Janie—I don't want it, if that's the way you feel about it.

Mame—Gimme that one.

Janie—I don't know what you're so sore about.

Mame—Shut your mouth—I'm sayin' my prayers.

Two weeks later brings the crowd up to the night of the dress rehearsal. Great excitement! Ma Woodruff's parlor vibrates to the sound of piccolo and trombone. Janie is waiting for Miss Streeter, director of Welfare Work at Ginsburg's, who has telephoned that she is coming on important business. Meanwhile, Janie has some important business of her own to transact with Lem Woodruff (Donald Meek), Ma's "no account" husband, a penny race-track sport.

Janie—You haven't forgotten all about the ponies, have you? You know—they little things with four legs that runs around the track.

Lem—That's a good one all right.

Janie—The ones you pick never lose unless they get struck by lightnin'. We've had a lot of lightnin' this last two weeks.

Lem—Well, I can take a joke.

Janie—Be your age. I'm talkin' about today's races. Didn't you see the papers? At last I won something.

Lem—My God—

Janie—Well, what's the matter?

Lem—Did Comanche win?

Janie—You know very well it did.

Lem—Oh, geez, that's terrible!

Janie—What do you mean?

Lem—I didn't get there in time to place the bet.

Janie—You what?

Lem—I was only three minutes late . . . any decent pool room would have took the bet but . . .

Janie—Well, of all the luck. Well, of all the damn luck. It was four to one. I could a come out even and had seven dollars to the good. I had it all figured. Now, I don't know if I'm ever comin' out.

Lem—Sure you will. Just trust me. Now, listen, you don't want to get discouraged by a little thing like that. Stick to me and you'll wear diamonds, listen: Captain Jack in the fifth tomorrow is a sure thing. I got a real tip this time . . . inside dope . . . just like findin' money. So I'll tell you what we'll do—We'll double your bet. That's the way to pull out.

Janie—Ain't I lost already eighty-five dollars. I wish I'd never listened to your damn fool talk. Well, if we don't win next time, I might just as well jump in the river, that's all.

But the tragic turn is called on Janie before the "next time." Miss Streeter finds that Mechanic's Hall—where the Ginsburg talent is to rehearse



BILL (Donald MacDonald)—I gotta get out there and be the hero, and all the time feelin' like a dirty dog that I done such a wrong to MAME.

that night—demands payment down. No money, no dress rehearsal! So she has called for Janie's Welfare Funds, with part of which Janie has played the races.

Miss Streeter—Well, Janie.

Janie—Gee whiz—Miss Streeter—I don't know what to say.

Miss Streeter—Why—what on earth is the matter?

Janie—Somebody stole the money!

Miss Streeter—Janie!

IT HAD been, explains the girl, in her trunk. Now it was gone! Perhaps—she flounders—perhaps someone, not dreaming that it was to be called for that night, borrowed it and means to pay it back.

Miss Streeter—I can't imagine anybody doing such a thing.

Janie—Well, you ain't lived with these sort of people, Miss Streeter, and you don't know the kind of things they'd stoop to—but don't you see—if they found out we knew it was missin'—they'd put it back and in the meantime you could pay for the hall tonight out of the regular treasury if you wanted to, couldn't you?

Miss Streeter—But Janie—

Janie—I mean, if I'd promise to make it up out of my salary? The best that the upright Miss Streeter can offer is that she will go to the hall, pay in advance with her personal check, and Janie must appear by rehearsal time with the missing amount, or she'll have to report the loss.

Janie—Oh, I'll get it . . .

Miss Streeter—You'll have to, my dear.

Of course she must get it, but how? Lem only adds calamity to the situation.

Janie—I gotta have it tonight, you gimme that money I won on Comanche.

Lem—How can I when I didn't bet on it?

Janie—That's your funeral. You was supposed to get it up. You always got it up when the horses lost.

Lem—Captain Jack tomorrow is the—

Janie—I need it now. You got me in a hole and you gotta help me out.

Lem—I can't. When I seen I was too late for Comanche, I put it up on Captain Jack. So I ain't got a cent that belongs to you now—

Janie—You dirty old crook, you're just robbin' me, that's what you're doin'. You think I don't see through you. You never put that money up at all. If I lost you kept it, and now

I win once, you claim you never got to the bookies. You damn skunk, you. I hope you die tomorrow. You give me my money back or I'll just go to Ma Woodruff and spill the whole thing . . . now what do you think of that?

Lem—Oh-h-h. Just try it. Yeah—I'd like to see you. How'd you like me to go to that Miss Streeter and tell her you been gamblin' with the Welfare Funds?

Janie goes frantically to Bill.

Janie—Bill, I gotta have eighty-five dollars.

Bill—Yeah.

Janie—I just got twelve of my own—seventy-three I gotta have. Bill, you gotta help me. I just gotta have it, Bill. By rehearsal time, Bill.

Bill, however, must have more details than that.

Janie—The Welfare Fund—somebody went in my trunk, and stole some of it—and you gotta help me—and if I don't get it to Miss Streeter tonight—then they'll turn it over to the store detectives—and I'll get arrested!

Bill is horrified.

Janie proceeds to build up a case.

Janie—Oh, Bill, it ain't only for my sake.

Bill—What do you mean?

Janie—Well—a person don't like to accuse their own sister.

Bill—You're crazy!

Janie—Oh, am I—am I—sure I knew you'd say that.

Bill—What makes you think so?

Janie—She was the only one had a key to my trunk, and besides, I seen—well, I don't like to say nothing—

Bill gets busy, but it is hard to borrow or to sell anything at Ma Woodruff's. Mame, still very "high hat" toward her erstwhile sweetheart, innocently interferes while he is scrambling for funds and so stumbles upon her sister's treachery.

Mame—What the devil are you talkin' about?

Bill—I'm talkin' about you breakin' into Janie's trunk and takin' the Welfare Funds. That's what I'm talkin' about!

Mame—Oh!

Janie—This is just between—

Mame—Shut your face! I didn't take no Welfare Fund.

Bill—It didn't seem like you, but Janie—

Janie—Mame—I—

Mame—You dirty little liar!

Janie—Somebody took it, and I—

Mame—You dirty little liar!

Janie—You ain't got any right to talk to me that way!

Mame—Keep your mouth shut!

[Continued on page 72]

Spring Cleaning

By
Phyllis
Duganne

Illustrations
by William
Meade Prince



W. MEADE PRINCE
1914

ELLEN SNOW'S people were New Englanders and Tony Corria's were Portuguese, so when Ellen and Tony first began "going together," they did not broadcast the news. There was going to be a row and they knew it, but for the moment it was enough that they were young and in love, without bothering about their families.

Families! Tony had, of course, just as many ancestors as Ellen, but their graves were dug beneath the sun of Portugal, and so they didn't count in Dorset. Ellen's ancestors lay, six generations of them, in the cemetery behind the Unitarian church, and one had only to look in the town records to learn what manner of folk they had been.

So Ellen and Tony walked, with their arms about one another, along winding side roads and paths by the shore, and they walked together and talked and laughed and swore undying love for nearly a month before the town of Dorset knew about it.

The summer people, who, like Ellen and Tony, found time

and inclination to wander along sandy lanes that led nowhere in particular, saw them first and approved of them.

"It's a splendid thing, this mixing of bloods," Dr. Page, who had the largest summer cottage in Dorset, remarked to his wife one day, as Tony and Ellen passed along the white beach. "Look at that pair of youngsters! The girl's pure New England type—inbred for generations. And that boy there—a handsome young animal! What fine children they'll have!"

Mrs. Page looked at them, at Ellen, fair-haired and white-skinned, with soft gray eyes lifted adoringly to Tony's face.

"How sweet and romantic!" she murmured, and she smiled with that tolerant envy of a woman whose own days of romance are past.

But the town of Dorset—and in particular Ellen's mother—thought it neither sweet, nor romantic, nor biologically splendid, when Ellen told her.

"Tony Corria!" she said, her voice rising sharply. "Why



When LOVE
went
aground
on the
Shoals of Tidiness

She said:

"Tony Corria, you're the most careless, shiftless person I ever saw in my life!"

He said:

"Ob, shut up! If I ever came in this door without being nagged I'd fall dead!"

he's nothing but a Portuguese fisherman! You must be out of your mind, Ellen!"

Ellen bit her lip. Out of her mind! It was a daily surprise to her that every girl in her right mind wasn't in love with Tony, too. Tony, so young and handsome, with his flashing smile and his fine, dark eyes. Tony who loved her . . . Her voice was tender when she spoke.

"He isn't a fisherman, Mother. He's a carpenter and he's doing awfully well. My uncle Warren was a carpenter."

"He was an American, too!"

There was no answer to that. Ellen loved Tony with all her heart but there could be no denying his race. His smooth skin was as brown as an Indian's and his thickly lashed eyes held all the languid beauty of Spain. He made her think of bullfighters in scarlet capes and guitars played at night beneath moonlit balconies . . . and there was nothing American about that!

"I don't care!" she said, simply.

"You don't care!" repeated her mother. "Haven't you any pride, Ellen Snow? Why, your ancestors would turn in their graves! If only your father was alive! A common Portuguese who probably doesn't know who his grandfather was!"

Ellen was prepared for that. "Yes, he does, Mother. The Corrias are a good family in Portugal. They—"

"In Portugal!" said Harriet Snow contemptuously. (Just so, did she but know it, had Ilena Corria, Tony's great-grandmother, said, "America!" when her son announced his intention of going there. America—where every educated person knew there was nothing but wild red Indians and great beasts called buffalo!) "There's no sense in talking about it, Ellen, I forbid you to see the boy again!"

"I love him," said Ellen.

"You—!" Mrs. Snow stared at her daughter. This was the sort of thing that came from association with foreigners! A good young girl, not twenty years old, standing up before her

mother and saying that she loved a man, in as matter-of-fact a voice as though she were saying she liked strawberries!

"I love him more than anything else in the world," said Ellen dreamily.

Harriet Snow looked away, in a kind of embarrassment. Her eyes passed, unseeing, over the miniatures of Captain Eben Snow and his wife, hung above the mahogany desk he had brought from Holland, in his ship. Ellen stood motionless, slim and wistful; the seventh generation of Snows who had been born within those walls.

"I'm going to marry him, Mother."

The older woman brought her gaze reluctantly to her daughter's face and she gasped at what she saw there. Was this her Ellen? The gray eyes held a look she had never seen there before; a look of maturity. There was a new dignity about her, the determination not of a girl, but of a woman who loved. And her mother realized, in that moment, that she was no longer dealing with a child, who could be forbidden this and allowed that.

"Ellen, have you ever been inside the Corrias' house?"

Ellen looked up sharply, and some of the tenderness left her face. "No," she said, and her manner became suspicious and faintly hostile.

Hostile and suspicious towards her mother! Mrs. Snow winced. "I wish you'd ask Tony to take you home to supper some night to get to know his mother," she persisted.

Ellen's cheeks flamed. "I know his mother," she said. "And I know what you mean, too! I'm not marrying the Corria family—I'm marrying Tony! I—you're unfair, Mother. Unfair and cruel!" For a moment she stood, eyes blazing; then she turned and ran out of the room.

Harriet Snow did not stir, but as she stood there, the cool, clean room seemed to revolve dizzily about her. After a few minutes her lips moved, tremblingly.

"My baby!" she said, in a whisper. "My little Ellen!"

THE ten Corrias, father, mother and eight children, had finished their supper. Old Tony, in faded corduroys smelling reminiscently of fish, was lighting his pipe, and his eyes, blue as the ocean upon which he spent his days, shone behind the match that was cupped in his brown hands. Ma Corria's voice rose shrilly above the clamor of the children's voices.

"Cath'rine an' Mary, you do up them dishes—the rest of you get on out. I wanta talk to Tony." She settled herself in the wooden rocker beside the window. "Tony, you come over here to me."

Tony Corria, a cigarette dangling between his lips, obeyed.

"What do you want, Ma?"

"What do you think I want?" A gleam of humor shone in his mother's eyes, soft and brown like his own. She picked up a heap of torn garments from the chair beside her, and dropped them negligently to the floor. "Set down, Tony."

Tony sat, and his eyes, searching his mother's face, were gentle with affection.

"What's all this I hear 'bout you and Ellen Snow?"

"What do you hear?" countered Tony. "Hear a lot 'o things in Dorset."

Mrs. Corria smiled at her son. "And some of 'em's true. You goin' to marry her, Tony?"

He nodded, and for a moment she was silent, lips curved in a faint smile, eyes downcast. Then she looked up.

"She's a good girl, ain't she, Tony?"

Again he nodded.

"She's a pretty girl," said Ma Corria, "and she looks real smart. She—ain't she kind of stuck-up, Tony?"

"Naw." He dropped his cigarette to the floor and crushed it with his heel. "She—she's great, Ma."

"When you going to get married?"

"Pretty soon."

"Pretty soon." His mother rocked silently. "She's a Protestant girl," she said, more to herself than to him. "My first grandchildren'll be Protestants."

"No call to worry 'bout that, yet."

"No, not yet." She rocked, complacently. "We won't see so much of you, Tony. I s'pose you'll go with her folks."

"Ma!"

"I s'pose you will."

They were each silent.

"That'll, Ma." Tony asked, not meeting her eyes. "I gotta hurry. I'm goin' to the pictures."

"Go on," said his mother.

Old Tony puffed at his pipe, and from the sink came the clatter of increased speed.

"Ma, c'n we go to the pictures, too? It's Sat'daynight."

She looked up absently at her two eldest daughters. "Yeh, I guess you c'n go. As your Pa for the money." Her soft dark eyes moved about the disordered kitchen, with the toys and garments of eight children left wherever they had fallen. Eight children! Soon there would be only seven.

Old Tony drew silently on his pipe and his wife rocked, her hands idle in her lap. There was a gurgling at the sink as the dishpan was emptied, a clatter as it tumbled to its resting place on the floor. The girls disappeared into the summer night.

"s funny," murmured Ma Corria at last, in a thin voice, unlike her usual hearty tone.

Old Tony got up and crossed to the chair where his eldest son had sat.

"Yeh, s funny," he agreed, and one of his hands dropped to her lap and covered her two little ones.

Until the children returned, they sat so, silent, thinking . . .

LIGHTS blazed from the lower windows of the little house in the Hollow which was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Corria, junior. Darkness had not fully settled over the hills, but Tony would be coming up the path in a few minutes and Ellen wanted his home to glow a welcome for him.

She looked about her kitchen, at the scrubbed wooden floor, the fresh gingham curtains that shone, blue and white, against the deep blue of the evening sky. The supper table was set, with a clean white cloth and a jug of baby-chrysanthemums; a blue and white roller-towel hung, like an ornament, on the pantry door. Supper was steaming on the stove and in the oven, muffins were rising to a golden brown perfection.

Tony was late. Ellen looked at the clock, returned to the stove and hovered over it, lifting the covers of pots, stirring and tasting. Then she ran to the mirror that hung near the row of clothes hooks just inside the door and straightened her fluffy hair, smiled at her flushed face with its excited gray-blue eyes. She was happy . . . happy!

"Well, Mrs. Corria!"

The door crashed open, banged against the wall, and she was caught in a pair of strong young arms, held close while Tony's lips pressed down upon hers.

"Oh, Tony!"

He laughed excitedly, as she clung to him.

"C'mon over and sit on my lap an' tell me what you've been doing all day!" Still holding her with one hand, he flung his cap across the room, dropped his coat to the floor.

"Supper's ready!"

"Who cares?" He picked her up as though she were a child and carried her to the armchair.

"But it'll get cold. You're so strong, Tony! And, oh, Tony, look at your feet and my clean floor!"

He looked down at his feet and at the mud tracks on the scrubbed boards and chuckled. "What's it matter? Did you miss me, baby?"

Ruefully, Ellen looked up from the floor. "Of course I did! You're late again."

"Stopped in to see Ma. Kids all got the measles." He bent her fair head against his shoulder and kissed the back of her neck where her skin shone white below her curling hair.

"Oh, Tony, what a shame!" (But small wonder, she thought, severely, with the way Ma Corria never looked after them!)

"Is your mother well?"

He laughed at the question. He was always laughing at her, and Ellen thought that in spite of his so seldom remembering to brush his teeth, they were the whitest, evenest teeth she had ever seen. "Ma's always well. Nothing ever upsets Ma."

She took his face solemnly between her hands and looked into his eyes. Why did he stop, every day, on his way home to her, at his mother's? What did they say to one another? They never seemed to talk much, when she was about. And that disordered, dirty kitchen! She wondered if Tony appreciated the difference between his old home and his new.

As though for answer, he lighted a cigarette, tossed the match carelessly to the floor. Ellen's eyes followed it.

"Tony! And your hat and coat! She got down from his lap and carried the supper to the table, and reminded him, "Good little boys wash their hands before they eat!"

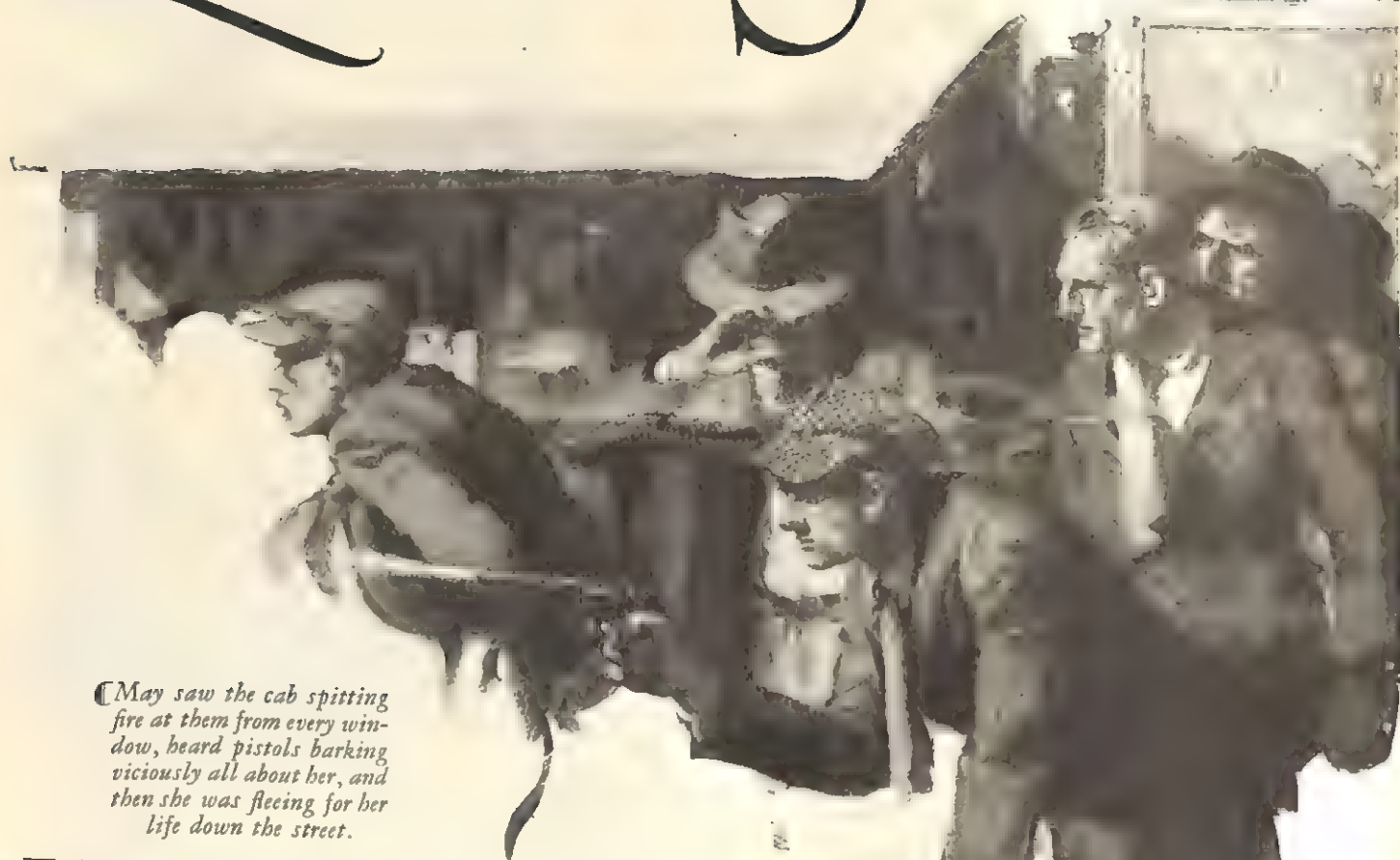
"Gee, I'm hungry!" He crossed to the sink and sent the water shooting forth from the pump in one great spurt, wet his hands and seized the roller-towel.

"Tony Corria!"

Grinning, he looked at the grimed towel, [Continued on page 63]

(It was a little before midnight when Ma Corria, awakened by a rapping at the kitchen door, aroused her husband. With his gun upraised he led the way downstairs; Ma Corria following, holding the lamp.

QUEER STREET



May saw the cab spitting fire at them from every window, heard pistols barking viciously all about her, and then she was fleeing for her life down the street.

What Has Gone Before

HAVING come all the way from the other side of the world it was hard for the poor young author, calling himself John Palmer, to accustom his mind to the fact that the forlorn looking old house on the forgotten old street, where he had just rented a room for \$9.00 a week (his own old room, in fact) had once been the beautiful, much loved home of his childhood—before his father's mysterious death there and his own wanderings abroad.

All unconscious of Palmer's identity Mr. Machen, a queer old lodger, gave him the idea for a plot in the history of the old house right through to the suicide of its former owner. But when the young author, for the story's sake, suggested murder instead of suicide Machen was strangely agitated. And from that time on there was something very puzzling and rather disquieting to Palmer in the prying interest which Machen and the landlady, Mrs. Fay, took in his novel, "Queer Street, the Story of a Haunted House."

As he set to writing feverishly he became conscious of another interest, for overhead Miss May Wilding's typewriter kept him reminded of the scene he had overheard between that young woman and the landlady about overdue rent. Unable to concentrate he decided he must have his work typewritten at once, so, with a sheaf of manuscript he went to call on the girl. From that time on they were "collaborators." But Palmer prided himself on having kept his friendship with Miss Wilding quite impersonal, until suddenly he found himself deeply concerned over the fact that she was going out every night until the small hours on mysterious pilgrimages.

THE not small dressing-room was stuffy notwithstanding. Several hundred miscellaneous young women frequented it every evening to check their wraps and repair the ravages of hard dancing to toilettes and complexions, its air was consequently choked with more than merely midsummer sultriness, with the bouquet as well of mortal clay whose faith is pledged to strong perfumery instead of soap and water. May Wilding was none the

proved, were so far her our time has well nick-she was disposed to sulk because she was tired and sorts with herself for having Palmer, with Palmer for having given her an excuse to flare out at him, with life that had forced her to adopt this irksome means of eking out the wages of her typewriter.

And now it wasn't enough, manifestly, that she hadn't had a sufficient meal in twenty-four hours or that her legs still ached and her feet still burned from last night's late hours on the dance floor, it wasn't even enough that Mrs. Fay had latterly been more than ever hateful or that overstrung nerves had rifted the one real friendship within the compass of a lonely girl's horizon: now, on top of every other woe and hardship, she must nerve herself to fare forth into the glare of the public ballroom and line up with the other "hostesses" at the railing and vie with their educated leers for the favor of men who, when lured, would hold her too fast to sweltering bodies, pant pungently down her neck, and labor to snare their hired partner in the toils of crude blandishments while wrestling her by main strength round a teeming dance floor and—in seven instances out of every ten—brutally punishing her poor bruised toes. And all for a few mean pennies per dance, that she might continue to send home the expected weekly remittance . . .

less loath to forego an atmosphere comparatively so bland.

She had no friends there to hold her in gossip, and left to herself would be slow to scrape acquaintance with colleagues who, as their strident commonplaces seniors in that lore which and soldier tonight solely fed up and cross, out of ing quarreled with John

To excuse another minute or two of procrastination, May fished out and re-read her mother's latest letter, but won neither comfort nor courage from its threadbare tissue of reproaches.

Athwart those scrawled pages, presently, a shadow fell, while a mocking voice enquired:

"Whatsamatter, dearie? got another battle on with your sweetie?"

May looked up and forced a grey smile for the rangey blonde girl who was standing over her with kindly malice warming cool blue eyes and a cigarette drooping from cynic lips.

"No," May replied—"no such luck. I haven't got any sweetie. This is just a letter from home."

"Don't I know? A person don't have to open them after the first haffadozen, they all sing the same tune: 'I don't see why, when you've got a grand job in the city, you can't behave more like a dutiful loving daughter and send your old mother a few dollars more every week so's she can pay the instalments on her new radio set.' Gee! I wonder how our folks get that way. Ain't they never been young themselves and up against it?"

"Maybe they haven't," May supposed—"I mean, not up against it the way we are. I expect things were different, somehow, when they were our age."

"Maybe so," the woman of the world sagely opined—"maybe not. I guess hard luck didn't run any softer for them, not so's a person'd notice it. At that, you can't hardly blame them, what with the lies you keep on writing about the grand times you're having and how the city's the place for a girl to make big money and all."

"You, too?" May queried with a broken laugh.

"Sure, me too! What d'you think, kid? that I'm going to bust out with the truth and let the old town know I made a big mistake and had to come down to this to make a living?"

"But do you?"

"I'm alive yet, ain't I? It was sort of hard sledding at first, of

By Louis Joseph
VANCE

Illustrations by
Donald Teague



The GIRL Upstairs turns the Plot Upside Down

course; but now my dogs are just one big callous and I can dance with almost anything that can stand up, so long's the gin ain't too gosh-awful synthetic."

"The gin?"

"That's what they mostly call it. A hostess has got to drink the stuff the customers tote in or lose her string of steadies, I should think you'd of learned that by this time. Say: how long've you been a taxi?"

"About two weeks—"

"Not here," the blonde girl flatly declared.

"No. This is my first night here. But I've tried dancing in a couple of other places—"

"And they gave you the air because you didn't drag down jack enough per night—I guess I know!"

"Well—yes—"

"Or because some bum tried to make you and got sore when you wouldn't dance any more with him and beefed to the management."

"That only happened once—at the last place, the Wistaria Gardens—"

"It would. I taxied in that dump almost a week, once, and got let out because they claimed I was too high hat for their trade—me!" The older hand gave a snort. "Swell chance you had where I was too classy."

"Say listen, little one: you're too green to go cruising for fares without a conductor. I and you'd better team up, anyway for tonight, and I'll put you wise to a lotta dodges. Of course, if you want to hold your job you've got to hoof it with all comers, one down, t'other come on; but the trick is never to play no favorites till some goof happens along that looks just naturally sappy—what I mean, sentimental. Once you get your hooks into that kind you can sit out 'most all evening with him and give your dogs a grand rest while he makes passes at your hand and looks into your eyes soulful like a sick kitten. I'll say it's a good trick—if you can do it. So watch sister. Come on now. What's your name? Mine's Nelly Mason. And try and look

as if you never dreamed there was such good times going—y'know, big-eyed and surprised and all excited up."

If May was sensible enough not to try to fill that prescription, she was grateful to her guide, and obediently followed out to the railing that ran round the floor of Summerland—America's Most Elegant Ball Room.

The blasting of a native band hailed them at the threshold of the dressing-room, and a grilling atmosphere that seemed to have no movement more than the beat it took from those breaks of savage rhythm, to which the floor likewise was vibrant—the very walls were, for that matter, and the rafters of the roof.

Most of the women were quite young, a good proportion boasted a certain comeliness, a scattering was prettily if inexpensively dressed, a few were even, but perhaps only by comparison, in the last word of that day, smart: almost every walk of life but the best and, possibly, the basest, had supplied them, common necessity had, with few exceptions, driven them to serve these the cheapest uses of a dance-mad age. A nondescript mob of men claimed them at will by virtue of strings of tickets purchased at the door, each of which entitled the bearer to embrace one of the Two Hundred Most Beautiful Hostesses for the duration of one dance number or, if he preferred, to require her to sit as long with him at one of the tables behind the railing.

The music was practically continuous; but one of the bands would rest every ninety seconds or so, leaving the other to carry on with a new measure if immaterially a different one—for the blight of jazz was on them all and clothed each successive tune with a deadly family likeness. And this calculated brevity of dance periods rendered it entirely practicable for a business-like hostess to bag upwards of twenty tickets every hour—and they were of a thin minority who were otherwise than on the job every minute.

THE night of carnival had yet to work into its full swing; though the floor was too crowded already for the delight of any patrons naive enough to resort to it for dancing, it had still an uneasy fringe of hostesses at leisure. There was, however, an intermittent trickle of incoming guests; and May was permitted little time to cultivate her new acquaintance before Nelly manufactured a false start and a throaty tremolo.

"My Gord! methinks I see me fate approaching with both feet; and I'll bet anybody a dozen checks he's got hob nails and a bun on."

An adventure with the paunch of middle years and fishy eyes in a moist red face thrust a string of tickets into the girl's hand, growled a peremptory invitation to the dance, and dragged her away.

May herself was made a prize of before Nelly under convoy of her freighter could round out a second circumnavigation; but the waspy young pirate who bore her off speedily repented his conquest of one so numb to charms of intellect and person and cast her adrift that he might grapple with a hostess whose jibs were trimmed at a more rakish angle.

In the lapse of the next several hours the ballroom filled to capacity and became the theater of a weirdly grim and dreary saturnalia, packed with a press of human cattle slowly milling in a haze of dust and smoke and sweat that dulled the blaze of festive lights; May danced thirty numbers and collected as many more tickets for sitting out with thirsty, flirtatious, or merely garrulous customers, and at last, while wearily suffering herself to be worried about the floor by a lumbering insatiable soul with impaired wind but potent breath, was visited with salvation that wore the least welcome guise she could in whatever extreme of desperation have conjured up.

Curiously enough, she was thinking about John Palmer at that very instant; or perhaps not so curiously, after all, seeing that she had been doing little else but think about him, ruefully, and wonder what he might be thinking about her, ever since their spat . . .

One band had just buried the butchered remains of All Alone under an avalanche of jazz effects, the other was holding a short wait before striking up; obedient to the unwritten code, hostess and paying guest had disengaged for the breathing space; of a sudden somebody with the physical suavity of a panther shouldered in between them and made a purr of menace articulate.

"Excuse me, fella, but this little lady's dated up wit' me for th' rest of th' sevenin'—see?"



"In the dressing-room the rangey blonde girl undertook to enlighten May: 'I and you had better team up and I'll put you wise to a lotta dodges.'"

There was little enough just then that May could see to identify the pretender, merely a sleek blue serge back that looked as powerful as it was lean, a crescent of olive-tinted cheek so smoothly shaven that it might have been beardless altogether; she knew the man instantly by nothing but the timbre of a voice as deadly in her hearing as an echo remembered from some ancient nightmare.

She saw alcoholic resentment fire up in the features of her recent partner but immediately, as the purr went on to give him sound advice, though in terms which the girl couldn't distinguish, expire and leave them ashen; this while she was cringing back and casting this way and that for an avenue of escape which the crush denied her. And then it was too late, her one slender chance was forfeit: the ousted claimant had somehow contrived to evaporate, like a spirit dematerialized by dismay, and the other was rounding on her with a silken snarl.

"Lo, kid! what's all th' rush?" Cool strong fingers clasped expertly upon one of her wrists. "Searly yet, an' I an' you's goin' to tear off a swell dancin' turn before it's time to go bye-bye. C'mon now"—into her free hand the man pressed a wad of tickets—"le's dance!"

THEY really danced: the man not only could but did, in a flow of rhythmic motion irresistible and with a command of floor strategy that opened clear lanes where none had been and found them space for footplay where others must be content to rock shoulder to shoulder and make headway by hard won inches.

"C'n dance, kid!" the purr, now of sweeter temper, plied her with high approval. "Betcha wish I'd lamped you sooner. But tha's all right, got all night ahead of us—swell! 'Member me?"

no chance of Palmer's clashing a second time with this sinister creature . . .

"An' I ain't been forgettin' you, kid, neither," those self-contented accents were meanwhile reassuring her—"not any! I jus' been busy an' waitin'." The stress on that last word carried a promise to make one's flesh creep. "They's two t'ings I always do, anybody'll tell you: take my time w'en I sets out to make a jane; an' give a guy a fair chancet w'en he don't know who he's up against. Tell y'frien' that, fella't pulled th' bum fall on me, only be sure an' tell'm not to pull another if he cares a terrible lot about his healt'. Get me?"

"I don't know what you mean—" "Gwan," the man tolerantly chided her. "Where'd you get th' idea kiddin' me would get you anyt'ing? Boid I'm talkin' about's th' boid lives in th' same house wit' you. Y'know who I mean all right—put th' baby stare up in moth balls till y'meet some sap't 'll fall for it."



May, constrained to gaze up into that cheaply handsome mask of vanity, gave a frightened nod: too well she remembered that old encounter on the corner of Third avenue from which Palmer had so cleverly managed to deliver her, and too well knew she would be made to pay double now to requite this parcel of egoism for the bruises it had taken then, bruises still unforgotten and unforgiven. And no hope this time of another gallant somebody to rescue a maiden in distress.

Most bitterly the girl regretted the instinctive reticence which that morning's passage with Palmer had firmed into determination not to tell him anything to ease the anxieties he had presumed to conceive on her behalf. More than once she had been tempted to tell him frankly what she was doing with the time she spent away from home every night, but always had refrained, partly for shame of an employment whose conditions were so promiscuous, but mostly because she knew the young man would only fret the more about her; whereas she had made herself a solemn promise not to let any care on her account come between John Palmer and the wonderful work he was doing. But if she might only have hoped to find him waiting this once to see her safely home when it came time to put off the rôle of hostess for eighteen hours . . .

Not that she wasn't inconsistently glad to think there was

"How do you know?" May demanded in a gasp.

"Ah! I know pretty much everyt'ing 't goes on in m'own ward, 'd be a big flat 'f I didn't. Whatcha t'ink? where'd I land up 'f I went aroun' missin' wide open bets allatime? Name's Wilding—ain't it?—foist name May—sure! An' his name's Palmer—becherlife. Say: maybe you don't get who I am, kid." Mild reproach tintured indulgence. "Yid November—at's me, see? Ask anybody over on T'oid avenoo, they'll tell you. Only you can call me Tony—sall right for m'frien's to call me Tony, 'smy right name, Tony Zuini. I don't tell everybody, but 'm tellin' you, kid, 'cause I an' you's gonna travel toget'er a long ways, see?"

THE music broke off at that juncture, and the gangster led May by an arm from the floor. "C'mon, le's sit down somew'eres an' get happy." But every table at that end of the ballroom was taken, and November pulled up and, without releasing May, reviewed the restaurant with a morose eye.

"Jane over'n th' corner there's wigwaggin' you, kid," he abruptly announced. "Frien' o' yours, I guess, maybe?"

The girl made a dubious small noise. Nelly Mason was signaling a cheerful invitation to share the corner table which she held alone with a gentleman who seemed to have forgotten his hostess in moody contemplation of a corpulent brown flask. November, detaining May, cast a glance overshooulder which brought to heel one with servile shoulders and an open, semi-toothless grin splitting a face like a sponge, jaundiced, shapeless,

and heavily pitted with pock-marks. To him, with meaning nods, November tersely spoke out of one side of his mouth, with the upshot that the oddity, backing off, picked up an associate and straightway made to the side of the melancholy student of the flask. A brusque passage with this one ended in his being helped to his feet and, feebly protesting, led away, while November's legate, without troubling to consult Nelly's wishes, parked his grin at her shoulder. It broadened amazingly when his chief with large urbanity presented him: "Meet m'rien, ladies, Ike the Bite."

Toward the blonde girl November's gesture was conspicuously democratic and fair. Nelly's, on the other hand and in spite of her best efforts, was as candidly disconcerted. And they had no more than made up their table and had their needs supplied by a waiter when that happened which gave the girl opportunity to open her mind to May.

Never a word had been uttered that May could have taken for a warning, no signals of any sort had to her knowledge been exchanged; but November all at once was no more the affable amateur of dames, but a silent, grave and observant young desperado, visibly as taut as any creature of the jungle tasting danger in the wind. So was the geniality of Ike the Bite in a trice erased. The two without apology turned away, put their heads together while holding the other quarters of the room in constant heed, and conferred after the manner of their kind in murmurs that left hard lips without moving them and found no ears but those for which they were tuned.

And Nelly, catching May to her with a shaking hand, produced a whisper of panic: "My Gawd, dearie! we're up against it now for fair. Yunno this bird who's copped you out? November—Yid November. And Gyp Brazil and his gang, anyhow some of it, 's just sifted in. There's gonna be bad trouble before th'sevenin's done—or I don't know. Yid November's leader of the Third Avenue Cowboys, and Gyp Brazil's gang's the Stuyvesant Devil Dogs. Them two loves one another same's a couple rattle-snakes. If something happens and they start any gun-play—good night! Now lis'n, dearie: you watch your chancet, same's I'm going to, and duck and beat it to the dressing-room and don't never show your nose on the floor again till everybody's went home."

Whether November in spite of his preoccupation overheard or whether he shrewdly guessed the tenor of Nelly's counsel, he elected at this juncture to roll a bleak eye back and strike the girl dumb with a speech, as well, to which a surprising flash of white teeth lent force.

"Take't easy, Goldie; ain't gonna be no trouble, nobody's gonna get hurt s'long's y'sit tight an' don't make no funny passes." The regard that shifted to May's frightened face was something kinder. "That goes for you, too, kid. They ain't nuttin' t'get fussed about; an' I an' you ain't gonna quit on a night before it gets good an' started—an' don't let nobody tell y' dif'runt."

The gangster swung back, chuckling, to share with the Bite again their task of watchful waiting, and Nelly wagged an appalled head, rolled her eyes at once devout and skeptical, and fished for courage in the very bottom of her glass.

May envied her ability to find new heart, as she seemed to, in the stuff that stood before them, innocent ginger ale which November's flask had thinly poisoned. For her part, she simply couldn't swallow the stuff, sorely though a quaking heart needed some such reinforcement. Never yet had she known what it was to feel so wholly in thrall to terror, and so helpless.

Almost an hour passed before sudden easing of the tensed body under November's coat told her that the crisis had blown over. The man sank back in his chair, nodded curtly to the Bite, who rose and made off, then for the first time remembered his glass.

"All right now," he informed the girls, and added a brilliantly confident smile for good measure. "Told yous they wasn't not'ing gonna happen for yous t' get excited about. Soon's me frien' comes back we'll show this lotta farmers some more sure-enough dancin'."

The Bite was bringing back his grin. "Sall right, Yid," he answered November's unspoken question—"all clear."

"Wha'd I tell you?" the gang leader bragged, jumping up. "C'mon, kid—dance!"

But the band chose that time to sideslip without warning from the barbarous mirth of the latest fox-trot into the lugubrious strains of Home Sweet Home; and as though dispelled by a wave of a sorcerer's wand the mob, melted from the floor and tables, began to form jams at every exit.

"Take your time," November instructed when he granted the two young women liberty to get their wraps. "'S'no hurry,

night's young yet. Whenever yous is ready, yous'll find me right here."

He was proved, however, not so good as the letter of his promise. The council of despair they held in the dressing-room resulted in nothing but the foregone decision to accept their fate and make the best of it. There was but one way out, across the ballroom floor where November and his followers waited. But when the ebb of weary hostesses had left the two girls alone and in momentary expectation of having the lights of the dressing-room, as Nelly put it, 'turned out on' them, final reconnaissance from the doorway discovered that the ballroom was deserted by all but the dregs of the staff: the gangsters, for reasons of their own or else at the instance of the management, had departed.

But November and the Bite were waiting below, ambushed in the darkened recess of the entrance.

"Attagirl!" November captured May's arm and drew her into the supporting circle of his own. "Gwan, Ike—I'll take care of Goldie for y'—gwan an' call a taxi."

The Bite edged forward to the limit of cover provided by the shadows, whistled softly once and received a whistled reply which seemed to convey all he had wished for, and without more delay strode boldly out into the clear glow of Broadway—and standing on the curb waved imperative arms at the passing taxis.

When at length one consented to swerve in, November, leading a girl with each hand, darted out.

The instantaneous sequel to that move was an affair whose details were never quite coherent in May's understanding.

She saw the cab spitting fire at them from every window, heard pistols barking viciously all about her, felt the cold breath of one bullet kiss the nape of her neck . . . and following an interval of entire blankness, found herself fleeing for her life, though with no man pursuing, down a darksome crosstown street.

PALMER heard the girl come home, something after two because he happened to be still up and at it, seeking, in one sort of insanity to which authors are peculiarly liable, to cast out the demon insomnia with rites of travail overtime; mulishly repudiating the fact that he owed the society of that dour familiar solely to the wrongheadedness of his working ways, to the bid which frayed out nerves had given it to come and share a rundown earthly tenement.

He heard the dead bang of the front door, and then the whisper which he had learned to know so well, of hasting light feet on the stairs, a noise in the night whose continuity was broken just once on this occasion, by the least of falters as it crossed his landing. And the worn young man smiled to himself a knowing and a bitter smile, uncharitably laying that hint of hesitation to human distaste for the discovery, which the shine beneath his door must have made to the girl, that he was still awake and therefore privy to this latest instance of the unseemly hours she was keeping.

Now, he vowed, that little Miss Wilding would need to snub him another time for taking too intimate an interest in her welfare.

Thus it fell out that both those young people passed a poor night; for insomnia with this new encouragement stuck to Palmer like a leech till daylight; and the girl upstairs lay sleepless almost as long, wondering what she was going to do now to make both ends meet, or even pretend to; whether the involuntary part she had played in that shooting affray were known to the management of Summerland and would work to debar her from further employment there, and whether it would be wise to go back to the place in any event; whether she ought to move first thing tomorrow (only she couldn't, of course, because Mrs. Fay would hold her trunk) and find another and a faraway lodging as one means of throwing the man November off her traces; but wondering most of all why she had denied that impulse to stop at Palmer's door on the way up and tell him she was sorry she had so shabbily repaid, with her snippishness yesterday morning, all his kindness.

If only she could have been generous enough for that, May told herself, it wouldn't be the task she was finding it now to dismiss her other worries and get some sleep. On the other hand, it obviously had been out of the question to stop. The hour had been too unconventional, for one thing, somebody must too surely have overheard their voices on Palmer's landing and meaningly have misconstrued the circumstance. For another, she could never have hidden from Palmer every evidence of the nervous shock which had been the natural sequel to her adventure, or have found answers sufficiently evasive for the questions he undoubtedly would have asked, questions [Continued on page 65]



The Business of CODDLING

By Katherine Sproehnle

What ARE Our Men Coming to—at the Hands of Women?

SEE you have a new muffler this morning," said Manning to Davis as he followed him down the smoking car of the eight-forty train.

"Yes, my wife got it for me," answered Davis, after they were seated on commuters' red plush.

"Very uh-uh—practical." "It's wool," admitted Davis. "I never liked wool, and it's darn scratchy, but my wife thought I ought to have it. She says these March days are more treacherous than real winter. Thinks my chest is weak." He laughed apologetically, but behind his laugh was a hint of pride.

"Huh!" said Manning and opened his paper. "Have a cigar?" he asked in a few minutes, pulling out two large blacks from his vest pocket, and with them a piece of paper that fluttered to Davis' lap.

"No. I promised—oh sure, thanks. What's this?" He handed Manning the paper.

"Gee, I wouldn't lose that." His friend stuck it back carefully in his cigar pocket. "That's a prescription for my tonic. Wife thinks I'm run down. Her brother's been taking it for years and it's doing wonders for him. Gotta stop on the way to the office and have it made up. Gosh, I've got an important date at nine-thirty and I'll be late, but if I don't have this in time to take with lunch there'll be the dickens to pay with the little woman."

There you have them, two of a trainload of protected men, men protected by women in a most modern manner from the sharp angles of life, protected in almost every field of their endeavor.

Perhaps it's our own fault. After all, whose idea was it that

Secretaries are willing dragons at the gates of secluded employers.

Illustrations by Russell Patterson

gallantry from men was out and self-sufficiency for women was in? Once it was women who were protected from every strolling breeze and wayward gesture; now it is men who must have the harsh winds of the world tempered to their temperaments.

It is a fair and open question whether men desire to be guarded within an inch of their precious lives, or whether the protectorate is entirely of female devising, but the fact remains that the person now sitting in the garden close or the barred turret of the castle, is the knight-at-arms, and the person guarding the drawbridge of the moat none other than the once-sequestered lady-fair.

SECRETLY, though, he is not displeased. I know a man whose second evening cigar always brought forth the remark from his wife: "Dear, don't you think you're smoking too much?" and the third cigar: "Dear, I'm really worried, you know what the doctor said and I don't think it's fair to the rest of us—" and so on.

One night he smoked all the way through his second cigar without a word from her. He snipped off the end of his third with a loud click of the cutter. Still she didn't look up. Astonished, he turned to her and said, "I suppose you wouldn't care if anything did happen to me." It's too bad to have to report that instead of saying, "I certainly wouldn't," her protective instincts rushed to the fore and she said, "Of course I would, dear, and please watch out for so much smoking."

When the possessive instinct begins to exceed the protective

a man is apt, like the father in Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," to go mad on his own carpet." Some women must own a husband. They own his time, his correspondence, his plans and even his thoughts. Surely you've heard a man advance an argument during a discussion and heard his wife say reproachfully, "Why you never told me you felt that way about government ownership, duckie."

This ownership complex, once underway in a wife, can go to pretty lengths. Even the stomach of the beloved is hers.

A pleasant, agreeable intelligent couple were invited out to dinner at a restaurant recently by another ditto couple. It was very informal and everyone, that is, almost everyone, was to select what he wanted.

"Now dear, what will you have?" said the hostess to the host. Then without pause, "I know, you'll have Blue Points, you always love Blue Points. Then you'll have a lamb chop and spinach—you ought to like spinach dear even if you don't, and then, waiter, a nice baked apple," she finished up, smiling.

The host looked disappointed but resigned and took a piece of bread. "Dear," said the wife and took the bread and actually buttered it for him, and handed it back. As the man was strong and otherwise competent, the guests stared in fascinated horror as she repeated the process all during the meal.

It's quite a delicate trick to see just how far a man can be guarded without smothering him entirely. That gentle shielding which is so much stronger than a ship's cable, is most perfectly described by James Stephens, the Irish writer, in a story called "The Horses."

"... From the beginning of their marriage he had fought against his wife with steadiness and even ferocity. Scarcely had they been wed when her gently-repressive hand was laid upon him, and, like a startled horse, he bounded at the touch into freedom—that is, as far as the limits of the matrimonial rope would permit. Of course he came back again—there was the rope, and the unfailing, untiring hand easing him to the way he was wanted to go.

"... Be back before three o'clock," said the good lady. "You need not take your umbrella, it won't rain, and you ought to leave your pipe behind, it doesn't look nice. Bring back some cigarettes instead, and your walking stick if you like, and be sure to be back before three."

The man in Mr. Stephens' story was, however, the shining example of a resister of protection. He left his pipe home, but he wasn't back by three, for he looked in at the station, caught a train and left her forever.

The more time a woman spends with a man, the more she can look out for him. This gives the office secretary a chance which almost equals a wife's. Of course a great deal of her activity is by command of the man who wants to save time as well as enjoy the glamor of inaccessibility, but no small part is for reasons to be disclosed below.

Now a private secretary is a



"I want a book for a young lady I've just met who's got long hair." The helpless man was under the book clerk's protection instantly.

difference is that she has right, justice—and orders—on her side.

"To be any good at all a secretary must not only protect her employer, but be able to do a number of things as well as he can," said an important New York lawyer the other day. "But she must distinguish just how far her powers go, or results are apt to be fatal.

"Today any man who has an important job has more calls on his time than he can possibly take care of. Unless he has someone intelligent enough to take passing responsibilities off his shoulders he can't possibly get the day's work done."

Over-protection is one of the great perils that beset the secretaries. After all the dragon mustn't bite off the head of the wrong person. Much over-protection is due to personal rather than business zeal. A psychologist said recently that the reason clever business women were willing to put in an amount of time in no way compensated for by either salary or appreciation, was because of thwarted lives and suppressed maternal instincts. Uptown their life is a question

of a chop for dinner, a pair of gloves to wash and an occasional movie. Downtown they have scope for exercising their talents of masculine control for eight hours a day on a man, who, if he is not a husband is at least a person of the opposite sex.

It is disconcerting to a feminist to accept this rather anguished reason for feminine business efficiency. Although there is a great deal of truth in it, no doubt, it is more soothing to think that women are zealous, even over-zealous, because they have more creative energy than they can use up in a minor job, and that they exceed their duties for the sheer joy of making the wheels go around themselves.

However there is one little word that rhymes with zealous that causes a good deal of difficulty in offices. Not infrequently a man's private secretary is not only possessive and protective, but extremely personal. It's easy to like a likable man if you see him eight hours a day, and easy to feel that

[Continued on page 70]



"What will you have, dear?" the wife asked. And then without waiting for him to answer she proceeded to order his dinner for him.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

(The Shrine's own Departments, Conducted by and Dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine)



WHAT does your God look like?

Is he smiling or frowning?

Allah, God of the Shrine, has a happy smile, looking down with friendly and understanding interest on us all.

Some people used to think of God as an unfriendly old man with long white whiskers who puts in his time sitting on the soft side of a cloud with one hand full of hell fire and the other full of damnation.

Nobles early recognized that this was a frightful misconception of the Deity, which frightens little children and many grown folks entirely away from God.

A lot of people still get their God and their Devil all mixed up and ascribe many of the devil's attributes to the Deity. Those people always have the corner of their mouths turned down and an expression which seems to say, "No thanks. I have just had my dill pickle!"

The most encouraging thing about the Shrine is the way it twists a man's wrinkles up at the ends. Old Father Time, like a petulant boy with a jack knife working on his school desk, carves his initials in our faces. There is no getting away from the wrinkles. But it is not the wrinkles that matter but the way they turn at the outside ends. If yours turn up they were made by grins. If they turn down you better go to a beauty shop and get a facial, Noble, for wrinkles which turn down at the ends are caused by scowls.

Little things like that divide men into two classes as separate as candidates and Nobles. Your conception of God, your mental picture of Him; the way your wrinkles turn and whether you can laugh as heartily at something funny which happens to you, as when it happens to some other fellow; these are your classifying marks.

John Wanamaker was a Quaker. Before we went to Philadelphia we thought Quakers were the most solemn people on earth. Now we know differently. A Quaker and any other fellow are as much alike as fillet of sole and fried flounder. In his maturity John wrote: "To have no eyes except for your mill or your warehouse is the serious mistake of any life. To be sure, 'no mill, no meal,' 'no sweat, no sweet,' but the meal of the mill will be greater, and the seed of the labor will be sweeter if we are not coopered up with straps as if we were barrels just to carry salt or sugar. We must have eyes to see suffering, hearts to feel the loneliness and sorrow, and hands to alleviate the anxieties, accidents, troubles of others. Do not let spikes of selfishness grow in your garden."

I rise and shake the sand out of my burnoose to remark that he spake a mouthful. If he knew about the Shrine he certainly approved of us for he exactly described the ideals of the Order.

That man who takes life seriously may not be an idiot, but he will do until one shows up. Shrieking catfish! Why make life a perpetual lodge of sorrow? Every day fat men get their hats blown off, dignity is unhorsed, traffic policemen have to dodge the automobiles they are supposed to direct and pollywogs turn into baby toads. Why not laugh about it all?

Of course a lot of terrible things go on in this wicked world, but, boy, howdy! If you don't like to see 'em, you don't have to look, do you? We always see exactly what we look for. The doughnut and the hole are both right there! You can rejoice over the sugared lusciousness of the doughnut or sigh heavily over the size of the hole and nobody will stop you!

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market. Your face may be unfortunate, but there is no use making it worse by turning it into a parking place for frowns and showing the world the anxiety you feel over everything!

A small boy climbed a walnut tree through which ran an electric power company's service wire. The wire had rubbed against a limb of the tree till the insulation was gone. When the youngster reached for a nut his face touched this wire and his cheek was horribly burned.

Came the ambulance, the long stay in the hospital and the inevitable suit for damages against the [Continued on page 63]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

"WITHIN THE TEMPLE" GROUPS, LIKE SHRINE CLUBS, ARE ALWAYS SUBJECT TO THE WILL OF THE POTENTATE ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

THE luncheon club, a by-product of the organization, is gaining in popularity. Patterned after Rotary, Kiwanis and similar luncheon clubs, it has in it great possibilities for good and can be a great help to the Temple.

Anything which brings Shriners in closer contact is a help to the organization. We cannot learn to love a man until we know him. Luncheon clubs which bring together weekly members of a Temple, tend to tie in those Shriners to a closer cooperation with the Temple's activities.

There has been some tendency to "view with alarm" this segregation of a certain group of men inside Temple, in the fear that they will attempt to dominate its policy or politics. No such case is recorded but the Imperial Council has taken care of this possibility.

All organizations inside a Temple are creatures of the Potentate, living or passing out of existence at his sovereign will. It is a well established fact that many a dog has lived happily all his life without a tail. There is no case on record, however, of a tail having gone on its wagging way without the parent dog. Any tail which attempts to wag the dog takes the chance of being lopped off willy-nilly.

Section VI of the Code makes it plain that no organization inside of the Temple may meet as a part of it save with the permission of the Potentate, nor can such organizations have rules or laws without first submitting them to the sanction of the Potentate.

Most Temples, especially in the larger cities, have these clubs. In no case have they done otherwise than as all good Shriners do under all circumstances, worked for the good of the organization as a whole rather than for their particular interests.

Many a man thinks he is conservative when he is only stagnant.

ORGANIZATIONS AND FRATERNITIES HOLD THE SHRINE AS THEIR IDEAL BECAUSE OF ITS FELLOWSHIP

WHAT is the magic of the Mystic Shrine? What is its wonderful hold on the hearts and minds of men? Men never grow accustomed to it and never tire of its ceremonials. Men come year after year, meeting after meeting, held by its wizardry.

The Shrine button on any man's coat means something big and fine, both inside and outside of the fraternity.

It is a mad, mad world, my masters! The exigencies of business life, the strain in the solution of the bread and butter problem, the multiplicity of organizations to join, the multitudinous demands on time, makes the average man a carrier of cards in organizations rather than an attendant at their meetings. Not so with the Shrine.

The cheerful optimism, the hearty, clean laugh at a good-natured joke, the real building for better citizenship in our children's hospital work, all make ours the ideal of organizations and fraternities.

At Shrine ceremonials the judge may lay aside his dignity, the minister relax from the work of soul saving, leaving the sinners to Allah for the nonce, the doctor can forget the anxiety he feels for suffering humanity and the lawyer take his nose out of dusty papers and be happy.

The secret lure of the Mystic Shrine is epitomized in the thought that men learn when they laugh, for we see but little when our eyes are full of tears. One laugh is worth a thousand groans in the busy marts of the world!

If you find your idol has feet of clay the best thing to do is to get it a shine and go ahead.

THE WORK OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE BRINGS IT CLOSER TO THE PARENT MASONRY EVERY YEAR ♪ ♪ ♪

THE Grand Master of every Jurisdiction is supreme in his own territory. His control over every Mason in his Jurisdiction is one of the Ancient Landmarks of Masonry. Every Shriner is a Mason: Ergo, every Shriner is under the control of the Grand Master of the Jurisdiction in which he lives.

The expression "higher body" as applied to the Shrine is a misnomer. There is no higher body than a Grand Lodge. If any Mason doubts it, let him look at the Eastern Star in Pennsylvania and to half a dozen other illustrations of the power of Grand Masters to forbid Master Masons from being members of certain organizations.

The Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine has ever and will ever recognize this fundamental of Masonry. Never has the Shrine failed to render to the Grand Masters the allegiance due them. Never has a Grand Master issued an edict against the Shrine.

The work of the Mystic Shrine brings it closer and closer to its parent Masonry every year. Grand Lodges recognize in the Shrine a vast power for good, and that this outlet for good-humored fun works for the dignity so desirable in the fundamental degrees.

Year by year Masonry is growing more and more proud of this happy laughing child and year by year the Shrine child grows closer and closer to the parent of which it is so proud.

SO LONG AS WE SERVE A USEFUL PURPOSE IN THE WORLD WE CONTINUE TO EXIST ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

THERE is dawning into the conscience of the world a new era. We are beginning to ask "What for?" of every organization. We are beginning to believe in a religion of usefulness. That group which cannot readily explain why it exists must pass off the stage of life. So long as we serve a useful purpose, we continue to exist.

It is a sad day in the life of any organization when it becomes complacent. Content with the thoughts it is thinking, with the deeds it is doing and with the life it is living means disaster. When there is not forever beating at the doors of its soul the wish to do yet bigger things, more constructive work, attain higher ideals, it is slipping backwards.



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

NOBLES, IF YOUR COPY OF SHRINE MAGAZINE HAS NOT COME, WRITE YOUR RECORDER ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

THE Shrine Magazine asked the Recorders of the several Temples for their mailing lists. The cooperation received was one of the most encouraging experiences of the committee in charge. The mailing lists came promptly and were unexpectedly accurate.

There are six hundred thousand names on the Shrine Magazine mailing list. Before the first issue was sent out, twenty thousand changes were made in the list! Nobles moved, Nobles died. Nobles did everything that Nobles can do to drive a circulation manager to a madhouse!

This will always be so. The mailing lists will always change. To keep a list of six hundred thousand names and addresses up-to-date and accurate is a task few of us realize. It is our endeavor to place the Shrine Magazine in the hands of every Noble as expeditiously as possible. But if that Noble moves, we won't know about it unless someone tells us!

Cooperate with us in this big task. Notify your Recorder promptly of any change of address. Your Recorder has demonstrated that he will do all in his power to help us. It might be well to mention in passing that we have always felt that your particular Temple has the best Recorder on the continent, anyway!

We do not blame you for being annoyed if you do not get the Shrine Magazine. True Shrine modesty prevents our saying what we really think; that the Shrine Magazine is so good that the Noble who misses it is missing a lot.

If your copy has not come write your Recorder a postal. He will correct your address on his list so you will get the communications from your Temple; then he will send the correction to us and your magazine will come along promptly. He will not even ask you why you moved!

It is just as well to be cheerful about it. There are a lot of things which have never yet happened to you and many of them may be worse than what has just happened.

WHEN IMPERIAL COUNCIL SESSIONS CROWDS GET TOO LARGE FOR ANY CITY TO ENTERTAIN—WHAT THEN?

HOW long will it be before our Imperial Council sessions will attract too large a crowd for any city on the continent to entertain?

When that happens, what will be the remedy? Is it regional sessions; is it a reduction in the attendance by the elimination of some of the big features; is it a business session with all the big parades and other attractions cut out?

Like Togo, we ask to know! An Imperial Council session without the brilliant plumage of the patrols, the sweet blare of the bands, the rub-a-dub-dub of the drums, the whine of the musettes, the sweet singing of the chanters and the wonderful white suits of the strutting Potentates, just wouldn't be an Imperial Council Session.

A few Nobles who go to the Imperial Council Sessions acquire the habit of sleeping in early life. They want to continue the foolish habit at an Imperial Council Session, so the sleeping problem is the big one for the host city.

Year by year the attendance increases. Year by year the bedding problem becomes more acute. Annum by annum the number of cities which can arrange sleeping quarters for an extra half million people for a week, decreases.

What is the answer, you forward looking sages of the Mystic Shrine? What is the end, oh ye who look ahead and anticipate difficulties and solve the riddle before the condition becomes too acute to remedy? Just so long as the parades of the Mystic Shrine in solemn session assembled are the greatest spectacles produced on the continent, just that long will the sessions attract the crowds to view them. Year by year the patrol uniforms become more like the plumage of the peacock, year by year the Shrine bands become more musical, year by year the chanters warble more like mocking birds and year by year the Potentate at the head of his Temple excites the bobbed-haired flapper into an ecstatic "Ain't he grand!"

We haven't the solution. The answer isn't in the back of the book. But the problem is written on the Shrine blackboard. Let the bright scholar step forward.

The trouble about letting George do it is that both Pote and Nobles are sure to give George the credit.

Every man has his own troubles and all of them wear these new short skirts, too.

WHY WORRY ABOUT THE HIGH COST OF EVERYTHING SINCE LIVING TODAY IS WORTH ALL THAT IT COSTS? ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

BE NOT exercised over the sudden acquisition of great riches for Allah will provide a great necessity therefor" should be somewhere in the Koran.

There has never been a time in the history of the world when living costs as much as today, nor when it was nearly worth what it costs!

With our automobiles, radios, moving pictures, golf, fine homes, country clubs, telephones, vacuum cleaners, ice making machines, and the thousand and one luxuries of modern civilization, we are a fortunate people.

We make the money we spend. To be able to spend as we do the mere getting of money must be easy. The real problem is to spread the financial butter evenly over the bread of daily life.

Two dollars is less than the price of a theater ticket, less than the price of a tank of gasoline, less than the price of an afternoon of golf, less than a dinner at the club, less than a new tube for the radio or a special record for the talking machine, less than the cost of taking the family to one good moving picture.

Two dollars is a small sum for any of us who are able to have the things all Shriners have: but a small part of the expenditure of the average prosperous man.

Yet when we multiply that two dollars by six hundred thousand Shriners and divide it into hospitals for crippled children, what a quotient of happiness, health, and joy it brings into the life of afflicted little ones! Allah was indeed good to give us this opportunity for service.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these . . ."

The dark-eyed lady palmist tells us that our lives are in our hands. We cannot duck moral responsibility.



Noble William C. Deming
Korein Temple,
Rawlins, Wyo.

Past Potentate John S. Fouché
Alhambra Temple,
Chattanooga

Noble Clarence S. Pratt
Islam Temple,
San Francisco

Noble "Nick" Altrock
Almas Temple,
Washington, D. C.

ASK Mr. Fish how his friends down at the Aquarium are. Spring on Mr. Wolf a delightful and wholly original jest about keeping him from the door. But don't ask Past Potentate Ernest C. Hueter, of Islam Temple, San Francisco, whether he still paints the town red. Manufacturing paint is, it happens, his business, but it is just possible that he is the least bit tired of that particular joke, and he can, and does, make things so pleasant for his friends when they come to San Francisco that it would be a pity to do or say anything to rub his fur the wrong way.

Mr. Hueter is one of the big men of the Shrine on the coast, and played a great part in bringing the Imperial Council to San Francisco for a memorable convention. He is a governor of the San Francisco Shrine hospital, and he and his family presented the hospital with the equipment of its gymnasium.

IT ISN'T an easy thing to introduce something new in the habits of so great and completely established an order as the Shrine. But Noble Clarence S. Pratt, of Islam Temple, in San Francisco, did it. His was the idea of having an international association of Shrine Luncheon Clubs, and it has spread like wildfire, with high official approval. They think, out in San Francisco, that Pratt is a man worth watching, and it is probably true. Men who have both the vision to think of something new and the energy to turn a dream into an accomplished fact are rare.

HISTORY has a great way of devoting itself to the men who start trouble, and ignoring those who prevent it. In any general history the dull, quiet reigns of kings like George I of England are dismissed with a paragraph or two, while a Napoleon gets whole chapters. If some statesman had been able at the last minute to prevent the world war of 1914 his name would hardly be remembered now, while, to the end of time, history will record that von Bethmann-Hollweg said that England went to war over a scrap of paper!

There was a time, once, down in Tennessee, when all was not as happy and as peaceful as it should always be in the Shrine. Open war hadn't broken out, but there were mutterings; Temples thought harsh things of one another. And then Alhambra, in Chattanooga, made John S. Fouché its Potentate.

Just how he did it no one knows. He simply is one of those men who make strife impossible. He went about; he said a word in this man's ear, he patted that one on the back, and they kissed and made up, as it were. And Fouché went on to the next thing. He likes peace; he gets it. When trouble is brewing they send for Fouché, and he draws the fires.

RAWLINS, Wyoming, hasn't the biggest Shrine Temple in North America, yet on the roster of Korein is one of the biggest and finest citizens of which United States Shrinedom boasts.

Noble Deming is an unreformed newspaper man. He was bred in old Kentucky where the meadow grass is green and was a lawyer before he went from bad to worse into the newspaper business, in Warren, Ohio. He still owns an interest in the *Tribune* of that city although he has moved on and up since he first edited it.

Who's WHO

Noble Deming heard the call of the west in 1901, moved to Wyoming, bought the *State Tribune*, and with it has taken a large part in developing Cheyenne and Wyoming generally. In 1920 he bought the *Cheyenne State Leader* and consolidated it with *The Tribune* and later yet developed and still runs the *Wyoming Stockman Farmer*.

Noble Deming is also by way of being a statesman. He has also been in the Wyoming legislature, was a member of the Wyoming state commission at both the St. Louis and Portland expositions and receiver of public moneys in the United States Land Office at Cheyenne under both Presidents Taft and Roosevelt.

The crowning position of honor, however, is his present job as President of the Civil Service Commission of the United States, to which position he was elected by his associates. He is an honor to the Shrine and to the country.

If a man can't write, all the correspondence schools in the country cannot teach him to do it. If he can write, all the high positions in the world cannot stop him. Noble Deming has never stopped writing and his contributions to his own publications and the bigger better magazines of the country are noteworthy.

Noble Deming is a typical Shriner, who takes his work seriously but himself never. Korein is justified in its pride in this member.

THERE are few bigger men in the Shrine than George M. Hendee, of Melba Temple, Springfield, Massachusetts—and that goes in more than one way. Not, oddly enough, though, in the way of high rank in the order; George Hendee is probably the only man of anything like his importance in any fraternal order who has not presided over the destinies of his own lodge or chapter. But for that there is a reason. Melba would have made him its Potentate long since, and will yet—will do it, probably, just as soon as he can be held down long enough to be inducted into office. They did make him Assistant Rabban this year, more or less in spite of himself, and they'll drive him to the Potentate's throne pretty soon.

A good many years ago, when Daimler and Selden and other men were conducting what their friends thought were ridiculous experiments with horseless carriages, cycling was a fad. And the cyclist of those days was a lad who needed courage. He didn't have a nice, symmetrical machine, with ball bearings and a comfortable saddle and two wheels of equal size. Not he. He had to climb up on a wheel as tall as, or taller than, himself, with another dinky little wheel behind, and he swayed perilously above the earth at that high altitude as he rode. It was a lot like going about on stilts attached to roller skates, one would think. But there were plenty to indulge in this so-called pastime, and they had races, even.

Maybe you were one of those who used, occasionally, in a daring mood, to buy, surreptitiously, and sneak home, a copy of the *Police Gazette*. (It was pink, and rather big, and harder



Past Potentate
James S. Blake
Aleppo, Boston

Noble George M. Hendee
Melba Temple,
Springfield, Mass.

Past Potentate
Ernest C. Hueter
Islam, San Francisco

Recorder and Past Potentate
Louis N. Donnatin
Mecca, New York

In Shrinedom

to conceal, you may remember, than the paper covered Nick Carters, and its discovery was likely to cause you to have business in the family woodshed.) That journal, in those days, gave a lot of space to pictures of the heroes of the great cycle races—and on more than one cover there appeared the picture of a slim youth, bent low over the handlebars of one of the tallest and swiftest of the high wheel bicycles. And that, to end the suspense, was none other than George Hendee.

He doesn't look much like those pictures today. He probably wouldn't tell you how much he weighs, but it would be enough to make his old wheel buckle if he tried to mount it!

At any rate, Hendee was a great athlete in those days, and a champion whose feats are still written in the old record books. But he was interested in speed and in cycling with an interest that went beyond simply regarding them as pastimes. He soon saw the application that could be made of the new principle of the automobile engine to the bicycle, and what he saw he put into practice. He made motorcycles from the time when they were first made, and, in a manner of speaking, he still makes them.

But Hendee has always been a great man for getting through with something when he has extracted from it about all the juice it holds. It must have been fun to make motorcycles at first. But when his product was pretty much standardized, and he had made so much money that he didn't know how to spend it all, he wanted something else to do. He retired from active business some time ago, and he has a great reputation among those who raise fancy chickens and blooded cattle.

That sort of thing didn't keep him busy, though. And when it was decided to build one of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children at Springfield there wasn't any argument as to who should be in charge. Hendee got the job by acclamation. And what a job he makes of it!

He is no honorary supervising director. He runs that hospital. He built it—he seems to know every brick, every pipe, every foot of wire, in it. He knows every patient. He is there every day, and he works—w-o-r-k-s—every day from nine till five. You couldn't hire a man to work as hard at any job as Hendee works at his—and he doesn't take even a dollar a year for it. A great executive, a quiet, unexcited and unexcitable worker, Hendee. He has the rare faculty of working like a machine and feeling like a man. He is so efficient, and he makes everyone under him so efficient, that you never think of the infernal word efficiency when you see him on the job. And that is meant for the highest praise it is possible to give any executive.

NO LIVING man has more perfectly demonstrated that a sense of humor is a saving grace in a human life.

"Nick" as he is affectionately known by every baseball fan on the continent went the way of all baseball pitchers. The old salary wing went flooie after a long and brilliant career on the diamond. But Nick did not sink back to the minors and thence to the oblivion of a cigar counter in a small town hotel, nor is he

apt to. The yells of delight with which millions of big league fans greet him on the diamond say a most emphatic "No!"

Washington is noted for other things on the baseball diamond than the possession of Walter Johnson and Bucky Harris. Win, or lose, Noble "Nick" Altrock and his monkey-shines never fail to draw loud shouts of approval from the most hostile bleachers and grand stand.

The ballyhoo in front of the one ringed circus boasts of the fact that his rope walker treads the tight rope without the aid of net or balancing pole. Nick does the same act without even the aid of the tight rope. No other man but Nick can put on a boxing bout from the first blow to the final knock-out, without the aid of either opponent, referee or boxing gloves.

Nick belongs to all the Masonic bodies in Washington, the capital city of the nation. Almas Temple of that city has on its roster and among its visitors, presidents, statesmen and diplomats. But of none is it more proud than this master of the pantomimic art.

Nick never claimed to be pretty. He is no rival of Valentino. But with true Shrine philosophy Nick has gone through the world making frown wrinkles break into grins and thousands of smiles grow where only carking care corrugated the brow before.

More power to this Noble who has added so much to the sum of the world's happiness.

LOUIS NICHOLAS DONNATIN, now Recorder of Mecca Temple, New York, and its Past Potentate as well, is proud of his record in the Shrine, but he has another point of pride as well. He is a New Yorker—and when he says that he means it literally. He is one of the few citizens of the metropolis who was actually born within its corporate limits. He still lives within a stone's throw of his birthplace, and there is little he cannot tell you of the growth of New York from what Edith Wharton called the 'Age of Innocence' to the present age of—well, jazz, to be polite.

There is little Lou Donnatin has not done in Masonry, and he, more than any other one man, is responsible for the superb new building of Mecca Temple—he was, and still is, secretary and treasurer of the Mecca Temple Holding Company, and he says that while it was being built he learned to cut down his hours of sleep from six to four and a half. He used to be business manager of the Mecca Temple Band, and he would still be running it if he had not been drafted to take over Dr. Ellison's work as Recorder. He is a fisherman, and, according to himself, a golfer. But other golfers say he is just a fisherman.

FEW members of the Imperial Council have served as long, and have behind them so imposing a career in Masonry, as James S. Blake. This is his twenty-third year as a member of the Imperial Council, of which he is now an emeritus member. He has thrice been Illustrious Potentate of Aleppo Temple, Boston, and has been its high priest and prophet for twenty-two years. An honorary 33rd degree Mason, a Past Grand Commander, Knights Templar for Massachusetts and Rhode Island, three times Potent Master, Boston LaFayette Lodge of Perfection, trustee of that lodge's permanent fund, and of that of St. Paul Chapter, Royal Arcanum, it is no wonder that Noble Blake says he has never had time to take up golf.

HISTORY OF THE SHRINE

By William B. Melish

Senior Past Imperial Potentate

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL FINDS IT NECESSARY TO ENFORCE DISCIPLINE AND TO SET ITS HOUSE IN ORDER

IN THE early 1890's, some newspaper and Masonic comment upon the Shrine was far from flattering. The Order would have attracted attention anyway, for its growth was little short of sensational.

Between 1889 and the Twenty-third Annual Session of the Imperial Council in 1897, the number of Temples chartered or under dispensation had increased from fifty to seventy-seven and the number of Nobles from 10,377 to 44,291. But among these many initiates were a few who seem to have been misinformed about the ideals and purposes of their Order and the result was that the conduct of an occasional Temple or of scattered cliques of Nobles called down censure upon the entire body.

Imperial Potentate Sam Briggs in his Annual Address in 1890 made reference to the dangers which the Order faced, through certain newspaper reports and editorial comment.

"It is hardly necessary to refer to the fact that the Imperial Council has aforesaid issued notices disapproving any levity in the notices of meetings," he said. "If the Chief Executive, under mandate of the Imperial Council, cannot enforce this most salutary and proper regulation, it is time for the Imperial Council to take the matter in its own hands. . . . Allusion is again deemed necessary to making justifiable complaint as to unworthy meeting notices and also newspaper comment as to the conduct of said sessions. It is hardly necessary to refer to the fact that the Imperial Council has frequently disapproved of the discreditable levity recorded first in the 'Notices' and afterwards observed at the 'Meetings.' I submit this to your attention without further comment."

Evidently this admonition was not sufficient, for, three years later, Imperial Potentate William B. Melish suggested in his Annual Address, "Let us inscribe over the entrance doors of our Temples, that all may read, this inscription: 'Pleasure without intemperance, hospitality without rudeness and jollity without coarseness should here prevail among all of the true Faith.'"

Again it happened that the groups primarily addressed ignored the suggestion. So in 1895, Imperial Potentate, William B. Melish, handled the problem without gloves. In his Annual Address, he attacked the offenders.

"During the past year the Mystic Shrine has been subjected to more or less criticism from the outside. Masonic papers and magazines have contained articles both attacking and defending the Mystic Shrine. One Presiding Officer of a Masonic Grand Body thought it within the line of his duty to comment unfavorably and at length in his Annual Address. These are small matters if our Order is living up to its avowed principles. Wholesome criticism and even unkind or unjust comment can do no harm, if the Temples of our Order are properly conducted . . .

"That the Temples in some localities are a disgrace to the Order

is undoubtedly true. I believe it is confined to less than ten percent of the Temples. When examples of riotous drunkenness, given by officials of high rank, have gone unrebuked by the Imperial Council, it is small wonder that some Temples have permitted excesses of this nature: Turning a Shrine Meeting into a drunken debauch seems to be the sole idea of a few Potentates and a few Temples. Some of the Notices issued have made the drinking feature more prominent than the work.

"Newspaper accounts have reached me which indicate that the impression made upon the public is that a Shrine meeting, in that locality at least, means a hilarious drunk. In one Temple the Potentate permits and encourages the assembling of a large number of his Nobles each Sunday morning; calls this gathering 'The Potentate's Sunday School Class'; provides beer, whisky and cigars in unlimited quantities and does it openly and defiantly . . . Is it any wonder that hundreds of Nobles of that Temple never go near its meetings?"

Directly arraigned as they were, by the Imperial Potentate, the offending members of the Order fell into line, although for several years the unfavorable impression they had created continued to be circulated abroad.

Coincident with this unpleasantness, the Imperial Potentate and his successors faced innumerable problems in the financing of the Imperial Council. The Council's expenses had increased more rapidly than its income and the small surplus which had been built up was promptly wiped out.

When the Denver Session of the Imperial Council adjourned in 1894, that body was bankrupt. The funds on hand did not cover the bills which the Imperial Council had ordered paid. It had been the easy-going practice of the Council to spend all the money on hand at its Annual Session, regardless of the fact that some of the money was income for a fiscal year other than that which the Council was called to review.

Of course, such practice, as the Imperial Potentate pointed out in 1895, was bound to be suicidal for the Order. At his suggestion the Imperial Council immediately took steps to assure a surplus by adopting a policy of strict economy and retrenchment. From that year on, the financial condition of the Order has steadily improved. And, in spite of the business depression just before 1900, it continued to gain members and build up a reserve of wealth and good-will.

Other important legislation belongs to this period. Islam Temple of San Francisco instituted and supported a movement to amend the Constitution so that three black balls would be required to reject an applicant, instead of one as had been before provided. The committee report on Islam's recommendation contained this paragraph:

"We assert that Gentlemen who have so far advanced in the Masonic Order as to be eligible to membership in the Mystic Shrine are entitled to both courtesy and protection at our hands. And that if a Noble has a fancied objection

against an applicant, it is no wrong for him to submit his reasons to the judgment of two unbiased fellow Nobles."

This amendment was adopted.

The wearing of the Fez and Jewel of the Order upon occasions other than the Meetings of Temples or the gatherings of the Shriners under legal authority was strictly forbidden.

Imperial Potentate Thomas J. Hudson made an effort to have the Order incorporated. His action was due to the organization of groups of colored citizens in various Western states, who, as he explained, "had pirated our Title almost verbatim." The incorporation was effected in New York by special act of the legislature. This created a heated discussion in the Imperial Council and the charter secured by the Imperial Potentate was later refused as "Not necessary or desirable."

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS

1926-27

DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar
Imperial Potentate
C. M. DUNBAR, Palestine
Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia
Imperial Chief Rabban
LEO V. YOUNGWORTH, Al Malaikah
Imperial Assistant Rabban
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus
Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo
Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria
Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah
Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Marshall
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora
Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas
Imperial Outer Guard

"The House that Jack Built"

The work of the San Francisco Shriners' Hospital

By H. Thompson Rich

PILOTED by a sturdy four-year-old, a Kiddie Kar came speeding down a corridor of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at San Francisco—"the house that Jack built."

"Hello, Uncle Jack!" hailed the pilot, as he passed us. "Hello, Toby!" greeted John D. McGilvray, Chairman of the Board of Governors of this remarkable institution. "What's your hurry? Not leaving us, are you?"

"Oh, no!" he cried, dismayed by the thought. "I don't ever want to leave you, Uncle Jack!"

And parking his car, he came running up. We were standing by a window that looked out upon a gnarled, twisted acacia tree. Beyond lay a wide expanse of the Pacific, the Golden Gate gleaming in the afternoon sunshine. When the property for this hospital was bought in 1922, that tree stood there. Some of the directors were for cutting it down but Uncle Jack prevailed and it was given a place of honor instead, where today it stands as a symbol.

"When Toby came to us nearly three years ago, he was like that acacia tree," said Uncle Jack, patting him on the head, "his little limbs gnarled and twisted. Today Toby stands straight and strong, able to run and play like any boy. Soon he will go back to his folks at Yuba City, one of over three hundred cases we have handled since this hospital opened its doors in June, 1923."

"But do I really have to go, Uncle Jack?" the little chap asked wistfully, a reluctant note in his voice.

"How will you ever become a great ball player if you don't?" was the answer. Then, to me: "Toby has a burning ambition. When he grows up he is going to be a Big Leaguer. Yes sir, you just watch the papers for Toby Johnson. One day last year Babe Ruth visited the hospital. It was an event in Toby's life even greater than the day we had the circus here and he rode the elephant. And when the Bambino gave him a baseball with his own hands, Toby's joy knew no bounds. That baseball is now his most prized possession and he sleeps with it under his pillow, don't you, Toby?"

"Oh, Uncle Jack!" he laughed, and away he raced for his Kiddie Kar.

As we moved on down the corridor, we learned the cause of Toby's haste. Strains of music were coming from the boys' ward. A woman was singing in a high, clear voice. And as we entered, what a sight met our eyes! The room was filled with cots and in each an ecstatic youngster was listening. And there was Toby in his Kiddie Kar. It was Music Week and the Shriners Hospital was getting its share, thanks to the generous women of San Francisco.

As I stood listening, my eyes wandered to the walls, which were not the cold white or gray so often found in hospitals but a soft ivory with harmonizing shades, bordered at the top by a frieze depicting Mother Goose folk with those age-old rhymes all children know and love. And as I looked into one after another of the cots, I saw a rich assortment of dolls, Teddy bears, and other toys. Indeed, this was no ward in a hospital but a great big homey nursery!

This same spirit, I presently learned as I continued my tour with Uncle Jack, dominates the entire institution. There were playgrounds, gymnasiums, sun-parlors and dining-rooms, all bordered with friezes that were scenes out of Fairyland. Canaries sang, sunshine sparkled, everything was young, joyous—a place of magic, surely, this "house that Jack built."

But most remarkable of all was the operating room, where skilled surgeons, many of them donating their services gratuitously, perform those modern miracles that make these twisted little bodies straight again. Here one whole wall was a huge glass panel, beyond which spread an idyllic scene—a miniature lake, with goldfish and lilies and a laughing Sea Nymph statuette of glistening marble.

The theory of this, Uncle Jack explained, is that the children will forget their fear and will carry over with them into the unconscious, as a last impression, this lovely scene. And it works out so. Long after they are on the road to recovery, they talk about that scene and ask to see it again—and perhaps they do when they are able.

Our wanderings took us through schoolrooms, where a special teacher is assigned to keep the kiddies up in their classes; through nurses' quarters, as neat and dainty as though they were guest rooms in some beautiful private home; through laundries, X-ray



(Left) Babe Ruth presented a little patient of the Shriners' San Francisco Hospital with a baseball.

(Right) The circus not only came to town but right into the yard of the children's hospital.

(One of the finest of Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children—San Francisco unit)



rooms, kitchens, dental parlors and all the vast assortment of mechanical and scientific units that make up a modern hospital, each marked by a special and radiant enthusiasm that permeates the very walls of this Temple of Salvage the Shriners of San Francisco have reared high above Golden Gate for the redemption of California's little cripples.

And every case is a charity case, Uncle Jack was explaining, sound mentally and under fourteen years of age, without regard to race, creed or color. By charity it is not meant that the parents are necessarily paupers but merely that they are unable to bear the financial strain of sending their children to orthopedic hospitals where charges are made. So strict is this principle that not one penny will be accepted from the parents of patients in any of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children now operating throughout the United States and Canada.

As we strolled on through the hospital, Uncle Jack was recounting some of the many remarkable cases they have handled. There was the case of Lee Miller, for instance. At the age of six weeks, poor Lee had an attack of infantile paralysis that left both legs completely paralyzed. Until he was fourteen years old the only way he could get around was with crutches or by crawling on his hands and knees. Then someone in his little town of Hanford suggested the Shriners' Hospital to his parents. Application was made to the governors of the institution and on April 8, 1924, he was admitted. During the next year Lee had four operations and a number of plaster casts were applied to his legs. When he left the hospital July 26, 1925, he walked without crutches, a new boy, the grateful smile on his face adequate thanks for all they had done for him. Lee is now attending high school—and he walks two miles every day to get there. When he grows up he will become an active, useful citizen.

Then there was the case of Marie Washoe, an Indian girl from the Reservation at Greenville. When she was five years old, little Marie fell from a horse and injured her left hip and right knee. Tuberculosis of the hip followed and when she was admitted to the Shriners Hospital, December 15, 1923, at the age of fourteen, she was terribly deformed and could barely walk with crutches. A little more than a year later, February 28, 1925, after six operations and a number of plaster casts, Marie left the hospital, able to walk and play as other girls—fitted for a happy, useful life.

These are but two of hundreds of cases, each as remarkable in its way. Up to April 1st of this year, when the annual report was made, 312 cases had been admitted to the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at San Francisco. Of these, practically half were boys and half girls. The average stay of a patient was 114 days and the average cost \$416.75 per patient, Uncle Jack told me.

Last year there were 444 operations, an average of more than one a day, and in that time 626 plaster casts were set. Of those 312 cases, 241 were materially benefited and all were returned to their homes to be far better and healthier the rest of their lives than they could have been without the treatment.

As Uncle Jack was talking, suddenly we paused at what to me was an amazing sight. Around a creamy white table in a bright, sunny room sat four little boys. In the center of the table was a large cake covered with icing.



Little crippled Henry made beautifully straight.



Every little patient at the Shriners' San Francisco Hospital has a surprise party and a big cake for his birthday.



Noble John D. McGilvray, chairman Board of Governors San Francisco Unit, and known throughout the hospital as "Uncle Jack."



Mrs. Gertrude Folendorf, the much loved superintendent of the San Francisco Unit of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

"Hello, Uncle Jack!" they hailed in chorus, as we peeped in the door.

"Hello, Carl!" he called. "Hello, Arnold, Wesley and—oh, yes, if that isn't little Francis!" He stood there a moment, pretending to think very hard. "Let me see, whose birthday is it today, Arnold's or Wesley's? Oh, to be sure, it's Arnold's, isn't it?"

One little tot I judged to be Arnold nodded his head delightedly. Then they all laughed and clapped their hands.

"You see," he explained as we moved on, "when ever a patient is admitted we find out when he or she was born. Then, when their birthdays come around, we give them a little surprise party. They love it and it's lots of fun for us."

No wonder they don't want to go home when they are cured, I thought. I wouldn't either!

We now paid a visit to the Out-Patient Department, where a clinic is held from nine to eleven o'clock each Thursday morning. It was Thursday and perhaps forty mothers sat in the waiting room, holding in their laps or by their sides the little crippled children they had brought for treatment.

The San Francisco unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children boasts the largest Out-Patient Department of any. Here, last year, 662 different patients were seen and a total of 2375 treatments given, an average of nearly four visits per patient. All preliminary examinations are given here and patients not seriously enough crippled to require the regular hospital course are treated through a series of these Thursday morning clinics, thus enabling them to remain with their parents and saving the space of the hospital wards for the more serious cases. In this way, since the opening of the San Francisco unit, thousands of minor cases have been cured, while every patient has received dental work and such other attention as has been deemed necessary.

Nor is the scope of this hospital limited to California patients but is open to children of the entire southwest, while another unit at Portland, Oregon, covers the northwest.

Uncle Jack McGilvray, busy man, active in the commercial life of his city, is nevertheless tireless in his devotion to the Shriners' Hospital, and a day rarely goes by that he does not pay a visit to the institution and the kiddies he has come to love.

Almost as well as they know Uncle Jack, the children of this unit know "Uncle Joe" Heineberg, another member of the local Board of Governors and a man whose life is wrapped up in this great work of salvage, while Ernest C. Hueter, vice-chairman; Arthur Joel, secretary; Charles G. Gebhardt, treasurer; William H. Worden and Francis V. Keesling, members, are all known and loved by the children there.

But in many ways the most interesting personality back of the entire institution is Mrs. Gertrude R. Folendorf, superintendent, who helped organize the Chicago unit and last year paid a visit to the mobile unit at Honolulu. Mrs. Folendorf is a member of Aloha chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, a graduate of the University of California and a graduate nurse who came to her present position from the University Hospital at Berkeley, where she was assistant director.

"I have always loved children," she told me, "and I find this work ideal. To have caught in a measure the inspiration that must have been in the hearts of the Shriners who made possible these hospitals is a joy and satisfaction [Continued on page 55]



The Convention In Pictures



Mayor Kendrick welcomed Shriners.



Leonard P. Stuart, Almas, Imperial Outer Guard.



Nothing could equal the Shriners in their gorgeous parade trappings and the enthusiastic crowds gave full proof of it.



The largest and tiniest Shriners.



(Left) The beautiful big drums was one of the distinctive features of the Shriners' parade.



(Right) Noble followed Noble in his best bib and tucker, as Temple followed Temple each one better than the last.



One of the spectacles of the Shriners parade was the beautifully drilled mounted guards.

International

What Price



Crowds can be Weighed at So Much Per Ton

PEOPLE on the HOOOF?

By James H. Collins

GOING into the theater, Philip and Betty had an argument. It was a movie palace. It sat far back on its site, so people passed through an arcade of shops.

"What a perfectly wonderful idea!" observed Betty.

"It's a rotten idea," countered Philip.

"But think of all that people will buy on their way into the theater."

"What do you buy on your way to a theater? Would you stop for a hat—a fur coat—a diamond lavalier? Going in, they're looking forward to the show. Coming out, they're thinking about the show. They'll buy a pack of cigarettes, maybe, or candy—something they forgot to get elsewhere."

"But people must come here at other hours," persisted Betty.

"Then why are these shops mostly empty? Because the display of merchandise isn't interesting enough to pull them in from the main street."

Philip was right, and any expert appraiser of crowds will back him in the argument. Some crowds are valuable this afternoon, in rent, trade, front foot prices, but worth little this evening. The biggest crowds along New York's Great White Way pass at the theater hour, when most of the shops are closed. People won't think shop while they're thinking show—nor while they're hurrying to or from work.

You can put folks on the scales, if there is a real crowd of them, and they assay so much per ton. For every American city of one million population or more, they are worth two cents per front foot per person per month in the down-town section, according to my friend, O. S. Lair, a Los Angeles engineer, who weighs crowds for rental purposes. That's a sort of union scale for landlords.

"I think my rent is too high, but my landlord thinks it's too low," a druggist said to Mr. Lair the other day.

"You are downtown, and your city has a million and a half population. If I knew how many people pass your store in the busy hours, I could tell what your rent should be."

"Why, we counted them recently—they average thirty-five hundred passersby an hour."

"Then your rent should be seventy dollars a front foot monthly."

"Say! How did you guess it?" exclaimed the astonished druggist. "Why, that's what I pay—fourteen hundred dollars for a twenty-foot store."

"Then both you and your landlord are wrong, but your rent is just right."

That's what they all come to in money, the millionaire and the messenger boy, the Follies girl and the flapper, the poet with his dream, the pick-pocket after a "poke," the Chinese waiter and the negro porter, the elephant and the kangaroo. Two cents each by the above ratio means a crowd at least six hours daily, twenty-five days a month. Or two cents for about one hundred and fifty persons, in the course of a month. Or say one cent for five tons of people! Look at them now, strutting by, each with his own opinion of his own importance in the world, and remember that Business has weighed them in the white collar slave market, and will buy at seventy-five for a cent—no more. Look—and enjoy a laugh!

That's not the worst slander on your kind. For women are worth less than men. Many downtown streets have a man's side and a woman's side. Rents where the women teeter along on their high heels are lower, per ton of people, than across the way, where Man strides in all his majesty. Because women shop around before they buy, while men are "Gimme!" creatures. As the old

saying goes, when a man shops he knows what he wants, and doesn't get it, while a woman doesn't know what she wants, and insists upon having it. But rents may be higher on the feminine side, nevertheless, because there are more women per hour than men on the masculine side.

But that two cents is positively the "low down" on humanity, as the experts appraise it in the mass. When they begin to figure on what folks have in their pockets, there is a different story.

A merchant can afford to pay two cents per pedestrian in rent. But the crowd will spend about fifteen times that in purchases, if he is a capable shopkeeper. The ratio varies according to the kind of business, from five to ten percent of his total sales. So 3500 people an hour mean perhaps thirty cents in monthly sales from each person for each foot of frontage, which comes to about a thousand dollars a month for each foot, or twenty-one thousand dollars a month for a twenty-foot store. This is about four cents from every person who passes. Literally, thirty-five hundred people an hour, for six hours a day, twenty-five days a month, means a half million people at four cents each—twenty thousand dollars.

Take a busy downtown street several blocks long, with a couple of hundred such shops on both sides, and in a month they will spend four million dollars. Eight dollars per person. Which is nearly five and a half cents a pound liveweight for an average man, or eight cents per pound for a flapper. One begins to have a better opinion of his kind.

Another ratio that experts use for crowds is as handy as a carpenter's rule for measuring downtown land values. A store on a busy street should bring, in rent, one percent monthly of the land value. Thirty-five hundred pedestrians an hour create a rent of seventy dollars a front foot. And they make the land worth seven thousand dollars the foot. So just count the people who pass, average them for the day, and figure them at fifty for a cent. Multiply them by one hundred—that's the monthly rent. Multiply the rent by one hundred, and that's what the land is worth if you want to deal in such property. The people and the land are important, but the store may be a rookery, so long as the merchant can get the people in to buy. You must know downtown rookeries in big cities.

How many people make a crowd?

I've known times, and you have too, when three were absolute congestion. But that's sentiment. In strict business terms, a thousand people an hour passing a given point begin to be a crowd. That's one person every four seconds. Flip a penny a thousand times, and it swings into the law of averages, coming down heads and tails fifty-fifty. Get a thousand people an hour passing your place, and they will spend so much money each by the law of averages, take so long per person to pass a given point, loiter so many seconds at the display windows. This is as near the "average man" as we seem to get in real life—that fellow the statisticians are always talking about. When ten thousand pedestrians pass your place hourly, you have about as big a crowd as can be found in a big city, outside of the crushes at games, which are worth very little for spending purposes. That is three persons per second, and found only in a few blocks of the biggest cities during a few hours a day. Mr. Lair figures not more than twenty such blocks in Los Angeles, with a million population, counting both sides of the street. Which means that there are fifty thousand folks back of the crowd [Continued on page 57]

It's ALL in the MIND

IMAGINATION—
Helpful and Otherwise
—in SPORTS

By
Lawrence Perry

ONE of the most innocuous holes on the Muirfield course in England where the recent British Amateur tournament was held is a stretch of turf that any good golfer would confidently expect to make in two strokes, an iron shot and a putt.

Viewing it from the tee the golfer sees in the prospect nothing to alarm him, nor, on the other hand, nothing to indicate that he can equal par, so to speak, with his eyes shut. In fine, just an average hole.

Yet once upon a time, in an important tourney the great James Braid got into trouble here, grievous trouble that cost him the match. In the course of his long and distinguished career he had fallen into difficulty on many a hole on many a links and had either extricated himself or fallen upon disaster as the case might have been.



James Braid, Golf Champion, had a psychological fear of one particular hole.

But for some reason that two-shot hole at Muirfield lingered in Braid's mind as sinister and whenever he fell down on the course it was likely to be at this point.

He has confessed that he never felt at ease in a match at Muirfield until that dreaded hole was safely behind him.

Imagination! That, of course, is the answer. It is very probable that Braid's mind on that fateful day was ripe for the establishment of a complex and it is not that at whatever hole he had fooled,

bad psychology to suppose that at whatever hole he had fooled, that particular spot ever afterwards would have been associated in his thoughts with dire possibility.

Endersby Howard, the British golf critic, tells of that fine old veteran of Westward Ho!, E. M. Molesworth, R. N., who always insisted upon carrying his own clubs in an important match, his superstition being that he never hit so well as when he walked up to a lie with his bag knocking against his hip. And he would not tolerate a niblick in his bag.

When he engaged in an important tourney, not daring to be without a niblick, he would have it carried by a caddy walking always at least fifty yards behind him.

Imagination again. And yet from that cold, raw, November afternoon years ago when the late Mike Murphy, peer of all trainers, stood in the dressing-room of the University of Pennsylvania's eleven, weeping in the surge of feeling that had swept over him, and told his young men that "It is all in the mind, boys; if you won't be beat you can't be beat," the mental, the imaginative side of sport has not only been recognized but stressed by all coaches and trainers.

Anyone who has played football, or has sat in the bleachers watching an intercollegiate game realizes the mental strain that must rest upon the safety man as he faces a long, booming punt, with two ends, a couple of tackles perchance and a bull-rushing center, bearing down upon him.

He knows that the penalty of a muffed ball may be a touch-down against him. Or, if tacklers are not so near that he may expect to feel the jarriing impact of flying arms and shoulders the

instant the ball touches his hands, he knows that at least a muff will either give the ball to his opponents, or cause his team to line up in a dangerous section of the field. Again, even should he be so fortunate as to recapture a dropped ball, he will have lost the opportunity to run it back and recover at least some of the distance which the kicking team has gained through the punt.

All in all the responsibility upon the punt catcher is great and it is indeed a youth of iron will who can face it with that utter equanimity which Jack Strubing of Princeton always displayed.

Strubing never dropped a punt in an important game; so far as the writer's impression goes, he never made a muff in any game important or otherwise. The chief reason was that he never stood in awe of a flying ball. He was so endowed with utter confidence in his ability to hold it that only once or twice in his career did he deign to signal for a fair catch. Strubing may not have been an imaginative young man; or else he had it completely under control.

Realizing that mental causes figured largely in the muffing of punts, Henry Hobbs, the great Yale tackle when coaching at a New England college devised the idea of having the backfield men talk to a ball as it was descending into their arms.

The formula ran something as follows: "I'm going to catch you. There is no reason why I cannot catch you now as well as I do in practice. You're my meat. You can't get away from me. You're a cinch."

No college eleven was ever deadlier in catching a ball than that Amherst team that Hobbs coached.

Some coaches have the faculty of taking an entire football eleven and infusing it with a spirit that is indomitable and gives it the fire and dash to prevail over an outfit which is intrinsically superior.

One of the poorest Yale elevens in years was that of 1915. Yet Tom Shevlin, summoned from his home in Minneapolis to save the situation after a disastrous preliminary season, imparted to the team a mental poise which resulted in a surprising victory over Princeton's really fine combination.

It was a masterpiece of mental uplift through the magnetism and sheer dynamic mentality of a single man. The team took fire and soared like a skyrocket. But it was not a flight that

could be sustained because it had had many elements of the superhuman about it. Shevlin tried to keep the team up on the heights for the Harvard game on the Saturday following—he practically gave his life in the effort; he died soon afterwards of pneumonia—but that strange composite called man is, in the last analysis, but human and the Elis fell to earth, supine victims to the rushing power of one of the late Percy Haughton's great teams.

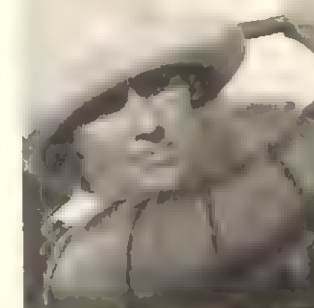
The writer saw Shevlin at work with this Yale eleven a day or two before the Princeton game. He was fury incarnate, something more than human he seemed;



Tom Shevlin, famous coach, gave Yale team a mental poise that resulted in victory.



Bobby Jones, famous Golfer, is capable of forgetting his opponent entirely.



Mary K. Browne's fiery spirit of competition held her golf opponents in thrall.

certainly not himself. He was ubiquitous, untiring and his vocabulary alternately stimulated like elixir or scorched like the knout.

He gave his very soul to that Yale eleven and one suspects that he gave, too, a lot of that impulse which keeps vigorous life in a man. And that which he gave lasted Yale over one Saturday and then departed.

In their first bout in Jersey City Benny Leonard, one of the greatest of all lightweight champions was faced by Lew Tendler of Philadelphia. Tendler was left handed and unlike most south-paw boxers he was a clever boxer as well as a dangerous hitter.

As the bout progressed Leonard found himself at loss to solve the style of his opponent who stood with right foot and right hand extended instead of in the orthodox manner.

Leonard was getting well pounded early in the fight and at length he received a clip on the chin that dazed him and prepared him for a knockout blow. The champion fell in toward Tendler and clinched, his arms wrapped firmly around Lew's neck. And while thus, he talked into Tendler's ear in a low voice. You could hear the hiss of his words.

What he said has never been told but Tendler was thrown out of his stride and Benny was able to stall through the short half minute that remained of the round and got to his corner.

When the battle was renewed next round Leonard advanced with utter confidence and thereafter the tide of battle flooded always in his direction.

Tendler had the world's championship in his grasp that evening under the arc lamps that sizzled and sputtered over the ring in Jersey City, but Benny Leonard, dazed and bruised, still had within him that wonderful spark which makes a man mentally dominant over his fellow-men and he bent Tendler to his ends.

Many have wondered why Jack Dempsey could not knock out Tommy Gibbons in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Montana. He failed to do so because his imagination had been working almost from the day he arrived in Montana. There were many there who did not like him, he was constantly in fear that some gun toter was going to take a shot at him and when he entered the ring neither he, nor anyone else, was certain he would leave it alive.

Gibbons escaped a knockout because Dempsey had developed a complex of fear.

REVERTING to Benny Leonard: In the great Madison Square boxing show in behalf of devastated France, Leonard early in the fight against Richie Mitchell of Milwaukee was going strongly, pounding Mitchell all over the ring when suddenly Mitchell caught him upon the jaw with a powerful right swing.

Leonard went to the canvas like an axed steer and stayed there for the count of nine, when he rose. With his face twisted through sheer effort into a smile he spoke rapidly to his opponent and the writer heard him, as did the other ringside spectators.

"Come on, Richie, now; you've got me. Come on in and finish it. Please come. You've got a cinch."

But Mitchell, suspecting a trap, hung back thereby permitting the champion fully to recover and then go in and knock his man out.

Walter Hagen is a great exponent of psychology as applied to an opponent. He talks very quietly and apparently without

harmful intent but it is a foolish rival who pays any attention to what he says. Leo Diegel is one golfer who will probably place cotton in his ears if ever again he gets into close quarters with Hagen in an important match.

Bobby Jones never fully came into his own until he succeeded in eliminating all thoughts of what an opponent was doing in a match and concentrating absolutely upon the par score of every hole. Through ignoring the human element in competition and fixing his thoughts absolutely upon the mechanical side of the issue in which he was involved he swept into his proper place as one of the greatest golfers the game has ever known.

But, as with all great athletes he is not entirely immune from the workings of psychology. For example, in the recent British

Amateur Championship at Muirfield he met Robert Harris, the British 1925 champion and the man the British were counting upon to keep the great trophy at home, in the round next to the semi-final.

He defeated Harris but under the spell of reaction he fell prey to young Jamieson next day and Jamieson in turn suffered similarly in the semi-final against Simpson who defeated him and thus won the right to play Jess Sweetser in the final.

Sweetser, the 1926 British amateur champion may have his weak angles in the way of competitive mentality, but if so none showed in the course of his triumphant progress through the hardest sort of opposition at Muirfield to the first British amateur title ever won by a native born American.

In the women's national golf championship at Providence in 1924 Mary K. Browne, of California, who had held the national women's title in lawn tennis singles, brought into the tournament a fiery spirit of competition that held all her opponents in thrall, even the great Glenna Collett, whom she defeated in the semi-final round.

But meeting Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd in the final she found a young woman injured to competition, impervious to mental influence and subject to defeat only through superior manual proficiency. Such proficiency Miss Browne was unable to show and so Mrs. Hurd won 7 up and 6 to play.

KNUTE Rockne, the Notre Dame football coach, is a great believer in the efficacy of mental preparation for an important game. He believes that every member of an eleven should enter a game in a spirit of confidence not only in himself but in his team.

On the other hand he deprecates, as all coaches do, any mood that suggests over-confidence. A very fine line divides the two states of mind while practically they work out results that are as far apart as the poles.

"The trouble about over-confidence," says Rockne, "is that it causes a team to take an opposing outfit lightly and that is never good. For very often the opponent demonstrates that it had deserved more serious consideration and the awakening is so startling that disintegration follows."

"The proper stance is a belief in oneself but also a wholesome respect for the other fellow, or the other team. Mental poise involves a mood that is willing to concede prowess to an opponent but a belief that however strong the opposition may be it can be overcome."

"Mental poise," by the way, is a favorite phrase of Rockne's. Last season when the Notre Dame team returned to South Bend from Lincoln, Nebraska, where the [Continued on page 61]



Brown Brothers



Leitch



Brown Brothers

Jess Sweetser's competitive mentality won him a British amateur golf title.

Knute Rockne, Notre Dame football coach, advocates mental preparation for a game.

Lew Tendler had the lightweight championship won but for Benny Leonard's mental dominance.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

[Continued from page 50]

that constantly fills me with enthusiasm for my work."

Then there is Dr. Walter I. Baldwin, surgeon-in-chief, together with a large staff of house doctors and specialists along many lines, who are eager to give their services whenever called upon. These, together with dentists, dietitians and a large nursing staff, comprise the personnel of the hospital, representing the very pick of San Francisco's medical skill.

Pages could be written of the devotion of the Shriners to this work, of the earnest, generous help lent by the Women's Auxiliary, of the inspiration and faith radiated by the hospitals into the little boys and girls who have been made whole again by its mercy—and carried back by them into their homes and out into the world, an ever-widening circle that will spread and spread until every hamlet of the land is reached by its healing touch.

YES, pages could be written, volumes—but Uncle Jack McGilvray summed it all up as I took leave of him that day, my heart full of what I had seen.

"The Shriners are a fun-loving organization," he said, "known as the playground of Masonry, yet they are willing and glad to pause long enough in their activities to do something constructive for humanity, thus making it possible that throbbing little brows shall be quieted and cooled, that twisted little bones shall be straightened and healed, that faltering little feet shall run, that listless little hands shall wave, that dull eyes shall sparkle, that cries of pain shall be turned into glad song and laughter—to that ministry, and to the crippled children themselves, the Shriners dedicate, with love, these hospitals."

[See page 74 for Hospital notes]

LUCIUS LEAPS OVER

[Continued from page 28]

no other agreement. But Mr. Tappington then regarded him with even more direct disfavor. "Mr. Bartlett," he said with emphasis, "is not exactly a cautious driver, and I certainly hope you will come by jitney, Aldine."

"Very well, maybe I will," she said, but when she came back to Lucius after seeing the leading man to the end of the little path she was laughing. She stopped by the row of zinnias and sighed. "But," she immediately said, brightly, "there are so many of them, it doesn't really matter. I love gardening. It's the one thing real in my life and I don't know what I'd do without it."

THIS struck Lucius as a strange remark and he begged her to tell him about her life, which he thought must be so marvelous and interesting. She said she much preferred to hear about his. But Lucius could not bring himself just then to speak about the shoe store in Winkleborough, the romantic atmosphere of the handsome Tappington lingered a little too vividly in his mind, and so he urged her to be the narrator. And then she told him of her life.

She hated stock, she said. She hated acting. She knew now she was neither gifted nor unusual, she no longer foresaw for herself a dazzling career. Maybe it was the stock, taking it out of her, and she showed him a picture of that existence, not only the hard work, but the constant losing of one's identity when one plays a new part every week, becomes each week a different woman, wearing different clothes, using different language, walking, moving, laughing differently—and two performances a day, and rehearsals of the next week's play every morning. Yes, every Sunday

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In
THE SHRINE MAGAZINE
for September

LUCIUS LEAPS OVER *[Continued from page 55]*

one began learning the new part. That was why she had rented this little house and bought the second-hand car. But the car was always in disrepair so she now came by jitney every Saturday night after the show, and got up every Sunday morning to tend the garden, and wore what she liked and spoke to no one and was, in short, for a few hours just herself, Alda Locksley—for that was her real name. Until three o'clock she was herself. Then she had to begin to become another woman. In fact she was always two other women, the woman in this week's play, and the woman in next week's play. There was no reality in such a life, no stability, it was not life at all, it was a make-believe life. She was getting very tired of it, she wanted to become real, and stable, and put. She wanted to be herself.

LUCIUS was more amazed than he was able to express. He told her how he had seen her here every Sunday this summer, reading her book in the hammock, and how he envied and admired her for not going to ride along the Post Road, as he always had to do. He thought her so free and independent, as she sat there immersed in literature and scornful, indeed oblivious of the Post Road slaves, those slaves of a habit which took them out to scurry up and down these meaningless miles, seeking what could always be found, if one but knew it, in the pages of a book. And he told her how he had resolved to stay at home today, but how something had seemed to make him come down the Post Road just the same as ever, so that after all he had done just what he always did. And while he wanted, in vain, to become those other people he read about in books, she was longing in vain, to cease becoming those people in her books, the book of the play.

"Yes, isn't it just like life?" she said. "We all want what we haven't got." She gazed out upon the Post Road and the unending two lines of opposing cars. "Of course, when I rented this place I didn't realize it was so close to the Road, but after all it hasn't annoyed me so very much. When I'm gardening I think of nothing but the flowers. Then when it's time to study my part it seems as if all those cars passing by stimulated me. I remember that the people in them are my audiences, and that gives me a feeling for the part. Lately Taps has driven me in his roadster and I found I could learn even better that way, so that's why I asked you to give me a little spin. And now maybe you'll hear me say some of my part?"

SO LUCIUS took the open book and she told him how to give her the cues, and she began.

All went well for a few pages. Eloise was only pouring tea for some persons in a garden fête. Then the persons sifted down to three, and finally Eloise had a scene alone, and then Doctor Purdy entered. The parts being now but these two, Lucius began to feel embarrassed, for Aldine was not content to speak the lines merely, but she was trying to find the real reading for them. Thus she gave her side of the dialogue with no little feeling. Fortunately Doctor Purdy's lines were but broken clauses, such as "But, Eloise—" "But if you will hear me—" "No, no, never!" "Oh but if you—" "Well, of course, then," and the like. But finally came the part where Eloise softened toward him and the doctor set out to strengthen his position by making some rather poetic love.

Lucius rejoiced that he need not give, as cues, the last two or three words of these impassioned speeches. He delivered these in flat tones very muffled and hurried as he caught glimpses of the preceding text. "To die for you" he rendered as if he said, "Size four, B." "To touch your hair" might have been "Low vamp and Spanish heels." Had he been opening shoe boxes for a customer he could not have sounded less emotional, and once he

broke off to remark that he was, as she could see, no Edwin Booth.

Then the doctor grew less wordy and more to the point. "I love you" was all he would say for three speeches and by the time Lucius his proxy had delivered the third, Lucius was scarlet. "The moment I saw you," "Now I have you," "Give me your lips!" "Paradise at last!" "You are mine!"

Then Lucius spoke a line of his own.

"That Tappington fellow will say all these things, and kiss you and all that, the way it says here?"

"Why, of course," said Aldine, surprised.

"And looking the way it says here, as if he meant it?"

"I hope so! He'd be rotten if he didn't."

"Miss Locksley," said Lucius, casting away the book, "what is that man to you?"

"Why, he's my opposite, he's the leading man."

"No, he's more than that. Or he wants to be. He doesn't like me, he didn't want me to drive you to Wallford. What does that mean unless—"

"Mr. Bartlett!" Aldine exclaimed. Then she smiled. "Well, then, if you must know, he was fearful lest anything befall me. I don't know why he mistrusts your driving, but he doesn't want to take any chances, for my understudy ruins my parts and he sets a lot of store by his part of Doctor Purdy in *Maid for Marriage*. That's all, and I'm rather nice to tell you, for you had no right to ask. But it's getting dusk and I'd better begin to get ready to go back to Wallford, the next jitney comes in fifteen minutes. I have to be back early so as to finish my dress. You see, in stock we make our own costumes."

"Then you mean to go in the jitney after all?" Lucius challenged, reddening, but fixing her with a riveting gaze.

"Well, maybe I don't mean it literally," she said, and broke into a laugh. And then Lucius laughed too. It was the first time he had laughed since leaving Winkleborough.

"It was quite dusk when she reappeared. Yet he could see how trim she looked in a smart little coat and hat—and with dainty little high-heeled shoes. This time, she said, she would ride in front. Before she got in, however, she went to the row of zinnias and plucked one of the handsomest for his lapel.

"To show there are no hard feelings," she said gaily.

AS THEY drove along she lamented his fate which had forced him to spend the whole day on the Post Road after all. It made her feel very guilty, she said, and when they neared Winkleborough she said she ought to get down and wait for the jitney so that he could go home and have at least the evening to himself and his book and his dreams.

"Don't you worry about my evening," he replied. "And I've spent the day in a way that suits me very well. And I don't feel that way any more, anyhow, about riding on the Post Road. I mean to do it a lot more. On week-day nights to Wallford, and on Sunday afternoons towards Great Hampton. There are adventures in books and there are adventures outside of books. A fellow oughtn't to let his tastes get narrow."

And a little further on he added, "You said you wished you had the nerve to quit the stage. If a man who owned a shoe store asked you to marry him, do you think that would help you any to make up your mind?"

She let him drive still a little farther and she said, off-handedly, that it might.

The car described a dangerous arc before it got back to its course, which was none too steady at that.

"If poor Cousin Cornelia has really died this time," said Lucius, "my brother Arthur and his wife will go to live in Florida and my sister Ansonia will go with them. My house—well,

here we're right in Winkleborough, if you say the word we will swing past my place, it's not too dark for you to see what it looks like in a general way."

She consented and he soon had the car in the driveway and halted between the stone steps and the shrubbery.

"Garden!" exclaimed Aldine. "Hollyhocks and dahlias and everything, and loads of room for more! How marvelous!"

Excusing himself Lucius entered and telephoned to Bealeville. He reappeared solemn and relieved. For Cousin Cornelia had at last passed peacefully away.

ALDINE made a little condoling sound but Lucius explained what a blessing it was. He wondered if Miss Locksley would step inside the house? The interior wasn't at all bad. But she said she would do that, perhaps, another time, and so he reentered the car and took the wheel for the final lap to Wallford. But the car did not move. For he had never remembered, after all, to get gas for it. The tank was exactly empty.

"Ansonia will be back on the ten-seven, don't you think you could stay here all night?" he asked his voice far from steady. "Then I could take you on in the morning. If you decided to go on, that is. Oh Aldine, maybe this is a sign for you to quit the stage!"

"Well, at least it sounds better than the jitney," she said thoughtfully and let him help her to the ground. But before her feet could touch the gravel path Lucius had clasped her to him.

"I loved you the moment I saw you, I love you, you are mine, this is paradise at last!" he stammered as if he were saying "Size four, B," or "Low vamp and Spanish heels." But Miss Locksley appeared to take into account the fact that he was not an Edwin Booth.

"I've already quit!" she declared presently. "It's a great thing, Lucius, to break a habit—for a new one that's better!"

"You know," he said, "I've been in love with you all the time and didn't know it. It was habit that brought me down the Post Road today, the habit of needing to see you in the hammock reading your book. Wasn't I a duffer not to know?"

"But Lucius, you never looked as if you looked at me at all."

"Why, how do you know that? I never looked at me!"

"Didn't I? Lucius, every Sunday at a certain time a certain car came by with four certain people in it, and the two women always exclaimed, 'Oh look at the beautiful flowers!' And then you always drove a little slower—"

"Slower? I drove slower?" Lucius interrupted astounded. "I always thought I went faster—"

"So," she said, "I always looked at you out of the corner of my eye. Actresses know how to do that. But of course I'm not an actress any more . . ."

So they entered the house and Lucius turned up all the lights. And there on the library table lay the Crowned Compendium of Human Thought open at the life of Julius Caesar. And it seemed to Lucius it was a pity Caesar was not alive today, they two fellows might have collaborated on a snappy book of real adventure.

[In the September issue Paul An-nixter has a dramatic story to tell of the pearl drillers down along the ribbon of land that joins the Americas. The Strong-Box of Captain Jade.]

WHAT PRICE PEOPLE ON THE HOOF? *[Continued from page 52]*

in each block. And that accounts for their ability to spend so much money in a month. The individual with his thirty or forty cents is nothing. It's the rotation of the whole population that counts.

A couple of alert fellows stand on the walk, with mechanical counters, and click off people, in measuring a crowd—the "peg count." Alert, because in seven or eight hours it gets pretty dull. Sometimes, they tally just all the folks passing; again by opposite directions; or by women and men; and of course, by the hour. City officials use peg counts even more than merchants, for they indicate what busy thoroughfares will need in future sidewalk room, street space, telephone service and so on. Peg counts must be taken often—crowds change almost overnight, sometimes.

Fall much below a thousand people an hour, and the downtown crowd is gone and these ratios no longer apply. The downtown crowd can be counted upon to buy a dollar safety razor each three or four persons, a five-dollar bonnet for each fifteen to twenty, an automobile for each three to ten thousand pedestrians.

But don't think that, because only a few hundred people pass your store daily, there are no customers for you. When folks thin out to this degree they are often on their way to buy a particular article, usually a necessity, at a neighborhood store. Two hundred persons an hour may be a profitable crowd to the out-lying merchant.

Would you suppose that twenty-five pedestrians an hour were a crowd?

Under some circumstances they are bigger spenders than the ten-thousand-an-hour mob. That's when they go to run-down sections of your town, those forlorn neighborhoods about to change from residence to business, where the dealers in used automobiles and like wares are to be found. They do not live near there, and no reason on earth exists for going there to see anything. So they go with the one purpose, of getting a line on a good used car, or whatever it may be, and twenty-five people an hour is a gold rush.

So, in weighing a crowd, the peg count of sheer numbers will give you some stimulating ideas. But you haven't really got down to brass tacks until you find out what the crowd is thinking about. According to what's on its mind, it is worth so much a ton or so much an ounce.

JIM THE BATTLER

[Continued from page 11]

jump in! But the fact that the window was tight closed—was the first thing that arrested his attention as he approached the house.

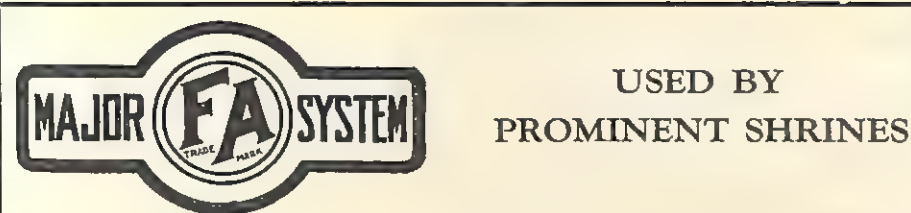
He took a step or two, uncertainly—and then crossed the areaway and jumped up quickly on the window sill. There was just room upon it to cling while he stared inside. And he hung to the slippery surface, his tiny nose pressed against the glass, his eyes seeking to penetrate the dimness inside. On the couch the scattered sheets of the Sunday paper still lay, just as they had when he left. He could see that. The furniture and rugs were just the same, too. But there was something changed.

Something contracted in his small heart. There was no one in this dwelling place. These rooms were empty. They were abandoned . . .

"Ah, so there you are. Little Devil!" It was Sullivan's hearty voice behind him. "Well, we wondered where ye were. It's over to Mr. Morris' ye'll be goin' I'm thinkin'." And he stretched forth his red, coarse hands toward the cat.

A friendly man, this Sullivan—one of the Friendly People.

"The old woman'll *[Continued on page 58]*



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JIM THE BATTLER *[Continued from page 57]*

be glad to see ye," he remarked, as he lifted the cat. "Ye can stay the day with her, till Mr. Morris is comin'."

And down into the small, nondescript janitor's apartment went the Battler, conflicting emotions struggling in his soul.

At night Ward Morris came in his automobile.

"Mr. Valentine told me to take him out to Patchogue Bay, to the Markhams, friends of his out there," Ward told Sullivan. "They don't know how long Mr. Valentine will be away."

"Come on, old chap," he said to Jim.

And the cat recognized him silently. He was a friend of his Friend's.

"Ye better be coverin' him up," Sullivan advised. "They do be comin' back, cats do. Put him in a basket, maybe?"

"I don't think that's necessary," Morris decided. "The Battler's ridden in cars before. Patchogue Bay's too far away. He'll stay all right."

And he took the Battler with him into his closed sedan to Long Island and Patchogue Bay.

"I should think it would do if you just locked him in the laundry," Ward told Corinne Markham, once they had arrived. "Val's a little cracked on the subject of cats. But they like the person who feeds 'em, you know. Jim will be as happy as a clam in a couple of days. Poor Val. I'm afraid he's going to have a time with that lung. They're sending him to Colorado. And I guess even he thinks that's a little far to be expressing cats!"

And they left Jim in the laundry, and put out the lights.

TO DESCRIBE his emotions precisely would be difficult. But he was sitting on the laundry tubs, staring out the small cellar window when they left him. And when they came down in the morning he was still sitting in the same spot.

The only thing noticeable about him was that his brown eyes looked a trifle strained, a little haunted. And he responded to Markham's advances rather mechanically.

"He wants to get out," George Markham said promptly. "And don't let him. I've had a lot of experience with animals. And if you keep 'em locked up for a couple of days, they're satisfied to stay."

Daytimes thereafter Jim spent sitting on the window seat of the Patchogue Bay house. Nights, he was locked in the cellar. Only two things interested him. One was the blue cold expanse of the bay, half frozen and bearing a distant resemblance to the mountain lake where Will Gallott got his ice in winter. The other was the road to the village and New York.

Sometime they would have to let him out. And he knew it.

And his opportunity came one evening toward the end of the second week.

In the kitchen Rebecca, the colored cook, pattered about getting the dinner. Song was her favorite diversion while getting the meals—partially because it helped her forget what she was doing; partially because it afforded her a protection against hearing clearly any orders or instructions.

"Be sure and don't let the cat out," Corinne had admonished her.

"Oh, yas'm," Rebecca had responded, without ceasing her crooning.

"Here, you cat," she said now to Jim. "You git out of Rebecca's way. I'm gwine out. Hump yo'self."

Behind her, as usual, she left the door open just those five inches which had enraged George Markham ever since she had come to live with them.

And Jim was up and on four paws in an instant, walking swiftly toward the crack, peering out at Rebecca where she stood. Her back

was toward him. And he slipped out at once, jumping noiselessly to the ground by the side porch, struggling through the heaped-up snow by the sidewalk to the drive.

Like a black shadow of swift lightning he was, against the white landscape. And it was not three seconds before he was out of the yard and headed down the shining winter highway for New York.

Instinct told him the way and direction better than memory ever could have. And the distance held no terrors for him. He had lived upon his own hunting, his own kill before. And these winding ribbons of road solved all the difficulties which deep snow had presented in the mountains of New Hampshire. Sixty miles to New York!

And when one got to the familiar gigantic alleys once more, not far uptown was the churchyard and the house, and the open window, and the Sunday papers on the couch; and at the piano his Friend.

In the black night the little Battler trotted steadily, faster and faster, his fur swinging a little from side to side, his paws straight before one another, his keen brown eyes searching the melting distance before him.

By two o'clock indeed, he had left the pine woods and South Shore and was on the main road, a small, steadily-moving speck on the long, straight distances of that modern highway.

Even dawn and late morning found him still at it, though there were evidences of weariness now.

As a matter of fact, the problem of food and shelter had begun to drag at him. He had come over forty miles. And soon, he saw, the old problem of the city would be upon him.

Mile after mile—they were slower miles now—he considered that problem as the strain began to tell upon him, and he came to a weary stop oftener and oftener, stumbling a little over odd drifts and hard ridges in the road. His paws were little hard balls of ice and they slid upon the macadam when it came to the surface from beneath the snow. His throat was raw from the icy air, too. And small icicles clung to his fur, where he had licked it and it had frozen.

Beside the road now, nevertheless, there were more and more houses of the city type, with kitchen porches and garbage cans. In almost any of those cans he knew he could find food.

He considered the problem at greater length as he trotted wearily through one more cross-road. Ahead of him, on the right, was a house much like the cottage in far New Hampshire. And in the back, beside the kitchen porch there hung a high, small swinging door much like that one which had indicated the entrance to the icebox in the cottage beneath the oaks.

Without hesitation he turned into the drive, through the half-buried picket fence, and stopped by the kitchen steps and surveyed the windows doubtfully. No one appeared, and no sound of footsteps was audible. He turned his attention to the small, swinging door that formed the outside opening of the house's icebox. This swung half open, held by a rope, disclosing first a small wooden sill, and then a partly open golden oak refrigerator door which in turn but half guarded the ice compartment. Into this empty box Jim peered, his nose twitching at a familiar smell. There was no mistaking that smell. It was the smell of meat; of red, raw sirloin steak.

Jim rose on his hind legs and peered over the small opening between the ice compartment and the compartment to the left. It was an opening about four inches high, and he could just insert his head far enough to glance down and see a package of butter, a bowl of potato salad, and—yes, there it was! An uncooked steak.

At sight of it, hunger rose in him to a pitch unbearable.

The opening was barely four inches but it

was possible to negotiate it. And cautiously he tried it, drawing one paw after another, hanging sideways, nearly breaking his backbone once, but finally after much stretching and pushing and forcing of muscles and body—he accomplished it . . .

Still no sound came from the kitchen as he stood a moment in the compartment. So he fell to on the steak, greedily . . .

In fifteen minutes it was gone. And a curious glow of satisfaction began to steal through him. Blood flowed once more. Strength returned to his veins. And save for an intolerable desire to sleep he felt himself again.

He knew, however, that he could not sleep in this icebox. People were apt to come into the kitchen at any moment, and to be found here was to suffer blows and pain or imprisonment or death. So he turned his attention to getting out.

To his dismay, the opening by which he had entered seemed to have unaccountably shrunk. It was not that he could not get his head through it—nor his paws. It was his belly. By no manner of forcing or pushing could he push himself over and through. Let him try every experiment he might, his stomach was grown too large.

He could not get out.

Madness and terror shook him then, and he whirled in the small compartment like a squirrel, pushing against the walls, the door, the top, seeking some spot whence he could escape to safety.

Half an hour of it, and weakness spread through him. He sank to his full length upon the ridged bottom and breathed heavily, deeply, the meaning of what had happened beginning to penetrate to his brain. So he had disregarded those admonitions of his mother's—that age-old Lore of the Cat. Be Cautious. Be Moderate—He had gorged himself with raw meat in a mantrap. And now he could not get out . . .

AND then in the kitchen he heard steps, light steps, steps that came toward the icebox. A moment, and the icebox door was flung open, and a woman's face appeared.

It was a kindly, spectacled face with a contemplative expression upon it, and eyes which looked at him as if they did not see him.

They saw him the next moment, however, and almost instantly Mrs. Croydon's jaw dropped, amazement overspread her features, and she screamed shrilly, and slammed the door shut in Jim's face.

"Walt!" she screamed. "There's a wildcat in the icebox! Walt!"

Throughout the house her screams resounded, causing a curious trembling in the Battler as he sat huddled back against the wall, pushing with his paws so as to get as far as possible from the door.

Heavy footsteps and a man's voice. "I'll get him," Croydon's half-amused tones sought to calm his wife. "Let me look at him!"

And the door was flung open. "By God, he's eaten the steak. The filthy devil. I'll fix him good and proper! Here! Take that! Come out of that!"

Into the ice box, straight at Jim's face came the sharp needle-like brush of the heavy kitchen broom, pushing at him, piercing his fur, seeking his eyes, mauling him, shoving him. "Get out or I'll shoot you! Get out, you little beast!"

"He can't get out," Mrs. Croydon cried. "Open the kitchen door," said the Man. "I'll get him out! Stand back!"

And while the woman ran and opened the kitchen door, Croydon went to the shelf where the clock ticked and nervously pulled down a small steel-blue weapon.

"I'll fix him, if he won't come out!" And he pointed the revolver at Jim. Bang!

The bullet went a little wild, striking the

wood on the outside of the compartment and sending a shower of splinters into Jim's fur. But it was enough for Jim. He had heard and seen enough of those peculiar cracking sounds which came from the small round dark sticks men carried.

With a sudden scabble and scratch he leapt from the icebox and bounded to the floor and out of the kitchen door to the icy steps; slipped and scrambled and fell on the hard slippery walk, like a horse on a wet slippery pavement; recovered himself desperately, and amid a shower of bullets flashed out of the yard into the highway and was gone . . .

Two days later at dawn, he was turning from Fifth avenue into Eleventh street—and he was barely recognizable as Jim the Battler.

His heart was beating fast, too, as he trotted past the little red brick house and drew up by the railings which marked the entrance to Thirty-one. On the way he had hardly dared to look up to see if the window was open, if the shades were down, if his Friend had finally come back. But now he did dare. And he was thin and much bedraggled. His fur had lost its glossy look and betrayed the coarse roughness which comes of many days without proper care.

But his Friend would recognize the meaning of those things. He knew that.

And so at last he took one long steady glance—only to feel a curious quivering sensation in his heart. The window was still closed. The shades had not been moved.

He jumped up upon the window sill and tried to penetrate the gloom. Yes, the place was just the same. He had returned to loneliness.

TO DESCRIBE properly the months that ensued would be to write the epic of a cat abandoned in New York.

The city is full of such creatures—animals that slink along the alleyways, peering hungrily at garbage cans, or approaching with lonely, begging eyes, the vagrant poor who sit upon the benches in the parks.

From the first moment when he stood again on the window sill and realized that he had been abandoned, he must have known that he had the struggle of his existence before him. But it did not seem to terrify him. Some day, his Friend would return. Well, then, he would be here upon Eleventh street—waiting . . . With the utmost cleverness, he kept himself out of sight of Sullivan the janitor, during the first few days. So that the Irishman despaired of ever laying hands on him, and finally telephoned Morris that the cat had never returned and that he himself and his wife were leaving finally for England and home.

Tenaciously, dominantly too, Jim kept the mastery of Eleventh street and accepted no home. He could be coaxed to no soft environment by any of the long list of people who wanted him for a pet.

He was master of his own soul and fate, while he waited for his Friend to return.

And the courage and spirit of it won New York.

Patrolman Kennedy first. "There's a fox-red cat," he told Kane, the night desk-sergeant at Charles Street Station, "who's got the pride of Lucifer and the blarney of Saint Patrick himself! He's meetin' me every night for a stroll up and down Sixth! I can't put a hand on him. But he's out for inspection with me—that's a cinch. And I tell you, he's Cock of the Walk, where the other creatures are concerned. That big grey devil of Mooney's runs from him, with his belly fairly touchin' the ground! I'll bring him in some night—and show you a Cat!"

Three nights later, Jim followed him into the station—and that initial friendship began.

Where Val himself was concerned, tuberculosis held him in a chair in Colorado, and Helen stayed close to his side. So far as they knew the Battler had disappeared forever. The Markhams reported absolutely no trace of him in all Long Island.

Meanwhile, in New *[Continued on page 60]*

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JIM THE BATTLER [Continued from page 59]

York, life for the Battler had begun to assume a romantic regularity, of which few people would dream. He no longer had an apartment to retire to during the day. But on pleasant days he had the doorway and the lawn of the Presbyterian Church. On bitter nights he had a place above the low cellar entrance of Martinelli's Italian restaurant.

Let eleven o'clock come, too, of a morning, and a huge garbage wagon appeared across Fifth avenue, creaking slowly past iron railings and brick areaways.

Ivan, the Russian moujik, would be separating tidbits for him about now. The second house on the south side yielded best.

Ivan and Officer Kennedy and Sergeant Kane—these three were his standbys.

Let hunting be good or bad in the backyards and cellars of Eleventh street, promptly at midnight every night, rain or starlight, the tiny form of the Battler could be seen crossing Sixth avenue, unshaken by the roar of the Elevated above, trotting up the steps of the red police building and so down the corridor to the night desk-sergeant's abode.

After the second month Sergeant Kane counted on the animal's appearance, and his box contained a lunch for Jim as well as for himself. The midnight meal was a rendezvous which Jim never missed but twice in two years.

In appearance he remained about the same. His reddish fur lost its glossy look, due to lack of shelter and protection wherein to keep it shining. He became a rather dingy red cat, with an odd, slightly haunted look in his eyes—and a pride and sureness of bearing that was unmistakable. But no one could ever have mistaken him for any other cat, particularly for any of the lean, unfortunate city-bred cats, with the poverty of their youth written on their thin bodies. He remained an animal from the woods . . .

Through it all, too, he never completely gave up hope for Val. He never strayed far from Eleventh street and the apartment. He made friends with the new janitor. And when Val's apartment was rented again he sat upon the window sill, at the first signs of occupancy and life, until he was admitted and had satisfied himself that the new people were not Val. Baker, the contractor who took the place, asserted that there was never a day when the animal did not pass, and stop to look up and in the apartment window.

Life had its compensations for him, of course. Eleventh street was his citadel. He was its King. And the sense of achievement and pure male dominance it gave him must have been such as few human beings ever know.

If only Val had returned sooner, the complete idyl might have been his . . .

As it was, Tony Martinelli, the Italian restaurant keeper, prevented that.

"He ees a fighter," Tony boasted to his cronies in the restaurant. "I have a watcha heem for three year now. He ees jus' a cat. But he has whatta-you call da courage. He ees not 'fraid—not of the Devil. I have seen heem keel rats—jusa-like that!"

And he made a gesture expressive of swift Nemesis.

"I tell you what I do," he made his offer definite. "I get seven rats from da docks. Seven beeg ones—beeg rats! And he will keel all of them at once! I set up da pen right here!"

Enthusiasm for his idea took hold of him. "We starve da rats," he said warmly. "When they are what you call ravenous, we bring in da Battler!"

Enthusiasm filled the assembly, with the exception of Frenchy the Greek.

"Yu ain't givin' the little guy a fair chanst," he said gloomily. "I like that cat."

"He will keel all seven!" Tony announced authoritatively. "Or I pay feefy dollar."

And so it was settled.

Tony labored with his own hands setting up the pen—a smooth boarded affair, about ten by twelve and with sides perhaps four feet high.

Through the good offices of a dock watchman over at the French Line, seven "beeg" rats were secured. And duly starved. And the presence of the Battler was the only requirement left unfulfilled.

This Frenchy the Greek achieved, although a little unwillingly.

"Eleven o'clock ees good hour," Tony pointed out. "He meets da garbage wagon about then."

And Frenchy came up with him just below the church and tempted him into the restaurant with a piece of succulent liver. And they shut him up till morning, when the garden would be quiet and no meals were served.

IT WAS a quiet spring morning, that next morning—with just a touch of fresh wind off the river . . . The kind of a morning when Jim and Val had been accustomed to go walking down the New Hampshire road before breakfast.

Memory touched the Battler. And he looked about him, his keen, rather haunted eyes searching the wire cage in which he lay.

In a sense he looked upon this temporary imprisonment of his with a philosophic eye. It was the kind of thing that happened occasionally. He knew Frenchy the Greek. Tony, too. He hated Tony. The Italian made his fur rise a little. But Frenchy was one of the Friendly People. And the other three heavy-faced, large-paunched men he did not know.

They all seemed to be interested, too, in a large heavy bag of some kind which the fat waiter was dragging out of the cellar. A sharp, high squealing came from this bag. And Jim sat up suddenly, his tail growing bushy, his mane rising.

"See hees fur!" exclaimed Tony triumphantly. "It will be a dam' fine battle."

"S'posin' we feed 'em to the little feller one by one," Frenchy suggested.

"Da bet ees all seven together!" Tony said sharply. "Shaka da bag!"

And the waiter, his face a little pale, shook the bag upside down and seven beady-eyed denizens of the docks fell out in a tangle of sharp teeth, fur and naked tails.

Jim, in his cage, could not see them. But instinct and hearing told him what they were at once. And his fur rose and a low growl came in his throat.

"Put da Battler in now," commanded Tony, fear touching his forehead with a few drops of sweat.

And the Greek lifted the cage in which Jim stood and set it upon the edge of the boards, lifting the heavy chicken wire with which the pen was covered, and sliding the door of the small cage suddenly.

Into the pen jumped Jim.

"Look out!" yelled Tony.

And he grabbed away the cage from Frenchy and slammed down the heavy wire top just in time.

Jim had leaped to the extreme edge of the pen, for a high advantage point—and his head just struck the wire as Tony slammed it down.

"Now! Go to it!" shouted Tony.

And the fight was on . . .

One rat was directly beside Jim, as he half fell, righted himself and landed upon the ground feet foremost. And this one he seized instantly by the side of the neck, dragging it fiercely, seeking to bang it upon the sides of the pen, his teeth sinking deeper and deeper into the filthy rodent's throat. It was his famous method—the one that never failed. It did not fail in this instance, either. The rat was helpless in his grip.

THE only difficulty was that death did not come instantly. And extreme ferocity possessed his other six enemies. No sooner had he grabbed the rat by the throat and begun shaking it, than two of the others were upon

him at once, biting his hind legs, fastening their needle teeth in his shoulder. They tore at his fur like ferocious vultures of the darkness. They sunk their teeth in even deeper and deeper holds.

Shooting pains filled the Battler and his fur fluffed out until he resembled a porcupine.

And he dropped the first rat before he was dead, and turned to seize the one which held him by the hind foot.

He caught him, too, and rolled over still gripping the new foe by the throat, bringing all his four unsheathed paws into action, raking his swarming enemies until their screams and squeals filled the hitherto quiet air of the garden.

But the number of his enemies was too great. And a new grip upon his own throat warned him that another moment meant his own choking death. And he released the second one and jumped high in the air, his paws clawing at the rat which held him by the windpipe. On the fall, he curled up like a ball, all four feet kicking with deadly, sawlike precision at the rat which gripped him. And with a squeal the rodent let go.

Jim could see out of but one eye. Every inch of him held a searing pain, and the loss of blood began to affect his fighting abilities.

Like a small crowd of wolves tearing down a lion the five rats rushed at him, joined more feebly by the sixth, each one seeking the nearest part of Jim he could find and snapping with his teeth at it until he had secured a good grip. While Jim selected one grimly after another and banded and dragged it silently, fiercely, closing his teeth down upon the windpipe and holding them there until the struggle of the beast ceased a little and he lay inert.

"He ees going to get them!" shouted Tony gleefully.

But a more practiced eye might have seen that if he was going to get them, they were also going to get him.

It is one thing to fight an antagonist whose breath and stamina rises and falls as does one's own. It is another to fight a crowd whose driving powers remain constant, with no let-up, no opportunity for any breathing spell.

Time after time he whirled upon an antagonist and shook him half to death, only to be forced to turn and seize some new threatening enemy before he could complete his victory.

One by one he killed his antagonists, and they lay in grotesque attitudes about the pen. One by one, he did win. But always there seemed to be more. More upon him! More before him! More behind him!

Fever and faintness shook him, fell upon him. He could scarcely see. He staggered back and forth in the small limits of the pen, a dying gladiator who could not bear to give up, who did not know what it was to fail, who could only conquer or die.

And in the end that was why he did conquer—all, completely.

"By God, what a cat!" Frenchy the Greek said.

He was standing with his hat off.

"I win!" Tony shouted in high glee. "Feefy dollar! He keel them!"

And around the pen the three paunchy fat men, with the stubby brown fingers and diamond rings were clutching cigars in their full red lips, their eyes half starting from their heads.

But to Jim nothing was clear or real. The sands of his life were running out. Intolerable pain and weakness; faintness held him in a closing grip. He swayed on his bloodstained paws. He fell and dragged. He pulled himself toward one end of the pen, hardly knowing what he was doing. Frenchy the Greek lifted him out and he fell again upon the narrow flagged walk that led through the restaurant to the street.

"God forgive us," Frenchy said.

"He'll be all right tomorrow. They got nine lives," said Tony, counting his money.

But the Battler could scarcely hear anything at all. Dim and confused all life was, even the restaurant doorway. And he half fell, half dragged himself down the narrow corridor, up the sharp steps, into the areaway and the sun-touched walk where the breeze from the river came fluttering by. Outside and down by the Avenue too an organ grinder was playing the "Pittipat Princess" waltz. One, two, three—the notes came. And the small fever-stricken beast raised his blinded eyes and sniffed.

Across and down four houses was Thirty-one, he knew.

And the open window. And maybe—Val. He knew that. And he braced himself, for the effort required to get across the street, before some machine struck him with moving death. At first, too, he went quite straight and quickly across the pavement, stumbling ever so little, aiming directly for the ashbarrels and the familiar areaway and the open window of the ground floor apartment. But when he reached the ledge beneath the window his strength failed. Directly below him was the opening of the cellar areaway. But he did not seem to see it. Instead he jumped blindly for the window sill, missed it and fell with a soft outstretched thud into the cellar beneath.

When the new janitor came out an hour later

he struck him in the shadow with his foot.

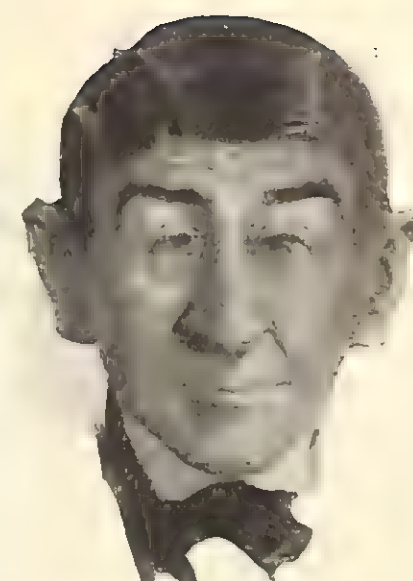
He was dead . . . That's the whole story, said Val suddenly, in the shadow of the club balcony. And there was a kind of strange, precise, dry modulation in his tone, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "Except that I happened to come to town the day after. And the janitor, they told me at Thirty-one, was over at Charles street Police Court."

"I found him, with the agent for the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When I came in the room, they had Tony up before Judge Further. And they were fining him one hundred dollars. Tony didn't have much chance. The policeman who arrested him was the Battler's friend, and so was the desk sergeant. And so was the Judge and so were all the witnesses."

"They gave me the Battler's body. I buried him last week beneath the oaks up in New Hampshire."

"But how did they find out about the rat fight?" I inquired, as much to cover my emotion as anything.

"Why, Frenchy the Greek told," Val replied. "He told them the Battler had the 'clear courage and the single heart.' And Tony was a murderer. I think that about expresses it."



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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

IT'S ALL IN THE MIND [Continued from page 54]

Hoosiers had been beaten by the University of Nebraska an old Irish caretaker of one of the dormitories approached Rockne in a mien of depression.

"Mr. Rockne," he asked, "phwat was the reason we got bate?"

"Mental poise," said Knute.

"So it was him!" exclaimed the old man. "Well, I niver did think much of that man annyhow."

COLLEGE coaches are beginning to feel that victorious impulse, or at least a very salutary mental influence may be communicated to players on the field from partisans in the stands. Of course it is understood that spirited organized cheering may be helpful to a team which has been scored against or has suffered a setback that is likely to lead up to a score by an opponent through the knowledge that in face of adversity or threatened adversity the supporters still believe in them.

But this is superficial. What certain coaches are now coming to believe is that a veritable will to win may be broadcast from the stands into the hearts and souls of the players, as though the volume of sound thundering from the stands contains some palpable element that stimulates and inspires.

An Ohio State halfback confided to the writer last fall that while he never is really conscious of the cheering when a game is on, yet after the play is over he realizes that something alien and tremendously influential has been operating in his mind throughout. And he attributed it to the vocal backing of his fellow students.

BILL Doak, the former big league pitching ace, now a realtor, once told the writer that the most curious phase of pitching, to his way of thinking, was that phenomenon which is known among the fans as a balloon ascension.

Any pitcher, naturally enough, may go up into the air if something happens to destroy his poise, as, say, a batting rally or a sequence of errors by his fielders, or failure of his team mates to hit and gather runs while he is holding the opposing nine in check. Upon such occasions the cracking of the pitcher is perfectly understandable.

But what puzzled Bill Doak—as it has per-

plexed other moundmen and followers of baseball—was the sudden and inexplicable cracking of a pitcher without apparent cause. Deep down in the mind, no doubt there lies a germ of doubt or fear, or something that works quietly, persistently upon the subconscious faculties until they are ripened for disaster.

Some pitchers, recognizing the subtle things that may overthrow them, pray before a game and believe they are thus safeguarded. Others not so religious and yet recognizing the need of help outside themselves rely upon superstitious formulae of various sorts.

DON'T think that prayer is not efficacious in the case either of individuals or teams. In the fall of 1924 the writer stood in the Centre College dressing-room where the football eleven was about to go out on the gridiron and meet Georgia. Centre is a small college and between the eleven regular players and the substitutes was a margin in the way of ability that was so great that the one hope of victory was that the varsity men should play throughout the game.

Two of these varsity men had broken arches in their feet. Another had a shaky knee, another a bad ankle. There seemed no chance that more than five or six of them could last the game out against the rugged Georgia team.

And then in the dark dressing-room with its odors of arnica and iodoform, with a wolf wind snarling at the door and snow falling upon the Kentucky landscape, the team gathered in a circle and one of the players raised his voice in prayer—not that the team would win but that every man might be permitted to survive the game and give his best.

And every man did survive and every man played the game of his life—albeit after every play more than one Kentuckian lay upon the ground in the interest of conservation. And Centre won the game, too.

As Mike Murphy used to say, "It's all in the mind," or to quote Hamlet, "There is more in heaven and earth than man dreams of in his philosophy."

In the September issue of Shrine Magazine, read "Keeping the White Tops in Tune" by Earl Chapin May.



Drawing by
Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THE "flight of capital," that bugbear of the foreign banks and chancelleries, is toward, not away from, America. The movement of money to this country is as direct and swift as the flight of the grey goose to the southward when winter approaches. The "flight of capital" simply means that when political, economic or financial conditions arise which threaten the profit or safety of investments, money moves to a healthier and safer climate. Each disastrous fluctuation of foreign exchange or untoward political move abroad sends additional capital to the United States and fills domestic banks with foreign funds. It is a well established fact that when the German mark was at its lowest, and Germany was in a chaotic state, the London and New York banks held hundreds of millions of dollars to the credit of German capitalists.

Such money has, and will continue to have, a marked influence on the investment markets of the United States. The trend of prices for investment securities is still upward and the sanest and most conservative financial minds believe it will continue upward for a long time to come. American investors, therefore, may rest easy as to the contents of their safety deposit boxes.

CA Slow Advance

This does not mean that big speculative profits are to be made through the appreciation in the selling prices of high-class investment securities. The advance will be gradual and long drawn out and in the end may cover a smaller spread than some speculative stocks may jump in a day. The important point is that the investment securities over the succeeding term give every evidence that they will provide both safety and sales value profit.

There are no numbers on the investment wheel which pay thirty-six for one. Investments are designed for those who want to make their money work for them. It can be made to earn high wages. The person who lets his money play instead of working may sometimes win high returns by speculation but he must do it at the expense of safety, and should speculate only if he can well afford to lose.

CTo Them That Hath

For years, promoters of business and industrial enterprises in need of financing ranged abroad to bag their requirements. The past history of the railroad, mining and industrial fields of this country is full of incidents where American promoters with nothing but faith and a one way ticket abroad, sailed into Threadneedle Street, invaded the Paris, Berlin, Frankfurt and Vienna Bourses, bagged a duke, a prince or a count for the board of directors and "brought home the bacon" which was to grease the wheels of American industry.

Such a course is unnecessary today. Now the company or the financier in need of new capital does not turn necessarily to big capital-

ists either foreign or domestic, but to our own wage earners. For America, since the intensive drives of the Liberty Loan campaigns, has become a nation of investors.

CA Nation of Investors

Fifteen years ago there were less than 3,000,000 holders of government or corporate securities in the United States. During the Liberty Loan drives there were over 18,000,000 investors in government securities alone. Today the latest figures of the United States Treasury Department show that there are outstanding \$3,725,885,300 in registered Treasury and Liberty Bonds, involving 1,885,864 separate holders with the average holding \$1,800.

There are also outstanding \$12,361,088,450 coupon government bonds not registered. It is impossible to determine accurately the number of individual holders of these securities, but treasury officials believe that they cannot number less than 11,000,000. These figures do not include pre-war, long term bonds nor short term government securities.

Financiers assert that the figures do not show that there are fewer investors than during the war years, but that millions who learned what a bond was have become investors in other industrial, utility, state or municipal obligations which offer slightly better returns than the government promises to pay.

This declaration is subject to proof. Hardly a big corporation exists in this country which does not number a big percentage of its employees among its stock and bond holders.

CEmploye Stockholders

The United States Steel Corporation and the American Telephone and Telegraph Companies, from the point of view of capitalization, are the only two billion dollar corporations in the world. Since 1918, the last of the war years, United States Steel employees, under the stock subscription plan provided by the management, have bought 1,140,881 shares of the common stock of the company. According to a statement just given the writer by J. D. Ellsworth, vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the total number of A. T. & T. stockholders is 367,601, the average shares held is 25 and the employees of the Bell System holding stock number 56,922. In addition, there are 165,647 employees of the Bell System who are paying for stock under the employees stock plan who have not yet become stockholders of record.

President E. G. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation says that under this year's savings and stock ownership plan, 38,473 employees have applied for a total of 75,536 shares of the 7 percent preferred stock of the corporation at \$101 per share. This number comprises more than 60 percent of the total workers hired by the company. At the end of 1925, 22,614 employees had either paid in full or were paying in instalments on 65,121 shares of this stock.

CDividends in Efficiency

Employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad who own stock in the company number 19,276 with an average of 11 shares. Twelve thousand employees of the Standard Oil of California have acquired 481,976 shares of stock in the corporation in the last five years and over 85 percent of the men on the payroll eligible to participate are included in this number. Over 15,000 employees of the Standard Oil of New Jersey are paying for stock on a part payment plan and scores of other corporations have interested their employees in a similar way with huge profits.

Growth of employe ownership of stock has changed the attitude of labor toward corporation profits. More than 16 percent of the population of this country now is interested in corporate earnings. What this means can be better understood when it is realized that total net profits from 294 industrial, mercantile and public utility corporations for the last fiscal year, recently ended, amounted to \$1,175,000,000.

Seven Billions Richer

The assets of the United States have increased during the last seven months at the rate of a billion dollars a month. Much of this increase has been in real and personal property, but the millions have poured into the banks in such streams that bankers are almost embarrassed to know what to do with it. And they just love to be embarrassed in that way.

They have to invest it, for an idle dollar in a banker's eyes is as bad as an idle clerk. They have been putting it out in the form of call loans until the loan rate drops. Then they take it out and put it into bonds until the bond prices go up and show them a profit. Then it is switched into other securities which have safety and a chance for price increases. That is the main impulse today behind the investment security market. The volume of money to invest, for the time being, means more than the profits of the companies in whose obligations that money is invested.

This does not mean for a moment that safety is being sacrificed. But it does mean that where investors have found "gilt edged" securities forced upward to a figure where the yield was appreciably reduced, they have turned to the investment opportunities of a slightly lower grade. The protection in these securities is there but it is adorned with somewhat less nickle plate and trimmings than in the bonds officially dubbed "fool proof" for widows and orphans.

When investors have found that it cost too much to ride in a Rolls-Royce or a Pierce-Arrow, they have been content to step into a Hudson, a Buick, a Dodge or a Ford, confident that the smoothness of the business road and the workable characteristics of the vehicles which carry their money, will bring them safely to a profitable destination.

The proprietor of the bus with the broken springs, the coughing engine and the patched tires who says "Taxi, Mister" to them, however, gets few pleasant looks and only the most unwary of passengers. Proposals for investment of a dubious character have their offerings judged along the same standard applied by a most conservative member of a most conservative bond house in the Intermountain West to propaganda advanced by an enthusiastic citizen of Death Valley.

The bond man ventured into the desert country to bid on an offering of municipal bonds. While he was being Forded across the sands he and his driver were held up and \$80 in real money was extracted from the financier. As the machine dipped toward the water tank and the sun dried station, the driver who had not ceased to deliver a monologue on the beauties of the desert, concluded:

"All the valley needs is a little better climate and a little higher class of population."

"The banker, to whom profanity is an abhorrence, slowly stroked his empty wallet and answered: "That's all Hell needs."

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

(Continued from page 43)

electric company. When they pleaded contributory negligence on the part of the youngster the case looked dark for the kid.

But an inspiration came to the boy's lawyer. He put the boy on the stand and told him to smile at the jury. The grimace the youngster made in his attempt to smile made several jurymen turn their heads away.

Then the jury brought a verdict of twenty thousand dollars for the boy on the ground that he was deprived of an asset worth that sum to him. Thus, for the first time in the history of jurisprudence, a cash value was placed on a smile.

The interest on twenty thousand dollars at five percent is a thousand dollars a year. Any man who has a smile he isn't using deprives himself of an asset worth a thousand dollars a year. And, as is always remarkable, in exactly the contrary case, the opposite is true.

Nobles are not like that. The Shrine preaches the gospel of doing good with a smile, of making other people happy without being miserable about it ourselves and of a devout worship of Allah, the Smiling God.

The ritual of the Shrine is iconoclastic. That's a pretty big word but I wanted you to know I could spell it. The second section of our ceremony humbles the proud and lofty in spirit, teaches the banker that his money isn't worth a tinker's expletive in the company of real men,

shows the judge off the bench that he is just a human being like the rest of us, and teaches the statesman that he is one because we made him so and that we retain the right to give him the laugh if he is comical.

If in that teaching we cannot teach each other the same lessons, then we ceremonial in vain. If we do not realize when we laugh at other people that we too are objects of mirth, we have something missing under the fez. That day in which we have not laughed at ourselves is a wasted day in our calendar.

The margin twist laughter and tears is as thin as a flapper's eyebrow. Who has not laughed heartily can never feel the luxury of real sorrow for others. Our help for the helpless, explains the hearty laugh with which the Mystic Shrine greets this funny, funny old world. The imps of sorrow gnash their teeth in dismay when they tackle the typical Noble.

Theodosia Garrison put these Shrine stanzas in her poem, "Knowledge":

"I have known sorrow . . . therefore I May laugh with you, O friend, more merrily Than those who never sorrowed upon earth And know not laughter's worth.

I have known laughter . . . therefore I May sorrow with you far more tenderly Than those who never guess how sad a thing Seems merriment to one heart's suffering."

SPRING CLEANING

(Continued from page 35)

but his grin faded as he saw his wife's face. "You're a reg'lar little old maid, Mrs. Anthony Corria," he said, and pulling down the towel, dropped it under the sink. "What you got for supper?"

Ellen loved Tony but as the autumn days shortened, she realized more and more that he came from an alien atmosphere. A child or a puppy could be punished into submission to the everyday rules of New England life, but Tony—! Ellen did not give up, but her tongue grew sharper, her reproofs more and more frequent.

"I declare, Tony Corria, anyone would think you'd been brought up in a barn!" she scolded him. "If you ever hung anything up—"

"School-ma'am!" jibed Tony, good-naturedly.

"Dunce!" said Ellen, and pretended to box his ears.

But somehow it grew less and less funny. Ellen was strong and willing, but she was only nineteen, and a six-room house takes cleaning. A floor, to Ellen, was the flag of the good housekeeper, and like an emblem of victory, it should be kept fresh and unsoiled. To Tony, a floor was the natural resting place for anything he happened to drop—garments, newspaper, cigarette ashes, even chewing gum. Whether his cap, when it was not on his head, reposed on a hook or on anything else, was a matter of the most profound unimportance to him. To Ellen, it became symbolic, and, absurdly, it was over Tony's cap that they had their first real quarrel.

"Your cap, Tony!"

Night after night, when he entered the kitchen door, the impetuosity of his rush toward the girl he loved was checked by her reproof.

A day for rejoicing! Home half an hour

early, the birthday cake which Ellen had baked for a surprise was not yet hidden.

"Ellen! Hi, Ellen!" he called from the door, and as she hurried into the kitchen to screen the cake from his eyes, he dropped his heavy mackinaw to the floor and tossed his cap in the general direction of the kitchen table.

His aim was good—too good. The woolen cap settled, like a thunder cloud, upon the fluffy caramel frosting of the birthday cake.

"Tony Corria!" said Ellen, and her lips quivered.

He followed her eyes, and without meaning to, he laughed. It looked so funny, and he was so filled with excitement of the news he had for her.

"I'm sorry. Listen, Ellen—"

"You're sorry," repeated Ellen, not moving an inch towards his open arms. "You're always sorry, but you never remember!"

"Oh, hang the cake!" said Tony recklessly. "Ellen, I—"

She didn't know he was the bearer of good news. She knew only that he had spoiled her lovely cake and that he didn't care.

"You're the most careless, shiftless person I ever saw in my life!" she said. "You have no more sense of neatness than a— a pig. You—"

"Oh, turn it off!" said Tony. This was a fine way to greet a man when he came home with such news! "If I ever came in this door without being nagged about something, I'd fall dead of surprise!"

"Whose fault is that?" asked Ellen, fighting back tears.

The answer was obvious to them both. Tony knew that it was Ellen's fault, knew it just as positively as Ellen knew that it was Tony's.

"Yours!" he said.

"Mine!" said Ellen. "Why Tony Corria—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Tony. For a furious moment, they stared at one another; then, hatless and coatless, Tony turned about and slammed the kitchen door behind him.

The hours that followed were the longest in Ellen's life. At seven o'clock she put away the untouched [Continued on page 64]

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SPRING CLEANING *[Continued from page 63]*

supper; at eight, in a frenzy of anger and alarm, she dumped the battered birthday cake into the garbage pail. At ten, she went to bed, shaken by sobs, in the still, lonely house. And at eleven, wide awake, blaming herself, she was convinced that Tony had thrown himself over the cliff.

IT WAS a little before midnight when Ma Corria, awakened by a rapping at the kitchen door, roused her husband. With his gun upraised, he led the way, Ma Corria following, holding the lamp.

"Why, it's Ellen!"

Ellen, with her cheeks flushed and streaked with tears, her eyes swollen, blinking at the light.

"Is—Tony here?"

Tony's parents exchanged a quick, understanding glance.

"You go on back to bed, Pa," Mrs. Corria commanded her husband. Her plump arm went about Ellen's quivering shoulders and drew her into the kitchen. "No, he ain't here," she said, "but he's all right. You set down and I'll make you a cup o' tea."

"I don't want any tea," sobbed Ellen. "Where's Tony?"

"Ain't seen hide nor hair o' him," said Ma, cheerfully, "but he's sure to be all right. Had a fight, did you?"

"Yes. I—oh, Ma! Ma!" In a shaking, sobbing heap, Ellen found herself on the floor at Mrs. Corria's knees; in another instant, she was pulled into a soft broad lap, and her head was burrowed against the warmth of a flannel wrapper.

"There!" As she had rocked eight children, Ma Corria welcomed a ninth. "There, Ellen, Tony's all right. What could happen to him? All young folks fight and fly out o' the house. Pa went off on me for a week onct, when he was young."

"A week!" said Ellen, wide eyed, and sobbed again.

"Sure—and come back an' stayed twenty-five years!"

"I was so—so awful!" said Ellen, clutching the wrapper with a cold hand. "And on his birthday!"

"Tony ain't perfect," commented his mother. "How'd you like to sleep in Tony's room, the room he had when he was a kid? Somehow I ain't changed it yet. Most as good as having him beside you, ain't it?"

Comforted, babied, Ellen fell asleep with her heart full of remorse for her temper and love for her mother-in-law. But in the morning, after a sheepish Tony, cold and stiff from a night spent in the barn, was sent to wake her, she recoiled at the untidiness of the Corria household, could scarcely wait to get out of the Corria kitchen, with its heaps of ragged clothes and rubbers and toys, and its pervading smell of stale air and fried fish.

For weeks, Tony tried to remember to hang up his things and Ellen tried not to scold him when he forgot. Valiantly, they tried, each of them. And certainly there was little else for them to quarrel about. Tony worked hard and prospered, and Ellen saved. He came home after work and they sat and talked and played with the radio until bedtime. On Saturdays, they went to the moving-pictures and ended their holiday evening with ice-cream.

"I'm happier than anyone in the world!" said Ellen and Tony shook his head. He knew that he was.

It was his Christmas present for his mother that crashed their happiness, and afterwards, when she was older and wiser, Ellen wondered how much of her resentment had been jealousy, and whether she would have acted differently had she known that in secret, stolen moments at the Corrias', he was building a duplicate of it for herself.

The present was a sewing-table, with a

honey comb of little compartments, and adjustable rods for spools of thread. Outside, the New England winter was making itself thoroughly at home, skimming the ponds with their first coating of ice, congealing the sandy roads into frozen furrows. It was natural that Tony should work, evenings, in the kitchen—but to Ellen, it was equally natural that he should pick up after himself.

Pick up after oneself! It had been the baby Ellen's first lesson in life. In her mother's house, order followed upon the heels of disorder as inevitably as night follows sunset. A tool-chest was for tools, and when Tony stopped work, the tools should be put into it. To find, in the morning, his implements scattered from the sink to the table, from window-sills to pantry, was almost sacrilege.

Day after day, Ellen cleaned up the disorder of his work, little nails crushed into the floor by heavy heels, bits of wood and sawdust, unwashed paint-brushes left to stain her sink and her shining pans, oily rags and scraps of sandpaper kicked under the furniture.

"Tony, either you're going to put your things away or you'll work in the woodshed!" she told him, one morning. "I'm not going to have my kitchen looking like this!"

Five o'clock of a December morning in New England does not find youthful tempers at their best. Besides, the kitchen fire had gone out and the pump was frozen. Tony glared at her.

"Whose kitchen did you say?"

"My kitchen!" said Ellen.

"It's too bad," said Tony, knocking his knuckles against the chilled iron grate and cutting them, "that it isn't yours! If anyone was ever born to be an old maid, you were! I think I'll buy you a parrot for Christmas!"

Ellen nearly laughed . . . so near they came to safety! If she had, Tony would have laughed, too, and they would have kissed and nothing would have happened. But she didn't laugh.

"Umph!" she said.

"Regular New England old maid!" said Tony.

"And you're a regular Portuguese fisherman!" Ellen retorted.

THERE was nothing so terrible in that. Tony, as Ellen had pointed out to her mother, was not a fisherman, and she would have loved him just as much if he had been. But he was Portuguese . . . and there is a peculiar way in which a descendant of the Pilgrims can say the word "Portuguese" and make of it a taunt, and Ellen used that tone.

Tony's dark head came up quickly. "You knew I was a Portuguese when you married me!"

"But I thought you might be taught the difference between a house and a pig-pen in spite of it!"

Tony stood up slowly, and slowly his brown hand doubled into a fist. Fascinated, Ellen watched the muscles of his right arm swell beneath his flannel shirt.

"Well, why don't you hit me?" she asked, at last. "You're bigger than I am. Portuguese always beat their wives don't they?"

Only to people who love deeply is given that peculiar ability to hurt one another so. Tony's cheeks flamed, and his arm dropped to his side.

"You've always been stuck up, Ellen Snow," he said, in a voice so low that she could barely make out the words. "You've always thought you were better'n I was. I've seen the way you've looked at Ma! An' I've seen enough of it. You can keep your house just as nasty-neat as you want to. I promise you I won't dirty it any more with my Portuguese ways!"

"Tony!" said Ellen, agast. "Tony!"

She ran after him to the door, and stood on the snowy threshold, calling, but the figure

that stumbled and slipped down the frozen path, in the gray morning light, did not turn.

TONY was gone. Ellen didn't know where he was; the Corrias didn't know.

"He'll come back," Ma Corria said—but he didn't come back.

After a week, Ellen locked the doors of the little house in the Hollow and returned to her mother. Mrs. Snow was sympathetic and tender, but she wasn't surprised, and Ellen couldn't bear being there.

She couldn't walk down the main street of Dorset, where every house and tree reminded her of Tony. The post office where they'd waited together so many times—before they were married, she'd seen him there, night after night, and tried not to look at him so that all Dorset could see how utterly she was his.

If only she knew where he was; if only she could tell him that she was sorry. *Sorry!* Oh, Tony! She was just barely living . . .

Every unexpected knock at the door brought her to her feet, tense and ready, every masculine figure on the streets had some look of Tony about it that made her heart leap and miss a beat.

Christmas passed somehow and after Christmas, Ellen went away. Her father's sister, her Aunt Ann, had been left alone by the death of the aged cousin who lived with her, and Ellen was invited to take her place. Anything seemed preferable to remaining in Dorset. And perhaps in a strange town, where everything was not colored by some memory of Tony, life would be easier.

It wasn't easier. In Fall River, nothing reminded her of Tony. And every alien thing that had no contact with him brought more strongly to her the realization of her loneliness. There was nothing left her now, but memories. It was as if Tony Corria had been a dream, a lovely short dream, and she had awakened to a nightmare.

Tony . . . Tony . . .

In January, a letter from Ma Corria told her that Tony had joined the coastguard. It would be good for him, she added.

Good for her Tony! When it snowed, Ellen huddled under the blankets and thought of Tony, walking along windy strips of beach, with the sand biting against his face. What if there should be a wreck and Tony should be drowned? February, the year's shortest month, stretched out in endless cold days, and Ellen wondered if anyone saw that Tony was properly bundled up on his patrols from the station at Outer Dorset to the halfway house, three miles beyond. What if he got pneumonia?

"Ellen, I do declare you're the most lackadaisical girl I ever saw!" Aunt Ann scolded her. "Look at your things all over this room!"

Ellen, who had been standing at the window, looking dismally out at the grimy snow on the pavements, turned obediently.

"Where, Aunt Ann?"

"Where?" Aunt Ann's blue eyes snapped.

"Everywhere! Your book on the mantelpiece—your sewing on the table—your purse on the window-sill where any thief could see it!"

"I'm sorry." Methodically, Ellen picked them up. "But where shall I put them?"

"Where they belong, of course—in your own room!"

"But—" Ellen was silent. She was going to use them soon again, her book and her sewing, but what did it matter? Tony had felt that way about his tools. His precious tools! If only she could pick them up for him once more. And his fuzzy cap, that had got all over her caramel frosting!

March came in like a lion and remained like a whole menagerie. Growling, whistling, shrieking, clawing—the wind ripped through Ellen's winter coat, slapped color into her cheeks that had grown so pale. And from

Outer Dorset to the halfway house, Tony was walking, walking, in the wind! The last cold days were fighting their way out of the calendar, when her mother's letter came.

"I saw Tony at the pictures last night, and he asked how you were. He was with Philomena Prada, and Agnes Weatherbie says she saw them together, walking up the Hollow road. I guess you're well rid of him. Agnes has bought a new dress."

Tears made a curtain before Ellen's eyes; in the next room she heard Aunt Ann's footsteps and she sat, still and tense, fighting back her sobs.

"Ellen Snow—look at your things!"

Tears vanished with anger. "My things!" said Ellen. "There's nothing in this room but my coat and hat that I've just this minute taken off! You're so neat I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, Aunt Ann! I think neatness is the most awful, terrible thing in the whole world and I'm going home to my own house and be just as dirty as I can!"

SHE left her bags with old Mr. Watkins who drove the Dorset jitney, and walked, empty-handed, across the fields to the short-cut that led to the Hollow. Smoke was weaving from the Corria's chimney, and her heart sang at the beautiful, heavenly disorder of the Corrias' yard. She wanted to go in and hug Ma, and drop her coat on the floor and empty the sand out of her shoes. But most of all, she wanted her own little house.

How dirty it would be! Her eyes shone in anticipation. She'd clean it, of course, and if Tony never came back, perhaps Ma would let one of the younger kids come and live with her there. She wasn't going to grow into a New England old maid—not she! Nasty neat!

"Home!" she said, as she rounded the clump of pines at the last turn, and then she stopped and stared and grew cold with fear.

Smoke was writhing from the chimney of her house, spiralling up against the spring sky. Her house!

She tiptoed to the door and looked in. The

kitchen floor, that emblem of the good housekeeper, shone like pale straw, scrubbed as she had never been able to scrub it; the little panes of the windows, between the starched gingham curtains, were like the facets of diamonds.

Whistling to himself, the muscles of his bared brown arms dancing and whipping like sails in the wind, Tony Corria was blacking the stove!

"To-o-ony!"

He looked up and his face, weatherbeaten and bronzed, flooded with color.

"Ellen!"

She clutched at the door frame with her cold hand.

"Wh—what are you doing?"

He was staring at her hungrily, his lips twitching as though something hurt—hurt desperately. "I was—it's my day off duty. I was—cleaning up." His head dropped, like a small boy who has been naughty.

"But—why, Tony?"

"I don't know. S-spring cleaning. I've—I've learned a lot about housekeeping, Ellen."

Timidly she came into the kitchen, and her little feet made tracks on the damp, scrubbed floor. She touched the blue and white curtains with shy fingers.

"Who washed these?"

"I did. Phil Prada ironed 'em." His eyes followed her as she moved about the room.

On the wooden peg beside the door, his coat, the blue, braided coat of the coastguard, hung limply; his cap was beside it. Tony stared as she flung herself across the room, yanked them from their hooks and threw them to the floor.

"Tony Corria, don't you ever hang up your coat again as long as you live!" She pulled off her soft blue hat and hurled it after his garments, and her blonde hair tumbled about her face. "Not ever again!" she said savagely. "I want to spend all the rest of my life picking up after you!"

"Ellen!" Uncertainly, timidly, Tony's lips were curving into that loved smile. "Ellen?"

With another rush she was across the room

and in his arms, crying and laughing, kissing his fingers, all streaked with stove-blackening and her own tears.

"Tony, my darling! My little boy! My husband! Tony, Tony, Tony!" She pounded on his chest with her fists, kissed him again and again.

GENTLY he pushed her away and sat her in the armchair. Then he picked up his coat and cap, her own crushed blue hat, and hung them on the hooks.

"Tony!" Her lips were quivering as he came towards her.

"Listen, sweetheart." He picked her up bodily and sat down in her place, pulled her into his arms and lifted her chin, so that he could look straight into her blue-grey eyes. "I'm old enough to hang up my own things and I'm going to do it. I've learned a lot about picking up. I've cooked and scrubbed floors and washed and polished until it's kind of second nature to me. You've got to come out an' see the station at Outer Dorset—it's the best on this coast!"

"But I want to do it for you, Tony! I—"

He shook his head. "Nope. We want our house nice, don't we, baby? Not goin' to let any old coastguard station have anything on us! And if you're so set on picking up after somebody, don't you suppose maybe some time you'll have your hands full picking up after a little Tony or a little Ellen?"

"Oh, Tony!" said Ellen. She held him close, her cheek pressed against his, and his arms about her. "Tony, don't ever leave me again!"

"I guess not!" said Tony Corria. He kissed her solemnly and turned away, with a sniffle. "Guess I'll finish blackin' that stove, Mrs. Corria—I gotta go back to the station-house tomorrow, you know."

Ellen watched him for a minute; then she hung up her coat and crossed to the kerosene stove, to see if it was filled.

"I'll make us a bit of supper," said Ellen briskly.

QUEER STREET *[Continued from page 40]*

which she would have given him the right to ask if she had owned to having been in the wrong in resenting his solicitude for her—had long since implicitly given him, if it came to that, when she had taken it upon herself to scold the young man for slaving at his task to the injury of his health.

Even the simplest of human relations, she felt obliged to believe, were too intricate for her plain everyday understanding, were complex beyond any untaught girl's control. It was always like this; apparently, you started out with the honestest intentions, meaning to be merely civil and friendly, and next thing you knew you were faced with some positively confounding problem of interrelated rights and interests involving two individuals who, goodness knew, were nothing to each other.

It began to seem as though there were only two safe courses for any girl to take: either get married—if you could call that any insurance against embarrassing human relations!—or else reject friendships in even their most rudimentary form—and go mad with loneliness.

One thing, at least, seemed certain: Life was a big horse to ride alone; too big and headstrong altogether, unless you were lucky enough to be a man and naturally brave and clever—such a man as, for example, John Palmer.

She soothed herself to sleep at last, just as day broke, with the promise that she would run down and make her peace with Palmer the first thing in the morning.

But when she applied at his door, after sleeping far later into the day than she was wont to, she found it unresponsive.

Palmer was at that moment restlessly waiting in the anteroom of the Knickerbocker Magazine in consequence of a note which had covered a rejected story in his morning mail:

"Thank you so much for letting me see your story, A HONGKONG NIGHT. I have found it well done and interesting if not just the sort of thing the Knickerbocker needs. Why not try your luck with it on Far Horizons, which uses much more purely romantic fiction than the Knickerbocker has space for? Mr. Slaughter of Mayhew's mentioned your work to me at luncheon the other day and left me rather curious about the novel you are writing. Perhaps you might care to drop in some time and tell me more about it. Anything that has to do with New York of today or yesterday is of special interest to the Knickerbocker."

"Sincerely yours,
"Alpheus Deacon."

Which, any way one looked at it, bore witness to an uncommonly decent streak in Mr. Slaughter.

Palmer hadn't been able to bring himself to remind that gentleman of his promise to effect an introduction to the lofty Mr. Deacon, hadn't, in fact, taking into account the circumstances under which that promise had passed, even expected Mr. Slaughter to remember it, and least of all had looked to receive any special consideration, in the absence of some such personal contact, at the hands of Mr. Deacon. This note from the blue, then, encouraged him to believe, what he had gone some time suspecting, that editors were just

possibly not the high-handed lot that authors with hard luck stories, and not much else to bolster their pretensions, would paint them.

MR. DEACON a nervous, wan and modest presence that seemed several sizes too small for the biggest pair of editorial boots in the American magazine field, haunted more than occupied spacious and sedately magnificent quarters, with the vaguely apologetic air of one who had stumbled in by accident and couldn't find his way out. Palmer wondered, at first, if he hadn't been shown into the wrong office and was a bit dashed, as well, by the utterly limp hand which the great man got up to give him.

"I hope I haven't called at the wrong time, Mr. Deacon—when you're very busy—or too soon after your note—"

"Too soon?" Mr. Deacon puzzled, then found a thin smile. "Oh no. I see what you mean. No indeed. I was expecting you. If you hadn't turned up before noon, I should have wondered if you were ill, perhaps. One doesn't look to find beginning authors backward about coming forward, especially when invited."

He squirmed a little in his big chair and shot a sharply suspicious glance across a mahogany plateau something short of an acre in area. "You didn't bring me your novel?" he inferred, faintly querulous.

"No, I—"

"Why not?"

"Why, it isn't finished and—"

"I don't see that's any excuse," Mr. Deacon interrupted, with another of his faded smiles

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to rob the rudeness of its edge. "I suspect you've got a lot to learn, Mr. Palmer, about the push and bounce, some call it salesmanship, that's a good part of the successful writer's equipment nowadays. I don't mind telling you almost anybody else, given half as much encouragement, would have been found waiting on the doorstep with his manuscript when we came to open up shop this morning."

"Even if his story wasn't all written?"

"I don't have to eat all the way through a course dinner to make up my mind about the cook's competence," Mr. Deacon pointed out. "Let me taste the soup and sample the entrée, say, and have a look at the bill of fare, and I'll tell you whether I've got any appetite."

"You mean, you want to read my story in its present state?"

"I think so. At least, Bill Slaughter said he understood it was a novel that knitted together two periods of New York history. Is that right? About how much of it have you got on paper?"

Palmer reckoned that the manuscript ought to tot up some forty-five or fifty thousand words.

"Say, about half the book. And how long will you need to finish it?"

"That depends, I'm afraid," Palmer stammered. "It's a bit of a problem—"

"Meaning you haven't got too much money. I'm not surprised. Beginning authors seldom have. But these matters—mind you, I'm not promising anything—these little matters can sometimes be arranged. Suppose you tell me something more definite; and then, if it seems to be what the Knickerbocker wants, you can send the manuscript along, and I'll give it a speedy reading and let you know what I think."

The little editor slouched lower in his over-size throne and played with a paper-knife, blinking and frowning, while Palmer to the best of his ability outlined the argument of Queer Street, incidentally finding, considerably to his amazement, that the uncompleted portion was far more neatly and logically articulated in his prospect than he had imagined.

"It sounds," Mr. Deacon haltingly framed his verdict, avoiding a hopeful eye—"well! let's say, possible. It's rather a wild yarn for the Knickerbocker, you understand; so everything depends on how persuasively you've managed to write it. I should say it would demand rather more knowledge of New York of twenty years back than you're old enough, apparently, to command."

"I don't think so," Palmer shyly argued. "You see—I haven't told anybody else about this, Mr. Deacon, so I'll ask you to consider it confidential—you see, I was the little boy whose father committed suicide."

"Really?" Mr. Deacon dropped his paper-knife and stared in quickened interest. "Then it's the house you're living in—?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've written yourself into the story?"

"Afraid I have—but I hope you won't think that a drawback—"

"Not a bit. Makes it so much the more interesting. And Old Mortality who lives on the ground floor—?"

"He's in it, too; and the landlady. Of course, I've changed their names and physical characteristics."

"All the same I fancy you'll find it comfortable to move before the book comes out."

"I'm afraid so," Palmer grinned—"if ever."

"I shouldn't worry," Mr. Deacon reassured him. "Even if it isn't for the Knickerbocker, this Queer Street of yours—you can write, I know that from reading your short story—this Queer Street's sure to find a publisher sooner or later." He rested a moment, covering Palmer with a countenance of curious brightness. "How damn' interesting! And your heroine—the little typist on the top floor—?"

"She's drawn from life, too—not too photographically."

"Oh, of course! But see here: it strikes me that this young lady, in the story as you've sketched it, hasn't got too much to do, for a heroine of fiction."

"No, she hasn't," the author was glumly constrained to grant. He had rather hoped the editor would overlook that shortcoming. "I suppose it's hardly enough for her to be just—well! rather a fine sort and winsome—"

"You don't suppose anything of the sort," Mr. Deacon testily corrected; "you know very well it isn't. This young woman's got to be saddled with a lot more trouble than you've apparently taken the pains to make for her."

"As a matter of fact," Palmer reflected, "I believe she is. But I'm hanged if I know what it is."

"I don't suppose it would do to have her turn out to be the unacknowledged daughter of your Old Mortality?"

"I hardly think so," Palmer's tone was most decided in respect of this distasteful suggestion. "It wouldn't suit my plans for her at all."

"Well," Mr. Deacon dimly twinkled: "what are your plans for her?"

"I'm not sure I know, myself, as yet. They'll have to work themselves out as the story grows. I'm sure they will."

"Spoken like a true author! I'm beginning to have faith in you, Mr. Palmer. But half a minute . . ." Mr. Deacon subsided on himself and once more put on his plaintively worried expression. "I'm wondering if perhaps I haven't got something in mind that might be really helpful. Have you happened to see any of the evening papers today?"

"It isn't noon yet—"

"Don't know your New York too well, do you? The first editions are on the streets as early as nine o'clock, some of them. There was a gang battle up on Broadway after midnight last night; too late for the morning but just in time to give the evening sheets something to scream about. Buy one on your way home. The fight took place outside a public dance hall called Summerland. Know anything about such institutions?"

"Not as run in this country," Palmer replied. "Frankly, I can't quite understand how one could struggle along under Prohibition."

"PROHIBITION?" Mr. Deacon delicately jeered. "Try and find it! The modern dance hall," he dilated, "is a highly organized business enterprise and run as such. It struck me when I saw the headlines about the shooting, there was a fiction story in Summerland, if the right man could be found to dig it out. Young women of all sorts hire themselves out to such places under the trade style of 'hostesses.' They earn a little money, not too much I expect, dancing with the male patrons at so much per dance. If your little typist was sufficiently hard up . . . Well! there's the germ of the idea. Whether or not you can make it fit into your story is for you to decide. If I were you I'd have a look in at this Summerland some night, anyway, it ought to be worth while. Even if you can't work it into your Queer Street, the place and its methods ought to be good for a story—I might use one in the Knickerbocker."

He lifted himself slowly out of his armchair and came wandering round that vast expanse of editorial desk. "You won't forget to send me your manuscript, will you, Mr. Palmer?" Both the editorial and the writing mind, probably, heard 'send' as to be set in italics. "And as soon as I can get round to it I'll let you know my—that is, the Knickerbocker's—reaction."

And Palmer found himself being ever so gently given the liberty of the public corridor, and walked his way trying in vain to reconcile the uncordial limpness of the Deacon hand-

shake with the unmistakable kindness of the Deacon intention.

IT NEEDS as a rule no inordinate dole of encouragement to uplift an humble and a doubting author's heart. If hope alone were not more substantial fare than people think few authors would last out to the end of their first ambitious flight—or their last, either. Palmer thought it not too much to assume that editors like Deacon and Slaughter were not going out of their way to give him every chance he could ask without reading in his work fair promise of profits to be realized on their investment of interest and patience. And the young man found his way home, consequently, so exalted with dwelling on the rosy mirages which he took to be tomorrow's foretelling that he forgot altogether, until he was rounding once more into his Queer Street, to buy an evening paper pursuant to the advice of Mr. Deacon.

Even then he didn't so much remember as find himself peremptorily reminded. On that home corner a grubby hand brandished staring headlines beneath his nose.

"Spushul ustry! Buy a poiper, fella, 'n' read all de horrible details about yer frien' Yid November—spushul ustry!"

"RIVAL GUNMEN DUEL ON BROADWAY," Palmer read: "NOVEMBER-BRAZIL FEUD FLARES UP IN FRONT OF SUMMERLAND"; and from those broadsides of type his regard dropped to the eager, brown and oddly friendly face of a young faun.

"Member de bold y' bumped off de side-walk, fella, over on T'oid avenoo? 'member me tellin' you 'name was Yid November? Buy a poiper, whyncha, 'n' read ev'ryt'ing about him?"

"Oh!" Palmer laughed as recognition came home—"it's you, is it?" Newspaper and coins changed hands. "So you've gone into trade!"

"Sure, fella." The smile of a wise child was singularly ingratiating. "Took dat haffadolla y' guv me 'n' set meself up in bus'nness."

"But you're not telling me you've been selling papers on this corner ever since?"

"Naw. Wacha t'ink? Hadda keep jumpin' 'n' savin' up till I got jack enough t'buy out de kid 'tusta be here. 'Sme foist day on dis stand. Say, lis'n, fella!" That same footgear which would have made Charlie Chaplin envious played uncouth accompaniment to his solicitation as the boy, hugging his armful, struck a hand-gallop to keep up with Palmer. "Doncha want I sh'd d'liver yer poipers night 'n' mornin'? Y'don't hafta pay me on'y wunsta week."

"All right," Palmer chuckled, hugely amused to perceive how unthinking generosity, plus audacity of ignorance in his encounter with November, had clothed him in this gamin's sight with a glamor such as normally would have vested only in cops, Big Leaguers, and gunmen. He pulled up at the brownstone steps to designate the newspapers he was accustomed to read and give the child his name. "And what is yours?"

"Ignatius Loyola O'Ryan—but 'sall right wit' me, fella, if y'wanna call me Nig same's me frien's. Say, lis'n . . ."

"Well, Nig?" Palmer prompted, mystified to see their frank good humor wink out in those grey, quick eyes and something very like distrust take form to cloud them instead.

They shifted once more under his stare and for another instant suspiciously studied the façade of the old house. Then a begrimed, importunate paw plucked at his sleeve.

"Step dis way wit' me a minute, fella," the child cried for all the street that had ears to hear. "De ol' bimbo up dere in de parlor winda's tryin' t' get a earful o' wat ain't none o' his bus'nness. Step dis way—I wanna talk wit' you private 'n' confidential."

Secretly delighted, Palmer consented to be led out of earshot of Mr. Machen's spying

post. "Now tell me what it's all about, Nig."

"Yunno dat skoit 't lives in de same house, fella? dame Yid November was holdin' up dat day you give him de shoulder? Well, I on'y wanna tell you Yid ain't no quitter. If de frail's any frien' o' yours, y'wanna tell her t' watch her step."

"What makes you think so?"

"Me side-kick shines shoes in de pool-room over on T'oid avenoo w're de Cowboys mostly hangs out. He hears 'em talkin'. Day ain't taken no notice o' kids like him 'n' me, see."

"Mean to tell me your young friend heard this man November say something about Miss Wilding—?"

"He was tellin' Ike de Bite how he's gonna give her de surprise party o' her young life, dat's all. But her'n' you don't hafta worry none wit' me 'n' me frien' on de job; if we hears anyt'ing more, I'll slip yous de tip w'ile it's hot all right, see."

"I'm much obliged, Nig, I'm sure," Palmer returned, and meant it, too. They shook hands solemnly. "You're a brick to tell me. I won't say anything to Miss Wilding to alarm her; but you and I will keep a good watch out for her, won't we?"

"Becherlife, fella!" The clouds cleared, the brown young face once more beamed. "Me 'n' you, huh? Swell! So long, fella: don't do nuttin' desprit wit'out y'hear from me."

The faun scampered.

PRESUMABLY in chagrin because he had been detected and publicly branded a sneak, Mr. Machen chose to sulk this once behind his oak, and Palmer regained his room unhindered and settled down forthwith to mull over this new turn in the affair of Mr. Yid November before going upstairs to make his peace with the young woman whom it most concerned.

But the newspaper story of the overnight shooting scrape was skimpy in proportion to its headlines and assayed meagre information in respect of the two principals and nothing whatever concerning Summerland, which, indeed, was named only as, in effect, a back-drop to the scene of the skirmish. It did not appear that either November or Brazil had been a patron of the dance hall, and Palmer was left to believe that the civic standing of each was so notorious that the reporter hadn't thought it worth his or the reader's while to enlarge upon it. That the gun play on Broadway had kicked up a tremendous commotion was indisputable, but whether any serious casualty had resulted of it remained a question. November had evidently been supported by a number of pistols, which had returned a fire so hot that the attacking taxicab hadn't ventured to stop; and the police had come upon the stage, naturally, too late to find anything but a few perforated plate glass windows and some smears of blood on the sidewalk beneath the carriage canopy of Summerland. Detectives were alleged to be on the still hunt in the underworld for members of both gangs, and the prediction was confidently adventured that November and Brazil would judge it healthful to absent themselves from their known haunts for some time to come.

Palmer was still insufficiently acclimatized to this New York of the Nineteen Twenties to be as sceptical of gang respect for the police as he should have been. To him it seemed altogether reasonable to believe that gentry of the November kidney should keep under cover after such an exploit as last night's, at least until the indignation of the police had been given time to cool. And he was the more ready to embrace this faith because it was such a speciously comfortable one to hold. With November leading the hole-and-corner life he must to escape arrest, it was surely a safe assumption that he would suffer his petty grudges to languish in abeyance: May Wilding would certainly have nothing to fear from him within at least a fortnight; and that period of time was all he would need, Palmer insisted, to invent a way to relieve the girl of her most galling troubles.

If only that old harpy downstairs might be influenced to keep from clawing the unhappy girl . . .

He spent the best part of that afternoon summing up his assets and making elaborate calculations in disparagement of his liabilities. It worked out to this, at last, that he reckoned he could split his cash in hand with May Wilding, always assuming she would consent to accept a loan, thus enabling her to stand Mrs. Fay off for another week.

After that . . . But he was obliged to decline to look any farther than seven days into the future. And he was a young man tight-lipped with determination who in the end mounted the fourth flight of stairs to have it out with May Wilding.

She was not at home. Repeated knockings at her door, at all events, went unacknowledged. And Palmer couldn't wait any longer, to make sure of not missing her when she did come in; he had that manuscript to leave at the office of the Knickerbocker before the close of the business day, a matter of business which he might under no circumstances neglect.

He tried again upon his return, but without any better success at Miss Wilding's door, and went out at length to make his evening meal of crackers and milk at a lunch counter feeling as one who had been somehow cheated. For the first time in several weeks twenty-four hours had passed without any admixture of May Wilding's society.

Damnable, the way the least significant of human associations hardened so quickly into a habit. One couldn't be feeling more aggrieved if one were in love with the girl.

Which was absurd . . . exasperatingly . . .

A third and last application to that unresponsive fourth floor door ended in his being caught, as the young man took his sense of injury back to his own quarters, by Mrs. Fay, who was laboring up to light the gas jet in the hall. Miss Wilding, the woman told him in a burst of dumfounding good nature, had come home while he had been out to dinner, but only to change her clothes and go right out again.

Palmer repaid this courtesy with thanks, and shut himself up with his work and his cares.

But work he could not.

In the middle of the evening he abandoned the futile effort and went out for a walk, with a mind made up to keep going till he could keep on his feet no longer for want of sleep. He had only to tire his body out, as well as his brain, he knew, to rob insomnia of all its terrors.

Half an hour later he was at a standstill in the crowds of Broadway, dreading the blaze which advertised Summerland and its Two Hundred Most Beautiful Hostesses.

He couldn't afford to disburse the admission cost. To do so would involve cutting out one meal at least of those which he would need to sustain his strength for work in the seven days of grace that he had granted himself.

On the other hand, it might prove a paying investment. Deacon distinctly had said he would be interested to see a fiction story or a special article based on the relation of these pretentious dance halls to the city's life. Given the least experience to go on, Palmer could drive himself and turn out a special article in, say, a day.

Palmer paid his way in, eventually, purchased, to the tune of stifled groans, the essential dance tickets, an extra expenditure which he hadn't anticipated, and sauntered disconsolately down the rail at which disengaged hostesses were ranked in waiting.

May Wilding's face reddened painfully under his astounded stare, then bleached out to pallor of scorn.

"So!" she sneered—"you were contemptible enough to follow me—!"

[To be continued]

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WHEN SCUPPERS GO UNDER *(Continued from page 19)*

himself he was a great hero. Roy Fenton is there of course, and in the most natural way in the world, not intending to chafe anybody's feelings—facts being facts and where was the good in denying facts?—Roy says to Bennie: "I watched that Chebucto vessel all day long today, Bennie. She ain't got the easy sheer of our vessel. She's got lumps like fat cheeks on her fore and aft."

"I think our vessel is a little finer lined," agrees Bennie, not meaning to brag, but sort of replying to a fair, civilly worded judgment in a civil way.

The Rules Man has been standing by, saying nothing but doing a lot of glowering at Bennie and Roy as if they were to blame for something. Now he butts in with: "You won today because the weather was made to order for you. We may get weather to our order in the next race, and if we do, look out. Our chance has to come you know."

Bennie only smiles, he is a mild-mannered, soft-spoken kind, hating to hurt anybody's feelings, especially a man he has beaten; but Roy loves an argument; when he has an opinion he wants the world to hear it, besides which he don't like Chebuctoans in general any more than the Rules Man liked Americans. Roy eyes the Rules Man: "Your chance? You were hollerin' for wind last night. You got wind today. And you know what happened. What d'ye call your chance? Do you know when you'll have a chance with our one? You take a broad axe and hew the fat cheeks off that vessel o' yours and you'll maybe have a chance, but not till then."

That's enough. The Rules Man then begins to ease his mind; he talks a cable length, winding up with: "You know all about our vessel already, don't you? After the next race you may be admitting that you don't know so much. Better wait till the next race is over." With that he leaves the hotel.

Later that night we began to get the word that some kind of sharp work was under way. A tugboat had come and hauled the Chebucto vessel from her slip to out of sight somewhere up the harbor. Without learning any more about it we all of us went aboard our vessel that night to turn in; all but Roy who stayed ashore to find out what's going on.

Next day was Sunday and Monday we were to race again. The first gang is having breakfast aboard the vessel Sunday morning when bounding down the fo'c'sle ladder comes Roy. Bennie is sitting there eating a mess of ham and eggs.

"Know what they're doin' with that Chebucto vessel, Bennie?"

"What?"

"Taking more than half her ballast out. Getting ready for light air for tomorrow. She's naturally shoaler and wider than this one. With her ballast out she'll just slide along atop of the water in light air. What you goin' to do about it, Bennie?"

"Why, what can I do about it?"

"Take your ballast out and be ready for him. We can start in now, Sunday and all, and have half of it hoisted out before tomorrow mornin'. What do you say?"

"Take our ballast out afore a race! The racin' rules allow that, Roy?"

"They do."

"Then damn poor rules, I say, for a fisherman's race. Fishin' vessels ought to be made to race the same way they have to go to sea. We came down here with this vessel, she carryin' the same gear she's been carryin' the last four years bank fishin' to race what we s'posed was another fishin' vessel with regular fishin' gear. It's not right if they don't. What fishin' vessel goes to sea with her ballast out? If she did where'd she be in a winter gale on the banks? Take one of those hard no'westers or a no'theaster thick o' snow, an' half her ballast out of her an' Sable Island bar under her lee. P-f! How long before her crew list'd be in the Times, Roy?"

"Sure! But it ain't what'd happen in a breeze o' wind on the banks, Bennie. It's what's happenin' right here now. Their vessel is goin' to be cork light for tomorrow's race. An' less you are, too, she'll run away from you in light air. What do you say, Bennie—will we hoist the ballast out?"

Bennie is troubled, but not enough to say he'll hoist any ballast out. "No, Roy, I won't," says Bennie. "I won't treat my vessel that way. S'pose she's caught in a breeze of wind? I'd be ashamed to take the wheel of her again even if she wasn't lost."

"But you don't want to get beat, or let Gloucester get beat?"

"No, I don't want to get beat, nor let Gloucester get beat, Lord knows I don't."

"And you won't take out any ballast?"

"No."

"An' you'll put in no protest?"

"No protest, no! An' no cryin' for quarter whatever they do. Tried to get us callin' for help when they jammed us against that high cliff yesterday mornin', but they didn't hear me callin'. An' they won't. No cryin' for quarter against the rocks. An' no cryin' for quarter over ballast. We'll keep our ballast where it belongs. Win or lose my vessel will still be a fisherman."

Roy and Bennie are old friends, and being so, Roy can say what he pleases to him. He says it now as back up the ladder he goes sputtering: "It's what I said about you salt bankers! You're all right to handle a vessel gen'rally, but to go racin'—"

EVERY man of us rolling out of his bunk on the Dawn next morning hurried on deck to have an early look at the weather, and every man of us dropped back below with the same report. From the chimneys of the port the smoke was rising straight up, from the jack-staffs on the anchored warships in the harbor the ensigns were barely lifting; outside the breakwater there wasn't the least little white crest on the water, nor hope in the sky of anything like a breath of good wind. It looked as if the other fellows had guessed it right—no wind for the day—when they lightened their vessel for this second race.

We made sail and warped out of our slip. Out in the stream before us was the Chebuctoan, she looking a stranger to us, so much higher out of water was she now with her ballast out.

We ran down together to the starting line, Bennie of course having the wheel. Roy is standing beside Bennie, giving him the time from the special watch he'd borrowed off a jeweler in Gloucester, and talking to him, so he won't be too careless about the start.

"Can't afford to lose a second today, Bennie," says Roy. "This timing a vessel to cross the line is like timing a vessel to pick up a dory on the banks. You've made ten thousand flyin' pick-ups of dories in your time, Bennie."

Bennie nods: "All o' that, I'd say, Roy."

"All right. You make a flyin' pick-up of that gun when they fire. Where's the difference?"

"The difference," grins Bennie, "is that I time the vessel wrong pickin' up a dory an' I maybe lose a couple o' men instead of a couple o' minutes. But I get you, Roy, I get you."

He stood across the harbor and back. He stood up the harbor next time, timing our every move with his eye always on the Chebuctoan. He wore round, hauled up by the wind, had a sharp look at the Chebuctoan, eased sheets and let her run awhile. Then he quick in with his sheets, and hauled sharp up by the wind. We were now on the starboard tack with Roy calling the time, and Bennie with his ear up for the last flying seconds.

He nosed her toward the line. The other vessel was moving along on the other tack. We all but came together, but the starboard tack having the right of way the other vessel had to come about. The wind was too light

for fancy work. It was a matter of gauging the speed of the vessels through the water and their quickness or slowness in stays. What Bennie had learned of his vessel after ten thousand pick-ups of dories on the Banks was helping him now. Just inside the judge's boat to windward Bennie luffed, filled away and nodded to Roy who was calling out the last seconds. "Twelve, eleven, ten," calls Roy. Bennie motioned to ease off the main sheet, put up his wheel and let her run. Almost with the crack of the starting gun our bow scraped past the side of the judge's boat and across the line we went.

We were away to a wonder of a start, sheets off before the wind—what wind there was. Astern of us came the Chebuctoan, astern but already crawling up. She continued to crawl up. In the first race we had crossed the line behind her, started right in to crawl up on her and twenty minutes after the start we had passed her. It had been all joy those twenty minutes, and all the minutes thereafter. Now the joy was going to be hers. The end of her bowsprit came past our stern, her bow came past our stern, her foremast came up, her mainmast came—oh, her whole hull walked out in front and on about her business, leaving us with stomachs falling in on us as she went on by.

It was a shining silver sea with a thin blue haze hanging over it, and over this shining sea the Chebuctoan flitted. With hardly a lift of her bow, with hardly a spoonful of white water showing above her forefoot, she slipped along. Wider and shoaler, and a flat sledge of a bottom to her, she could do it.

At the westerly outer buoy, twelve miles from the start, she was a good half mile ahead of us. She turned the buoy, swung out her two big lower sails—main to port and fore to starboard—scandalized her staysail up beside her foresail, and into the blue haze she flitted like a ghost.

The Rules Man looked after her, from her up to the sky and then to Bennie at the wheel. "A beautiful day," he said with a soapy smile. "Beautiful hell!" barks Bennie. "I s'pose you call this racin' weather for fishermen."

"If she goes around within the time limit it will be a race," says the Rules Man sweetly.

Bennie said nothing to that, but Roy coughs deep up from his lungs and spits over the side to let the world know what he thinks. They both take to studying the sea and sky harder than ever to guess at any change in the weather of course, but also perhaps so they won't explode into harsh words. We all of us on deck then take to studying the sea and sky—and Leo Hall from his place aloft—he takes to studying the sea and the sky. Everybody is looking for signs of a breeze, but nobody able to see any.

"It's too hot and muggy for this time o' year," says Roy.

"Hot an' muggy an' no air. Something's got to come of it," agrees Bennie.

"You think so, or you hope so?" puts in the Rules Man.

Nobody had been talking to him, but he's one of those chaps, who just have to be putting in a word now and again. "Wind enough to let her finish within the time limit is all we ask, and I think she will get that," he adds.

"She'll maybe get more than that afore the day's done," snaps back Bennie.

WE CAN see the easterly outer buoy rolling easily in the tide ahead of us. Twenty miles gone and still seeing only the Chebuctoan's stern we were, and we had all seen prettier sterns in our time.

No man could as much as wink an eye on the Dawn and not have all hands take notice. The Chebuctoan was still running away from us when we see Leo Hall lean far out from the backstay and face inshore. We all look where Leo is facing, and pretty soon we see it—the

ripple of fresh wind like a shadow on the water. It isn't much of a puff when it reaches us, but no sooner do we feel it than we begin to cut down the Chebuctoan's lead.

The air lightens, we stop gaining, and the Rules Man who'd been stepping around like a cat on fly paper, comes flat down on his heels again.

Another baby squall comes along and up on to the Chebuctoan we go again. This time it lasts longer, and we carry our bow almost up to her stern. But no further. Down goes the wind and back we drop again.

The other one turns the easterly buoy and we after her. By all rights the next leg should have been a beat to windward, our best point of sailing; but the wind—what there was of it—had hauled, so that instead of it being a beat it begins to look like a close reach to the inner westerly buoy, twelve miles away. That next buoy was the last one before the finish line, which was seven miles beyond that again.

The shimmery silver shine was gone from the face of the sea. The blue haze was no longer hanging like a fairy veil above it. It was now a thin dark vapor and the white, round, woolly clouds of early forenoon had changed to raggedy-shaped dirty gray ones. The puffs of air were growing cooler with a little more weight to them. Bennie smiled. "We'll get wind yet," he says to Roy, who smiles back, saying nothing, he's so pleased. But the Rules Man has to say something: "The wind will come too late for you."

It begins to look that way. Time after time we edged up toward the Chebuctoan before the little baby squalls, but they would not last long enough to drive us by. Up to her windward quarter, up to her waist we would go and then down would go her wheel and she would nose us off.

"We're more like a couple of tea cup yachts than fishermen," says Roy.

If the little squalls would only hold steady we'd have tried to sail through the Chebuctoan's lee, but they always softened before we could make it. So it was work up to windward of her and be luffed off, up to windward and be luffed off, all hands of us growling to ourselves under the windward rail.

So wrapped up were we in the luffing match that we weren't noticing much else; at least I wasn't till somebody spoke up, saying: "It's cert'nly dark for the time of day it is. It can't be more than two o'clock."

It wasn't and yet it was almost like night. Then we took notice of a light flashing ahead of us. "What's that light and why should a light be flashing at this time of day?" we asked each other; and somebody answered by saying: "Of course—it's so dark!"

There was a chart of the race course tacked to the top of our cabin house. Roy runs to the chart: "Look where this luffin' match has brought us! That's Hell's Isle light ahead!" he shouts to Bennie.

We begin to stick our heads above our windward rail to have a look at the light. I saw a little white lighthouse set high up a rocky shore. Another look and I see it is an island. We being to windward were nearer than the Chebuctoan to it.

The light kept flashing, all quick flashes, as fast as the light keeper could flash them, I guess. We heard Leo Hall yelling down from the masthead thus: "It's shoaling fast, Skipper!" The pilot at the same time turns to Bennie, saying: "You're getting in shoal water, Captain."

Bennie looks up to the masthead, and nods to Leo, but doesn't say anything to the pilot. Again the pilot said, this time in a loud voice: "I said you're gettin' in shoal water, Captain. It's very shoal water."

"I heard you the first time," answered Bennie, without raising his voice or shifting his eyes from the other vessel.

The sea, now all black, was smooth enough under a slow-heaving swell and jutting out from the rocky shore was a ledge of rocks with surf breaking high and white over them. Our vessel was heading straight for the ledge of rocks.

Leo Hall leaned far out from the masthead and down toward the deck, and making a megaphone of his hands he yelled out: "I can see the kelp under our bottom, Skipper."

Without looking away from the other vessel Bennie waved his hand up at Leo to let him know he'd heard him.

The pilot then jumped over to Bennie, crying out: "Captain, you've got only a foot of water under you, and we're drivin' straight for that ledge dead ahead."

"I see the ledge," said Bennie. The other vessel is by then almost jam up to one side of us, the rocky shore is jam up to us to the other side, and the ledge of rocks with the white surf breaking over them is a few lengths ahead—dead ahead.

At this time we could not tack ship if we wanted to, without fetching up on the other vessel to one side or the rocky shore to the other. Things are looking bad.

"Call for sea-room," says the pilot, "and she's got to swing off."

"I'm calling for no sea-room. They've carried us this far—let them do their damndest now. She'll maybe come with us when we go," said Bennie.

The Rules Man then came into it. He looks sharp at Bennie, shoots a glance at the ledge of rocks beyond our bow, runs to our rail and yells over to the Chebucto vessel: "Sea-room! Sea-room! Give us sea-room. We call for sea-room!"

"We? You mean you!" shouts Bennie. "I call for no sea-room!"

"I call for sea-room. Swing off! swing off!" shouts the Rules Man.

He talks fast and on the Chebuctoan they begin to work fast. They give her the wheel to jibe her over, men standing by her mainsheet to ease the boom off when she jibed. Her main boom starts to swing across her deck. A contrary puff of wind catches her main sail aback and drives the boom back across her deck toward us. Both vessels are now side by side and almost touching.

"Don't let your boom touch this vessel," shouts the Rules Man. He's getting excited and jumps up on our cabin house. Roy Fenton jumps up beside him. Three or four more of us jump up beside Roy.

"If her boom touches any part of our vessel we win the race," yells Roy to Bennie.

"I get you, Roy," says Bennie, grinning at Roy.

Her boom was then swinging across our quarter rail. It kept on swinging. It was almost to our main rigging. Nothing could have stopped it from striking our main rigging—nothing but an order from Bennie. The order came. "Don't let that boom touch us! Shove her off!" shouts Bennie.

"What's that?" yells Roy.

"Shove her off, I said. We'll win this race with no rules to help us!"

We braced against the cabin house and pushed back the boom, the Rules Man helping us. It hung as if it didn't know whether to go or come, then another little squall of air helping, it fell away from us and across the Chebuctoan's deck. It fetched up and she filled away. We jibed and swung off after her, just missing the outer end of the ledge of rocks with surf breaking over them as we jibed.

WE WERE safely clear of the island. The light on the isle stopped flashing; but the sea was black, and sky all dark, the wind was coming with a rush. We laid a straight course for the last turning buoy, and to a freshening breeze went after the Chebuctoan. We soon overhauled her. No more baby squalls and ripples. A fine, steady breeze now. We sailed right on through her lee, and into the lead.

The wind increased. Our lead increased with it. For the first time that day we saw our scuppers go under; and that's music for a man—the song of salt water swishing up on to the sloping deck by way of a fast sailing vessel's scuppers.

(Continued on page 70)



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WHEN SCUPPERS GO UNDER *(Continued from page 69)*

The wind kept making. Strong squalls came with it. We looked back at the Chebuctoan, and as we looked we saw her roll down to her house. She was catching it now with her ballast out. They were clewing up her topsails and hauling down her big balloon. Another squall caught her; we saw them luff to ease her to it. Another squall struck her—this one before they could luff her—and this time we saw her go rail under, hatches under and then right down on her side she laid before she stopped.

"Hove down!" we yelled. "She's got what was coming to her."

The turning buoy was then just off our bow. Bennie looked ahead to the buoy, then back to the hove-down Chebuctoan.

"They did their best to put us on the rocks," said Roy to Bennie.

"I know it, Roy." Bennie stopped as if thinking that over.

"The excursion steamers can pick them off," says Roy.

"We're the nearest," says Bennie. He put up his wheel hard, and around we came. Just such another squall as knocked the other one down—tried to knock us down too, but they were two different vessels. Our one could take it.

Bennie laid his vessel to windward of the Chebuctoan. Some of her crew were up in her weather rigging, some up on her weather rail. We picked them off—it did not take long, they scrambling like cats aboard us. "How about the race—do we win it?" says Roy to the Rules Man, who is standing there with his watch in his hand.

"If you can finish within the time allowance you win the race, not otherwise," says the Rules Man.

"Well of all the—you call this racing," hollers Roy.

Bennie grins at Roy: "One of the fine racin' points you been talkin' about, Roy. How much time we got?"

"It's seven miles dead to windward from the buoy ahead. You can't make it in the time left," says the Rules Man, showing his watch to Bennie.

"How do you know she can't?" barks Bennie. "A lot you know of what this one can do to wind'ard in a breeze. All hands to the

mainsheet, and drive her when she turns this buoy!"

We lay all hands to the heavy mainsheet, and as around the buoy she came we all ran the length of the deck with it. We ran the length of the deck again, then squatted on her quarter, dug our heels into her planks, and jumped the rest of it in, hand over hand. There were three or four old fellows who'd been years and years with Bennie, the same that back in Gloucester, all the young fellows who wanted to go racing with Bennie, had hinted should stay ashore. The old salt bankers couldn't run the length of the decks any too fast, but hauling on halyards and trawls all their lives they had been, and when it came to jumping that long mainsheet in hand over hand as we turned the last buoy—well, they were there!

"Drive her! Drive her! DRIVE HER!" was all a man could hear from those old boys, and drive her it was till that mainsheet was all in-board, and her nose pointed into the wind for the beat against time.

The wind was coming in blasts, with sheets of rain before it. West and east the rocky cliffs lay as up for the finish we bore. Deep water it was to the rocks, and jam up to the rocks Bennie drove her. Every last foot of deep water to the eastern shore he took before he gave her the wheel. It was: "Down with staysail! Clew up foretopsail! Hard-a-lee!" He gave her the wheel. Around we came and then it was: "Set foretopsail! Up with staysail! Put taykle to your staysail sheet! Taykle to your foresheet! Taykle to your balloon sheet! Taykle to your mainsheet!"—we jumping to haul flat the sheets, put toggles on and sway hard away after we had them on.

Through the black water we tore for the western shore. A heavy squall came shrieking down at us, all hands watching it. "Let it come. She can take it," said Bennie.

"Then let her have it," sputtered Roy.

"Give her a full, Bennie, a good full, Bennie."

"You always said she loved a full, Bennie."

Give it to her now, Bennie boy.

"Show these damned Chebuctoans a sure enough American fisherman going to wind'ard in a breeze! Show 'em, Bennie!"

They can have all their steamboat and yachting regattas, but give me a fishermen's race with a big, fast, fishing schooner laying a boil-

ing belt of white foam through the black water in a gale of wind! And from under the high windward rail a gang of old salt bankers talking to her and her skipper through their clenched jaws.

She was going. Even the crew of the cap-sized Chebuctoan were saying: "No denying it—she's a grand vessel—a wonderful vessel to wind'ard in rough water."

We were over to the western shore now. "Hard-a-lee!" yells Bennie, and then came the quick shifting of tacks, the hauling like heroes on sheets and halyards and the rocks sliding away under our boiling stern.

The eastern shore once more, and once more it was: "Hard-a-lee!" and when around she came, it was "set topsail, up with staysail, put taykle to sheets and let her go!"

From high cliff to high cliff we drove, wind roaring all around and a black rain with black clouds hanging that low that Leo Hall to the masthead said he could almost reach up and grab them.

There is no more to say about the sailing of that race. Many craft with crowds of people on them were hanging near the finish. We drove past them and between the end of the breakwater and the judge's boat, which was the finish line.

Roy Fenton smiles down at his fancy borrowed watch, then holds it face up in his palm under the Rules Man's nose.

WE WERE well on our way to our wharf before our time was up. We ran on to our slip, taking in sail as we ran. Roy Fenton and Leo Hall were working side by side rolling up the mainsail.

"How about a salt banker for a race now, Roy?"

"How about it yourself? Didn't I say Bennie would be all right if he was waked up? Between the Rules Man and taking out their ballast they waked him up."

Our sails were furled. We were tied up to the wharf, the cook stuck his head up from the fo'c'sle hatch, and bawled: "Supper!"

The cook had a new dish, Chebucto stew he called it.

"I put everything I could find ashore here in it except the racin' rules," explained the cook. It was good.

There are, roughly, four classes of calls made on every busy man: Political calls, charitable calls, calls to sell something like insurance, bonds, etc., and business calls which mean clients. The first three necessitate clever protection from the man's guardian. She must be able to distinguish whether the man who says he comes from Governor Z is some hanger-on or a modest world figure; whether the charity is worth while or not, and even more important whether giving to it would not be a diplomatic move, since on the board of directors may be an important man whom it would be bad to offend; whether the call to sell something is stupendous enough to break a time-honored rule of most business men not to buy things from people that come around to the office. However, she must realize another rule, which is not to be insulting to the highpowered salesman who fills the ante-room.

There are many nuances to the secretary's art of protecting her employer, and the really good girl is the one who makes the caller feel that it is never the man's fault that he cannot see anyone, that it is a genuine deprivation. This however, must not be done in a stereotyped manner, and the excellent secretary is the one that is always ahead of the crowd, who is various and inventive, who, in short, has stopped saying that her man is "in conference."

Now "in conference" was a delicious happy thought when it was new a few years ago, but it has become an office joke and has sunk to a comic level. So abused has it been that the hearer immediately has a mental picture of a gentleman sharpening pencils—and it's a brave man who dares to be reported in conferences today.

While office associates and wives have the best opportunity as far as time goes for this protective business, the women who come in contact with a man even less frequently play speaking parts in shielding him from the trials that beset the more exposed female sex. Cooks, trained nurses, manicure girls, and shop girls make the best of their limited moments to make a man feel that if they have anything to do with it the sharp arrows of the world will go through their hearts before ever they touch his.

An embattled cook is a pretty sight—for anyone but her mistress. So many ladies in that profession feel that cooking doesn't reach its fulfillment in any but a masculine stomach. Lettuce and tea and toast—a splendid lunch for the lady of the house. Cold bouillon, a cheese soufflé, a chop, shoe-string potatoes (which take almost as long to make as a marble statue) a salad and strawberry tart are just a snack for the master if he should come home of a Saturday afternoon. They are so afraid that but for their efforts the man of the house might be ravaged by starvation.

Trained nurses, of course, are simply overwhelming in their protective qualities, both toward their men patients and doctors.

With a patient the trained nurse just has property rights. Visitors remain as long as she wills, and conversation is according to her taste. If a nurse really exerts herself she can do more to make a man feel both important and sheltered in two weeks than his family can undo in three harsh months.

It is a historic fact that doctors are protected by trained nurses in a way that almost dwarfs the care taken of a reigning princess. They wash their hands in the serene confidence

that a towel will be held out for them; the tide of the sick room and of the nurses' moods changes with their variations. If the doctor is well taken care of, satisfied, the nurse can breathe again. Even the gentleman patient must yield before him.

"Let's ask the doctor so and so," says the patient.

"Oh, no, you can stand it another day," says the nurse firmly. "He's busy and we mustn't bother the doctor."

A man—let's be fair—a presentable man, roaming the aisles of a department store or a specialty shop, arouses more concern in the bosoms of the salesgirls than a maiden, lost in a medieval forest might once have concerned a band of knights. Whatever his quest—gloves, stockings, or a mere matching of ribbons, the girls are champions for his defense. Poor thing, what does he know, we'll help him.

I know a girl in a bookstore who felt that a customer was so helpless that she conducted an entire courtship for him.

"I want a book," he said.

"What kind of a book?"

"Something for a young lady I've just met who's got long hair."

The girl in the bookstore prescribed so cleverly he came back beaming for more. She worked up the romance on an ascending pitch of literary taste to the young man's great joy. Then he told her he was engaged, but pleaded with her never to leave the book business. "If you don't go on selecting books after I'm married my girl will find me out and that will end it."

Spiritual protection and moral support are the great, superb and unsurpassable ways that women are protecting men from trials of life and raps of fate. It is by them that women—but we can't give everything away.

However, when she says to you, "And then I know you told him a thing or two," and, "Of course you can do it," and "You're so big and strong, dear," don't be so sure that she really thinks so.

WHY EUROPEANS HATE US

(Continued from page 15)

There would have been no great harm, there would have been no blemish on his escutcheon, if he had remained at the table with the negro for a few minutes and left under some polite excuse, if it really was impossible for him to sit at the same table with colored folks.

This, alone, has of late caused considerable friction on the Riviera. American tourists have left hotels because French Negroes have been permitted to live there. The French looked upon this with horror.

"Why, these people are Frenchmen. They are French citizens. Who offends them, offends us," they said.

The Frenchmen would have understood the Americans much better if they did not think that the guests acted in so unmannerly a manner because the French franc had gone down considerably.

From the foregoing remarks it can be seen the prejudices against the American do not root on ingrained antagonism of any of the peoples whose countries they visit. It is true that Americans are, the younger element especially, a little rowdier and louder than tourists of other nationalities. You can hear them and spot them from a distance. It is true that the American carries his prejudices and his tastes everywhere; that he insists on having his own kind of foods and drinks in Rome or Madrid, in Paris or Monte Carlo—everywhere he goes. But then this has been so before and no one had found great fault with it. We were considered eccentric children. It is not to be expected that the French or the Italians and the others will change their attitude towards guests as readily as guests can

assume a different attitude upon going to visit them. The concessions to be made are so small compared to the increased joy and profit to be derived from conforming to traditions, customs and tastes of the people tourists are visiting.

After all, it is easier to tip a waiter less than to tip more.

It is really far more pleasant to drink white wine with oysters and with fish than to drink red wine.

I see no great harm done in dressing for the theater and the concert.

It is not absolutely necessary to wear a Spanish shawl in Spain, and to protest loudly against bull-fights while looking at them.

It is not absolutely important to know that somebody offered the French government so many million dollars for the Mona Lisa or some other work of art.

And Mr. Smith of Idaho could have refrained from exclaiming:

"By golly! if they sold all that they could pay us what they owe us!" when he heard the guide's figures of each piece of art work in the Louvre.

And the Southern gentleman may forget in Paris his prejudices.

These are almost all the grievances against the American abroad. They are not deeper than the reproaches for breaches of traditions and lack of consideration for other people's sensibilities. And since Americans of all classes do want to travel for enjoyment even more than for cultural profit, it is not so very difficult to keep these few things in mind when going abroad.

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in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE
for September

THE BUSINESS OF CODDLING *(Continued from page 42)*

his social concerns could do with a bit of your managing as well as his business life.

A warm friendship I know of dropped several degrees the other day when a girl called up a man at his office, to ask him to be present at a party. It was the kind of office where everyone wants you to spell your name. After two spelling lessons she was connected with Mr. Dash's secretary HERSELF.

"May I speak with Mr. Dash," said the girl a little wearily. "This is Miss Blank. B as in button, L as in lettuce, A as in angel, N as in nasty, K as in curse."

"Mr. Dash is out, Miss Blank," the secretary stated politely.

"Can you tell me when he'll be in?"

"I really can't say."

"Can't you give me some idea?"

"Sorry, I can't say."

"Will it be an hour, or two weeks?" the caller was chilling rapidly.

"Oh, sometime today," was her even answer.

"Then please ask him to call me as soon as he comes in."

"Perhaps I can do something for you, Miss Blank."

"Oh, no, thank you," her voice a little warmer. "It's a personal matter."

"Still, I can doubtless arrange it."

"But I said it was personal."

"Yes, I understood."

"But do you handle all of Mr. Dash's personal affairs?"

"Yes indeed."

"Well, this is one you can't handle," said the girl frigidly and almost ruined the telephone as she slammed down the receiver.

The man didn't call her up until five-thirty.

"Just got your message," said he.

"I'm only living to find out one thing. IS your secretary instructed to handle your personal affairs?" and repeated the conversation.

"Certainly not, that's just an idea of her own."

"All right," said the girl. "This party is off, but call me up in a week and perhaps time will have healed my wounds."

Too good an understanding of whom their employer will speak to is almost as awkward as too little. "My secretaries (admitted a man who is important enough to have two) have gotten to know just what people I will always speak to unless I am really irretrievably tied up with a client. They ask the name and I can hear their voices rising cordially; then they come to me with an air of almost triumph: 'It's Miss—' as if they knew that this was what I'd really been waiting for all the morning."

THE SUNDAY LADY [Continued from page 23]

constant progress through the years. She told him of her hopes; that she wished to found a school for girls like that already established for boys.

"Miss Berry," he concluded, "there must be a school for girls, too. And the boys' school must continue and grow. I can't help you as President of the United States, but I can introduce you to men who will be glad to help. I'll invite you to dinner some evening later in the week and we'll see what we can do."

He kept his promise to the letter and, as a result, it eventually became possible for her to have the first girls' dormitory, Sunshine Shanty, built. Other new dormitories, a modern laundry, new class rooms and a dining hall followed. By the time that Theodore Roosevelt came to the school to pay his promised visit, in its equipment, the school was a realization of Martha Berry's earliest dreams.

It was a cold, rainy day, but Roosevelt scorned an umbrella. "Young man," said he to the youth who was driving the oxen, "let me take your place. I'll show you I know something about driving those beasts."

After they inspected every building, shop, barn and farm, they had luncheon in the Cabin. Then the school gathered in Recitation Hall where Roosevelt addressed the students. No mountain boy or girl has ever forgotten that speech.

"When I think of my own children and wish success for them," he said, "the kind of success that I want is to feel that each of them will be a lifter and not a leaner."

The following day after Roosevelt had departed, the school adopted that phrase as its motto: "Be a lifter and not a leaner."

Martha increased her efforts in her task of feeding the steady growth of the schools. Each year saw the erection of new buildings, the cultivation of added acres, the construction of new roads and the acquisition of new equipment. By 1917, the student body had increased to nearly four hundred boys and girls. Every month scores of applicants were rejected because there was no room for them.

Nearly fifteen years had passed since the formal establishment of the Berry Schools; nearly twenty years since that Sunday morning when Martha had taken three tattered youngsters from the road to her log cabin and told them Bible stories. Thirty-one buildings, some frame, some of them stone and brick, had risen. The small elms that were planted to line the Road of Opportunity from the grilled iron gates to Recitation Hall had grown tall and handsome.

So the founder planned, worked, accomplished and planned anew. She had four hundred students; she had a thousand. Children in the mountains were still awaiting their opportunity for education. She could provide for them by only one method, "going

a-begging." She was forced to raise one hundred thousand dollars a year.

From the first, the Berry Schools were essentially agricultural. The first dozen boys who plodded down from their mountain homes entered Brewster Hall with the stipulation imposed by their parents that they were to do a certain amount of work each day in lieu of tuition. For the pioneers, there was a great deal of work each day, with a little study between. But finally as the ghost of destruction was driven farther away from the campus, the rule was adopted that each student should work sixteen hours a week.

Nearly all the school buildings have been constructed by the boys. In this way the Road of Remembrance, in memory of the Berry boys killed in battle, was graded and paved.

The little cultivated patches have grown to a thousand fertile acres; the small meadow where once a solitary cow grazed has become five hundred acres of pasture which maintains horses, mules, cows, sheep and pigs. The boys are intensely proud of "the farm." They glory in blue ribbons won at fairs, where farm products and live stock are exhibited.

One of the spontaneous actions of the student body resulted in the house which the boys and girls built for Miss Berry on the very summit of Lavander mountain. They wished her to have some home of her own, other than a room in a guest house or dormitory, and so they gave their every effort in building and furnishing this cottage.

Honors have come to Martha Berry. Her state, through its legislature, resolved that "the State does now recognize the splendor of Miss Berry's work, the fineness of her character, the unselfishness of her ambitions; and, in appreciation of her life and work, she is now declared to be a Distinguished Citizen."

The Roosevelt Memorial Medal was given her for distinguished service in behalf of women and children. In presenting the medal to her, President Coolidge said: "Roosevelt believed in you and your work, and it was characteristic of him that, believing in you he should have upheld your hands and have done what he could to win you friends. In building out of nothing a great educational institution for the children of the mountains, you have contributed to your time one of its most creative achievements."

Today, the schools house about 700 students. And Martha Berry is still "going a-begging" for the money necessary to keep them alive. She is nearly sixty years old and her dream of today is to see an endowment sufficient to continue her work.

"I've never labored for honors, praise or medals," she explains. "If these schools don't go on long after I am dead, if they are not far more enduring than my own life, then I have labored in vain."

Even if her dream of an endowment should

fail, Martha Berry's life has accomplished much. Not long ago, she visited the home of one of the early graduates of the Berry Schools. She found him on a fertile, productive farm which he owned. His two sons, eight and ten years old, were playing near the farmhouse window.

Martha reflected as she watched them that here were the children of one of her own boys. Through the window, also, she could see the big, substantial barns, the tilled fields and a tall silo.

But the children were building a dog run for a round-bellied setter pup. The older boy was driving a stake with sure strong blows of a hammer. When he finished he called to his younger brother, "Fetch that roll of chicken wire, Fred."

The unwieldy cylinder of wire presented difficulties to Fred. He tried to lift it, then to drag it. Then he gave it up. "I can't handle it alone," he called. "Come 'n help me, Curtiss."

Curtiss was intent upon picking out staples from a pile of nails. He looked up, his brown, freckled face indicative of scorn.

"Aw, tug at it," he cried. "Spit on yer hands, Fred. Don't be a leaner."

Without another word, Fred returned to his task. He spat on his hands, caught hold of the wire and dragged it across the lawn.

Martha Berry turned to the father of the youngsters. "Did you hear what your boy said, Russell?" she asked. "Don't be a leaner."

The man smiled.

"My boys know the meaning of that," he replied. "There's nothing they wouldn't try to do, if they thought that, by not doing it, it would make them a 'leaner.' They think that's the worst thing any boy can be. I remember when I first heard it myself," he added, thoughtfully. "That was about sixteen years ago, wasn't it? I was in my next to last year at Berry. I'll never forget that day, long as I live. After I heard Mr. Roosevelt speak, I felt different toward the whole world. That night I made up my mind that if I gave anybody cause to call me a 'leaner,' I'd go jump in the river."

Martha recalled the first time she saw Russell. She found him, a small, weary child of twelve, sitting on the steps of Brewster Hall one October morning. When she came out on the porch, he jumped to his feet and took a resolute stand before her.

"Ma'am," he declared, "I come ter get me larnin' hyar."

Martha met the full gaze of Russell, now the owner of this neat, modern house and the cultivated fields beyond.

"I was thinking," said she, "about the first time I saw you."

He nodded slowly. His lips parted in a smile.

"So was I."

stark tragedy for the Walshes.

Mame—I'm gonna try and get you out of this—if they's any way—

Janie—Oh—Mame!

Mame—And if you don't watch your step from now on—

Janie—I will! Honest, I will!

Mame—It's a lot my fault, too, I s'pose. I should of been keepin' track of you, instead of lettin' a—personal thing come between us. Now you give me that money—

(Janie surrenders what is left of the Fund collections)

and you go and tell Miss Streeter you found the whole business—you give it to me for safe-keepin', and I'm on my way with it.

Janie—How you goin' to get it?

Mame—I'm goin' to try to get it from Lem, that's where you lost it, ain't it? Go on now.

Lem, the crooked weakling, must be worked. He must be allowed to drink himself into a reckless state—he must be lured with a glimpse of the money—he must be cajoled into shooting craps, because at craps Mame is quite fatal. She proceeds to carry out her campaign cleverly.

Lem—Aw, come on. I seen you playin' with Jim and Ken and them fellas lots of times.

Mame—That was different. They ain't professionals like you.

Lem—Now I'll give you a lesson in makin' the little gallopers behave. Here we go. Bang!

And there they go, indeed. Lem because he has to gamble; Mame—her whole soul in the throw of the dice—because she must win and save Janie! And so, fast and furious, they "shake and roll 'em." Finally as Lem finds himself being cleaned out he snarls: "There's something crooked about this, and tries to snatch the money back, as the curtain on the second act comes down.

At Mechanic's Hall the dress rehearsal progresses with spirit. Bill's contribution to the show is being tried over. He has written a poem to be sung to the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

"There is a spirit in our store,
The finest ever had.

We work for Mr. Ginsburg

Like we'd work for dear old dad.

With pep and punch on everyside,

Our hearts are always glad,

Yes, pep has Ginsburg's store.

Glory, glory unto Ginsburg,

Glory, glory unto Ginsburg,

Glory, glory unto Ginsburg,

Yes, pep has Ginsburg's store.

The joys of authorship do not deaden Bill's anxiety over Mame's delay.

Bill—Did you 'phone the house?

Janie—Yeh, and Lem come to the 'phone and every time I ast for Mame he just begin cussin' me. Mame ought to come even if she didn't get the money. She could say she got held up on the way over.

Bill—Maybe she was. Maybe she's been hit by a taxi. Gees, I seen some hard-hearted people in my day, but if any of 'em could touch you—

Janie—What do you want me to do, turn somersets, and tear my hair out? I'm tryin' to keep from havin' the hysterics. I got to play my part in the pageant—

Bill's remorse about Mame interferes with his histrionic powers.

"I gotta get out there and be the hero," he groans, "and all the time feelin' like a dirty dog that I done such a wrong to Mame."

Janie—Such a wrong! You sound like a movie.

Bill—I don't give a damn what I sound like. To think of me ever believin' what you said about her. That's the rottenest break I ever saw one sister give another. And me, the damn fool, to swallow it.

The nerves of Miss Streeter, also, are on edge. She would like to know what is keeping Mame; and in addition, she is harassed by Bill's song—an undignified and ridiculous thing to have added to her precious pageant. Mr. McGonigle, the man who puts "pep" into Ginsburg's store, says,

"Well, let's not quarrel about it till Mr. Ginsburg has O. K'd it, anyhow."

Mr. McGonigle, doing his bit for the show, falls a victim before Janie's well-trained batteries.

Janie—I think the young people that are around you are pretty lucky.

McGonigle—Do you, now? Do you—er—like to be—er—around me?

Janie—Why, Mr. McGonigle, you know I do.

McGonigle—Well, how would you like to be around me a lot more?

Janie—Why, Mr. McGonigle, I don't under-

stand . . .

McGonigle—Listen, little girl, how would you like to be my private secretary?

Janie—Oh, Mr. McGonigle—it's the dream of my life.

Considerably cheered by this Janie dashes into the pageant rehearsal, in the midst of which Mame enters—tired, disheveled, and a bit tipsy. The young actors are dismissed at last.

Janie—Mame—what did you have to do?

Mame—Lem, that's who I done. Lookit.

Janie—Mame!

Mame—You poor nut, I was shootin' craps with him.

Janie—You was?

Mame—What else?

Bill—Did you clean him?

Mame—He ain't been so clean since he was a baby.

With Janie gone to change into her street dress, Bill turns to Mame.

Bill—Mame, leave us make up, will ya?

Mame—So: Janie's give you the air, has she?

Bill—No. I give it to her.

Listen, Mame. I want you to know I didn't stop likin' you just because I started steppin' out with somebody else.

Guys is different from dames. They can be neckin' one girl and yet be crazy about some other one. You wouldn't believe that but it's the truth.

That's the way I been these last two weeks. —Honest, Mame, I been so damn miserable.

Mame—Keep away from the Automat and you'll feel better.

Miss Streeter, through a telephone message from Lem, learns of the crap shooting. So! Gambling with the store funds!

Miss Streeter—Your connection with Ginsburg and Company is at an end.

Mame—Oh, I'm fired, am I?

Miss Streeter—Most definitely.

Janie, suggesting sweetly that Mr. McGonigle do something to help Mame, gets an invitation for supper "somewhere." Mame, seeing the squeeze that goes with it, speaks her mind, and Janie threatens to get a little flat of her own.

Mame—You want people to say you got round heels. Why don't you go on the streets, and be done with it?

Janie—No, that ain't the idea, Mame. But I got my methods. Somethin' tells me I'm smarter than most of these goofs. They ain't much a good-lookin' girl can't do, if she knows her apples.

Mame—You think so, do you? Well, let me tell you one thing right now—I ain't gonna let you.

Janie—Let—This let business is finished—can't you understand.

Mame—That's enough out of you! You're goin' to stay decent if I have to lock you in your room the rest of your life.

It is a bad night all around. Bill, caught in the act of imitating Miss Streeter, is dismissed from the store by that irate lady.

Mame—Don't you care. We're a couple of poor fish, I guess, but don't you care.

Bill—Ah, Mame, if you'd forgive me and take me back, I wouldn't care about nuthin'.

Mame—I always said I wouldn't get run over twice by the same truck. I was just bluffin' 'cause you hurt me so, Bill. I could make myself leave you, but I couldn't make myself stop lovin' you.

Both now are out of a job, but fate steps in, in the person of the great Ginsburg. He is waiting below, in his Rolls Royce, and sends up word that Bill's song has touched his heart. It is great stuff. Bill is to report for duty in the advertising department the next day.

Bill—I can't—oh—gees, am I dreamin'?

McGonigle is delighted with the turn of events.

McGonigle—Well, see you in the morning, Billingsley. Now, Janie Walsh—Miss Janie, where are you?

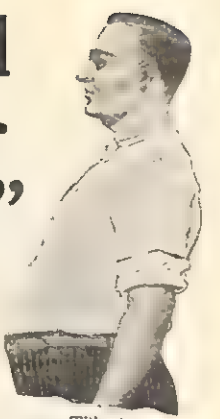
Where indeed! One of the boys tells him—

you lookin' for Janie? She just went out ridin' with Mr. Ginsburg.

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LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM [Continued from page 31]

Bill—I think that Janie should—

Mame—What you think about Janie is your own business. And what I think of her is my business. It'll all get explained, don't you worry. You can go now, Bill.

Bill—But listen here—

Mame—Did you hear me? Choose the nearest exit. Haul your freight. And keep everybody out of here till we get through. You can do that much.

The two desperate girls are alone at last. Mame demands the facts from her sister.

Janie—Somebody swiped it. And Miss Streeter says where is it, I got to have it now—and I was just so lost and helpless—and Bill happened to come in—and I ast him to get it for me—and I know I was wrong to let him think you was the one that . . . and now you come in, and I didn't have no time to explain.

I think it's just wonderful the way you took it. God Bless you for stickin' up for your little sister that way—

Mame—I wouldn't do to a skunk what you done to me.

Janie—Aw, Mame—I didn't—

Mame—Don't you Mame me. I got all I can do to keep from layin' a hand on you. Tellin' him I went through your trunk! I'll slap your face! I wisht I'd been born a orphan and left on a doorstep, so help me Pete. Makin' me out to be a sneak—gettin' him in here, and tellin' him—you mean little snot! I could scratch your eyes out!

And then, suddenly, her nerves breaking, she slaps the younger girl fiercely in the face, and cries, agast, "Oh God!"

Little by little the truth comes. How Lem plus the ponies, plus the Welfare Fund, equals

SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

HOSPITAL BOARD MEETS

A strenuous session of five days immediately preceding the meeting of the Imperial Council cleaned the desk of the secretary of every item. Much business of importance was transacted, but it was largely of a detail nature.

The matter of insistence on birth certificates showing age of applicants was re-affirmed as a need to prevent admission of children beyond the age limit.

A letter from Syria Improvement association was read and the reply of the Secretary of the Board setting forth the annual receipts and fixed charges, with the additional information that Richmond had been allocated the next unit for erection.

The enlargement of the number of patients at the Twin Cities unit was discussed and the conclusion finally arrived at that the number of beds to be continued at sixty, the present number.

Philadelphia unit reported contributions in the amount of \$17,100 and suggested method for their expenditure. A special committee was appointed to act with the Philadelphia Board in the matter of beautifying the grounds and meet existing needs of the hospital in equipment and furniture.

A contribution of \$5000 from Noble Charles V. B. Slade to the St. Louis unit was ordered placed at the disposal of that unit in accordance with the wish of the donor.

Nobles Kirk B. Porter and Judd were added to the Honolulu Board for a full term, increasing the membership of that Board to seven.

The superintendent of the St. Louis unit was granted a six months' leave of absence on half pay.

Committees were authorized to see that suitable emblem or sign was placed on the Philadelphia and Portland units.

Letter heads of uniform style were ordered prepared for each unit, to supersede all stationery now in use.

Chairman Cochran was requested to prepare a letter on the matter of Convalescent Homes, setting forth the attitude of the Board regarding the acceptance and operation of the same, the judgment of the Board being that Convalescent Homes do not come within the scope of their authority under the resolutions creating the benevolence.

The Secretary was requested to secure copies of all wills mentioning the Shriners Hospitals as beneficiaries, same to be kept on file in the office of the Board.

Quite a number of legacies were reported and a resolution was adopted governing the matter of handling the same.

Committees from Buffalo and Rochester were heard, each requesting the location of a hospital unit at their respective cities.

An application was made by Antioch Temple, Dayton, for the allocation of a hospital to that Temple.

A committee was appointed to confer with Donald McKenzie Rowatt in relation to the magnificent bequest contemplated in his will and to execute such papers as the situation required.

A donation of \$12,500 by the Crippled Children's Sunshine Club, of Springfield, Mass., was accepted and a resolution of appreciation voted. It was moved that the erection of an annex to be used for educational and avocational purposes be authorized; cost not to exceed \$12,500.

Attendance of the superintendents was authorized for the meeting of the American Hospital Association at Atlantic City, in September. Railroad fare, hotel and Pullman allowance was authorized.

Dr. William Marmaduke Brown's nomination as surgeon at the Lexington unit was confirmed and Dr. Langworthy was appointed to fill the vacancy created by resignation at the Spokane unit.

A motion passed that no surgeons-in-chief, superintendents or nurses shall have authority to attend any convention at the expense of the Board without specific authority from the Board.

Improvements, furnishings and repairs at the Shreveport unit, amounting to \$95,825.66 were approved.

Cooperation with the Public Health Board of Honolulu in making survey of islands to secure data as to crippled children was authorized, the expense being limited to the amount of \$100.

The satisfactory manner in which the business had been handled by the advance meeting of the Board led to the passing of a resolution that the meeting immediately preceding that of the Imperial Council shall be called hereafter not less than four days before the session convenes.

The continuation of twenty-eight beds by the Honolulu Hospital for crippled children was authorized.

Permission was authorized to permit mobile units to increase their capacity twenty percent in emergencies.

Phoenix, Ariz., made application for a Mobile unit and the secretary was requested to advise the Nobility at that point of the present financial inability of the Board to further extend its operations.

El Paso advised of a desire for consideration when the time for the establishment of more Mobile units shall have arrived.

The next meeting was scheduled for the Drake Hotel, Chicago, September 28th, to combine the meeting with the dedication of the Chicago unit, which dedication will occur Saturday, September 25th.

The election resulted in the continuation of the same officers.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL UNIT
OF THE SHRINERS HOSPITALS
FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

JOHN D. MCGILVRAY, *Chairman*
ERNEST C. HUETER, *Vice-Chairman*

ARTHUR JOEL, *Secretary* CHARLES G. GEBHARDT, *Treasurer*
FRANCIS V. KEESLING WILLIAM H. WORDEN
JOSEPH HEINEBERG

A REPORT OF THE HOSPITAL
BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The report of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children for the year ending March 31st, 1926, is as follows:

We now have eight hospitals and four mobile units in active operation with a total capacity of 540 beds. The Philadelphia unit is nearing completion and will probably be opened during June 1926, which will increase our capacity to 620 beds.

During the past year we completed one unit, that at Chicago, which was opened on March 20th, 1926, and is now in full operation.

Seven hospitals (Chicago only opening March 30th), and four mobile units have, up to and including March 31st, 1926, treated in the wards and dismissed either restored to normal condition or materially corrected and improved, a total of 3377 crippled children. In our out-patient department maintained at each institution we have treated almost twice that number, as the children treated in the clinics or out-patient department do not require ward or bed treatment. All of our institutions are constantly filled and there is at the present time a waiting list of over 1074 for all hospitals

and mobile units. The average stay of patient in hospital is 80 days.

The Board of Trustees when allocating the first ten hospitals, decided to locate one somewhere in Virginia, but as the Temples interested did not conclude their deliberations on the location until within the past year, the Board on June 1st, 1926, concluded that this unit should be built at Richmond, Va., and made an inspection of the various sites offered. A site has been donated by Acca Temple, and as soon as our finances will permit there will be established a 50-bed hospital at Richmond, Va., then a 50-bed hospital at Pittsburgh, Pa., upon a site donated by Syria Temple and selected by this Board, and following the construction of the Pittsburgh unit, a 50-bed hospital will be located in the central or western part of the State of New York, on a site to be donated by the Temple in the city in which the Board conclude to build the hospital.

The mobile unit at Lexington, Kentucky, the location of which was concluded at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Kansas City, June 1924, is now under construction and will be completed and put in operation during the late summer or early fall. This unit was made possible by Oleika Temple of Lexington, Kentucky, providing a building at its own expense in connection with a general hospital located in Lexington.

Mr. W. W. Burgess of Greenville, South Carolina, who is not a Mason, offered to your Board of Trustees to furnish the money to purchase a site and to build, furnish and equip a hospital in Greenville, South Carolina, at his own expense, the cost not to exceed \$350,000.00, said hospital to be erected, furnished and equipped under the direction of your Board of Trustees, and in accordance with plans and specifications drawn by our Supervising Architect, and furnish and equip under the direction of our Director of Nursing, and the same to be turned over to us free and clear, without any restrictions or qualifications whatsoever, but merely with the agreement that we would accept and maintain same as a Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children. This offer was accepted by your Board of Trustees, plans have been prepared, bids are being asked for, and probably by the time you read this report the work will be under construction. Your Board felt that this was a most generous offer and one which could not be refused, as it was given gratuitously and for the benefit of the crippled child, and out of respect and honor

for the work which our organization was doing in that line. To cover any possible additional cost, Hejaz Temple of Greenville, South Carolina, offered to furnish a site and \$25,000.00 if necessary, to insure the construction of the hospital contributed by Mr. Burgess, and this offer, which was most generous, was also accepted, both acceptances taking place at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held in Atlanta, Ga., on January 25th, 1926.

The Board of Trustees has received requests for hospitals from several Temples in various sections, to which the reply has been made that financial circumstances do not at this time warrant the building of further units.

The Department of Research now being operated in connection with the St. Louis unit under the direction of Dr. J. Albert Key, Orthopaedic Surgeon, and in connection with the laboratory facilities tendered us by the Barnes Hospital adjacent to our hospital, is making progress, this department endeavoring to ascertain the causes of all Orthopaedic maladies in the hope that this work may prove of enormous benefit in ascertaining a method of combating or preventing arthritis and other orthopaedic conditions.

We have supplied each and every Temple, through its Recorder, [Continued on page 75]

SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

A REPORT OF THE HOSPITAL
BOARD OF TRUSTEES

[Continued from page 74]

publicity from time to time as to the progress of our work, so that every Noble could receive the official information regarding this greatest God given charity work that he is assisting by his contribution.

The Board of Trustees acknowledges with thanks a gift from Moolah Temple of \$25,000.00 toward the cost of furnishing and equipping the St. Louis hospital. The Board desires also to express appreciation of the generosity of the late Potentate Henry Lansburgh of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C., one of the earliest and staunchest friends of the hospital movement. Noble Lansburgh had given \$5000.00 to the hospital fund at its beginning and \$1000.00 each year thereafter, until his death in 1925, when he bequeathed to the hospitals a sum sufficient to produce \$1000.00 a year perpetually.

Publicity has also been given to the various Masonic publications which have frequently printed articles on the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, likewise many of the daily newspapers of the United States and Canada have been most liberal in their assistance in the publication of similar articles, and to all of those your Board of Trustees extend their thanks and appreciation.

The advice and counsel given by the Imperial Potentate, the Deputy Imperial Potentate, the Imperial Chief Rabbani and the Imperial Assistant Rabbani, all of whom have attended the various meetings of the Board, have been of great assistance to all the other members of the Board in the handling of the affairs in connection with the various hospitals and matters coincident thereto.

To the members of the Board of Governors of the several hospitals and mobile units, and to the Building Committees of the institutions completed during the past year, and those now under construction, your Trustees extend their thanks and appreciation for the loyal co-operation they have received from the members of these several bodies. The various Boards of Governors and Building Committees served without any form of remuneration other than the fact that they are doing something for the crippled child. They gave generously of their time in the conduct of the institutions under their charge. We also express our appreciation to the various Women's Auxiliaries who have assisted the several institutions in providing entertainment and luxuries for the children, and in the making of the various articles used in the institutions, such as dresses, rompers, bibs, etc. We also extend thanks and appreciation to the various outside organizations, such as the Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club and other similar institutions in the various cities, that have provided materials and funds for special work.

To the Advisory Board of Orthopaedic Surgeons, comprising men of the highest type and distinction in Orthopaedic service in North America, who have given of their time and experience to assist us in this work, we also extend our appreciation and thanks for their services rendered, which has been most generous during the past year. This Board of Advisory Surgeons nominate all of the Chief Surgeons of our institutions, choosing men who are experienced and skilled in this particular line of work, and in no instance has this Board found it necessary to do other than adopt their recommendations. The members of the Advisory Board are as follows: Dr. Robert B. Osgood, Boston, chairman; Dr. Michael Hoke, Atlanta, secretary; Dr. W. Edward Callie, Toronto; Dr. Edwin W. Ryerson, Chicago, and Dr. John C. Wilson, Los Angeles.

Your Board of Trustees, in the fall of 1922, realized that in order to make a success of the operation of the various hospitals under con-

struction, they would require a Director of Nursing who had had experience, in order to properly equip and supervise the running of the hospitals, and they were very fortunate in securing as the Director of Nursing, Miss Florence J. Potts, a woman of wide knowledge and experience in not only general hospital work but also in Orthopaedic service. We cannot say too much for the ability, loyalty and the services rendered by Miss Potts during her association with our work. She has established a dignity and morale in all of our units, and we feel that we were very fortunate in securing her services in this position.

It is very gratifying to the Board of Trustees to recognize and believe that the Nobility at large now accept and approve the idea that the assessment of \$2.00 per member is paid for the relief of crippled children wherever located, regardless of the amount contributed by any Temple or group of Temples or individuals, and that the Board of Trustees are honestly endeavoring to distribute the benefits of our hospitals impartially to the largest number of crippled children and to fairly cover the various sections of our jurisdiction.

MEETINGS OF THE BOARD

The Board of Trustees, since its last annual report, has held official meetings at Los Angeles, June 1st to 5th; Philadelphia, September 29th and 30th; Richmond, October 1st and 2nd, 1925, and at Atlanta, January 25th to 27th, and at Chicago, March 20th, 1926. In addition to these official meetings the Chairman has traveled extensively on business for the hospitals and the various sub-committees of the Board in charge of the several hospitals, have made frequent visits to the several institutions or held meetings for specific purposes. The Springfield, Mass., hospital was dedicated on May 14th, the Montreal hospital on May 15th, 1925, and the Chicago hospital was opened for the reception of patients on March 20th, 1926.

At the Los Angeles meeting of the Board in June, 1925, Noble Cochran nominated for election as Chairman, Noble W. Freeland Kendrick, who asked that the nomination be withdrawn, owing to his arduous duties as Mayor of Philadelphia. Noble Cochran was then nominated and re-elected Chairman. Noble William S. Brown, Imperial Treasurer, was unanimously elected Treasurer of the Board of Trustees.

The American Surety Company of New York carry a bond covering all officers of the governing boards and others who handle hospital funds.

At the meeting held in Philadelphia September 29th and 30th, Noble Forrest Adair, who had been Secretary of the Board of Trustees since the inception of the work, resigned the office of Secretary on the advice of his physician, and the Board elected Noble James R. Watt as Secretary to succeed Noble Adair, effective as of October 15th. Owing to Noble Watt being taken suddenly ill previous to October 15th and continuing for many weeks, he was unable to assume the office of Secretary until after the meeting adjourned at Atlanta, Ga., in January, taking over the office of Secretary as of February 6th, 1926.

Respectfully submitted,

SAM P. COCHRAN,
Chairman

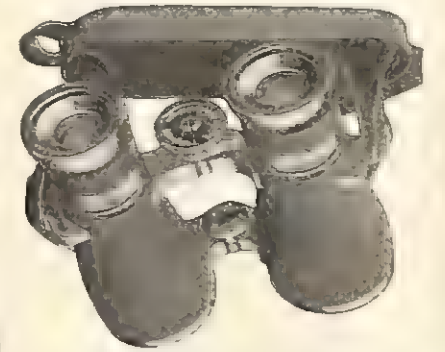
W. FREELAND KENDRICK,
Vice-Chairman

JAMES R. WATT,
Secretary

FORREST ADAIR
DR. OSCAR M. LANDSTRUM
JOHN D. MCGILVRAY
ARTHUR W. CHAPMAN
JAMES C. BURGER,
Imperial Potentate

[Continued on page 80]

GERMAN WAR GLASSES



8 power \$9.85 Postpaid

For hunting, motoring, the races, ocean travel, bird and nature study, etc.

These genuine German War Glasses were purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange. Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparation Commission. Conservative \$20.00 value. Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m. m. objective. Dust and moisture-proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 95,000 pairs of this model to date.

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New Self-Massaging Belt
REDUCES WAIST
-Easily!

Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New
Invention

At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt by means of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you and 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. You look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reduction is used by athletes and jockeys because it reduces quickly and preserves their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Well Company, 1208 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WELL COMPANY, 1208 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and your special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

SHRINE NEWS

KOSAIR Temple's Elaborate PROJECTS

KOSAIR TEMPLE, Louisville, is alive to every need that Shrinedom presents and failing the assignment of one of the units of the Hospitals it took upon itself the erection of a hospital to serve the 12,000 crippled children in Kentucky. While started by Kosair Temple the hospital is really aided now by various other fraternal and benevolent organizations and even the Board of Directors is not composed exclusively of Shriners. Which is a small matter, compared to the work that is being done. The hospital built and furnished cost \$157,439.64, a balance of \$27,797.22 remaining still unpaid. The best obtainable staff is in charge of the medical and surgical work and the hospital is rapidly receiving recognition at the hands of all the local benevolently inclined people. Operated in connection with the hospital is the first crippled children's school ever to function in Kentucky.

KOSAIR also felt the need of a Mosque and hunted around for the most acceptable form in which such a building could be erected with a consideration of maximum of service and minimum of operating expense, and finally decided upon the hotel plan. This gives the advantage of providing warmth and life every day, that of being open for the convenience of the Nobility and their friends at any and all times. Chief Rabban Dennie R. Lindsay, having had years of experience in the hotel

business, makes an ideal manager for the building. The building contains beside the hotel, a ballroom, 60 x 180 feet and one of the handsom-

est in the state. It is beautifully decorated with Egyptian characters and paintings. On the first floor are the Shrine offices, the hotel lobby and a large social room, which is artistically furnished and beautifully decorated. The basement contains the heating plant, the kitchen, serving room, and banquet or exhibition hall, 16 x 190 feet. Three national convention exhibits have already been held in this room. It not only affords a meeting place for Shriners, it provides accommodations for any large gathering in Louisville.

An auditorium, designed to seat five thousand people, is to be one of the features of the building, but this is not yet completed.

THE hotel portion has one hundred and fifty-five rooms each with an outside exposure and bath connections.

The building is of glazed terra cotta and the frieze, 200 feet long and 7 feet high, depicts in bas relief a desert caravan at sunrise. The entire design of the building is Egyptian and figures, columns and decorations in bright colors predominate, the entire scheme of the Egyptian style being carried out.

The building is so arranged that all portions may be used at the same time for various purposes without conflict, each division having a separate entrance.

The hotel portion of Kosair's new Mosque is open to the general public.



George L. McDonald, President of Kosair's Hospital for Crippled Children.



Dennie R. Lindsay, Chief Rabban, Kosair, Manager of Kosair's Hotel, Louisville.



The beautiful new hotel which is being built by Kosair Temple in Louisville.



Lawrence B. Craig, Potentate Kosair, whose efforts made possible the hospital.



The Shriners may well be proud of this charming Hospital for Crippled Children, built by Kosair Temple at Louisville.

SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
of the
TEMPLES

MR. CROSLAND'S FIRST VISIT

THE elements combined to make the day of the first visitation of Imperial Potentate Crosland, the laying of the cornerstone of the Mosque of Acca Temple, and the fortieth anniversary of that Temple, as nearly perfect as could be desired, and one that Richmond, Virginia, will long remember.

The exercises began with the reception of the Imperial Potentate and party at the depot at nine o'clock in the morning. A breakfast was served to the visitors and the parade formed almost instantly. A rather unusual feature of the parade was the appearance of the Grand Lodge, the Commanderies of the city under direction of the Grand Commander of the state and the guards of the Scottish Rite. These, added to the uniformed units from Khedive, Norfolk, and Kazim, Roanoke, with several thousand members of the Nobility wearing the fez, made up a parade of about 3000. The streets were filled with crowds and the reception of the parade was most enthusiastic.

The Boy Scouts and the De Molay organizations were on hand and the band of boys from the Masonic Home was the favorite organization all along the line of march.

The ladies were indefatigable in their entertainment of the visiting ladies, Mrs. Crosland being the guest of honor.

When the parade arrived at the site of the new Mosque, which is really in the center of things, apart from the wonderful Monroe Park, the Imperial Potentate requested Grand Master Ben W. Beach to take charge of the ceremonies and the stone was laid in ancient and approved style, music by the various bands and Acca Chanters.

Following the ceremonies, Potentate Carter N. Williams, Jr., Acca, addressed the large audience, introducing Lieut-Gov. J. E. West, Khedive, Norfolk, who represented the State of Virginia. He was followed by Noble J. Fulmer Bright, Mayor of Richmond, who extended a welcome to the visitors and congratulated the citizens of Richmond on the splendid auditorium and building which had just been put on the way to erection.

Past Grand Master James H. Price, Recorder of Acca, spoke, representing the Grand Lodge of Virginia and then came the presentation of Imperial Potentate Crosland, who made an earnest

and eloquent speech on the relations of the Mother Lodge and the Shrine.

Ex-Governor A. J. Montague, Congressman from the Richmond district and a member of Acca, made the closing address, after which adjournment was had to the Masonic Temple, where a buffet luncheon was served.

The trowel used in the laying of the cornerstone was the same one that performed a like service in laying the cornerstone for the Lee monument at Yorktown.

During the entire ceremonies, three airplanes, sent by the government, kept immediately over the legionnaires in the parade.

In the afternoon a Ceremonial was held at which fifty Novices were inducted into the order. Imperial Potentate D. W. Crosland and Imperial Marshal John N. Sebrell, Jr., of Khedive, Norfolk, were received with full honors and made interesting addresses to the Nobility, which were enthusiastically received.

In the evening, separate banquets were served the ladies and the Nobles, these being followed by a ball which lasted until an early morning hour, closing a most eventful day in the history of Masonry in Virginia and Acca Temple especially. Emeritus Member Preston Belvin, the sole surviving charter member and the first Potentate of Acca Temple, received special and enthusiastic attention at the hands of the Nobility. Past Imperial Potentate George L. Street, who had been the first and largest subscriber to the Mosque fund, and who has since passed to his final reward, was feelingly referred to on several occasions during the ceremonies.

The new Mosque will fill a much desired niche in Richmond, the auditorium being constructed to seat 5000, the dining room 2000 with smaller halls for lodge gatherings and other purposes not demanding maximum space. A \$40,000 pipe organ will be installed, and splendid club facilities are incorporated in the plans. There will be forty-two bedrooms with baths. The lot is 200 x 300 and the estimated expense of building, exclusive of furniture and equipment, will run a million dollars.

The building committee is composed of Nobles Clinton L. Williams, Preston Belvin, J. Lee Davis, W. Creed Davis, J. Luther Moon, Carter N. Williams, Jr., and Robert S. Crump.

MEDINAH'S COUNTRY CLUB

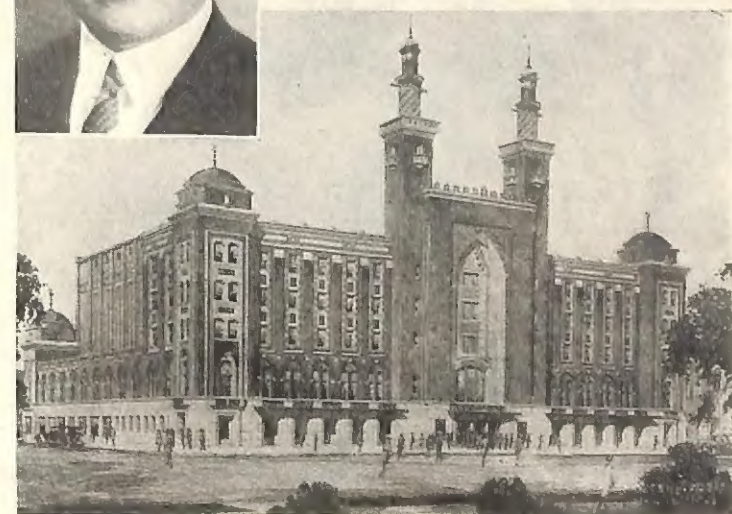
Imperial Potentate James C. Burger, with Mrs. Burger, and friends, together with Potentate

(Left) Past Potentate Clinton L. Williams, President Acca Building Committee.

(Acca Temple's new Mosque, Richmond, cornerstone of which was recently laid.



Preston Belvin, Acca's First Potentate, and member of Building Committee.



tate Mills of Medinah Temple, and other notables, visited the Chicago Unit of the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children on the morning of Sunday, May 9th, and after luncheon, as guests of the officers of Medinah Country Club, inspected the grounds and buildings of Shrinedom's great country club near Chicago.

Medinah Country Club is attracting wide attention, not only because it is in its scope the largest thing of its kind in existence, as well as one representing already a construction budget of over a million dollars, but also because the project is already substantially put over toward completion. What was "to be" has largely become What Is. Dedication of the Club House is expected in early summer.

The Chicago Daily News, sports editor, Robert J. Stanton, writes in the News, issue of April 30, as follows:—

When the writer asked Howard G. Shockey for a description of the Medinah Country club he was handed the following story of the development of a unique club in the Chicago district.

"On that fair day, now happily not far distant, when the stately gates of the Medinah Country club swing open and the magnificent new home of its fortunate membership is revealed in all its oriental splendor of line and color, Chicago's title to supremacy as the Shrine center of the world will have been established for all time.

"Then, for the first time in the history of the Masonic order, a place suitable in size and dignity and adequate in facilities will be available for club entertainment of visiting Shriners and other important Masonic delegations.

Is Easy of Access

"Notable among Medinah's assets is its fortunate location, easily accessible from every part of the city, yet in a setting rarely endowed with natural beauty. Included within its boundaries are about four hundred and fifty acres of DuPage county's most attractive countryside, situated ten miles due west from Chicago's city limits.

Clubhouse Unique

"Uniquely planned of composite Moorish architecture, and of such size as to permit dancing of 3,000 and feeding of over 2,000 at the same time, this club and grounds will be a beauty spot, one of the show places of the midwest, and an acquisition that Chicago will be proud of.

"Fortunate indeed are those that hold membership in Medinah Country club. Besides golf there are more than thirty sports and social (Continued on page 78)



Potentate Carter N. Williams, Jr., is also a member of the Building Committee.

SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
of the
TEMPLES

(Continued from page 77)

activities planned, including aeronautics, athletics, baseball, billiards, boating, bowling, croquet, fly casting, horseshoe pitching, polo, roque, horseback riding, skating, skiing, swimming, trap-shooting, tennis and tobogganing. The polo field will consist of thirty acres, and the outdoor swimming pool, to be 60 x 120 feet. The amphitheater and large outdoor stadium will have a seating capacity of 11,000. The huntsman's and fisherman's log lodge retreat adjacent to the shooting grounds will prove to be one of the most popular features.

Has Sporty Holes

"There will be three of the sportiest eighteen-hole golf courses possible to be found in this section. No. 1 will open for play May 15. No. 2 will be finished and ready about July 1, 1926, and No. 3, the ladies' course, will be completed in the early fall.

"Great credit is given the founders and directors, Charles H. Canode, president; T. R. Heman, vice-president; William S. Barbee, secretary, and F. N. Peck, treasurer, in making possible this wonderful home that will stand as a monument in the years to come to their untiring efforts."

HAD DOUBLE CELEBRATION

El Zaribah, Phoenix, is so tickled over the completion of the new highway that they officially set aside a day to try it out and invited the boys from Prescott to join in the celebration. A wonderful camp site was se-

lected and the gathering was regaled with refreshments and music, and enjoyable games.

The daughters of the Nile put on one of their Ceremonials to meet the date of the Shrine Ceremonial and the two organizations held a dance, for which outside music was imported, the local musicians insisting on being among those present on the floor. Noble Cliff Carpenter was in charge of the arrangements for the joint affair.

ALMAS GREETES STEUART

Just to put its seal of approval on the action of the Imperial Council in selecting its favorite son, Leonard P. Steuart, to the post of Imperial Outer Guard, Almas, Washington, held a ratification meeting on the return of the successful contestant.

Noble and Mrs. Steuart were met at the depot with gaily decorated cars. The uniformed units of Almas, and visiting bands and patrols of Anah, Bangor, and Kora, Lewiston, Maine, joined in the escort which attained the proportions of a real parade; more than 2000 people being in line in uniform or wearing the fez.

The parade was led by chief of police Major Edwin B. Hesse. Autos containing Imperial Outer Guard Steuart and Potentate Charles D. Shackelford, First Ceremonial Master James C. Boyle and Recorder Lawrence C. Walker and Mesdames Steuart and Shackelford followed, and the guests were escorted to the Raleigh Hotel where a reception was tendered Noble and Mrs. Steuart. Potentate Shackelford felicitated Noble Steuart on the successful issue of the campaign and spoke on what it meant to Almas Temple; Noble Steuart briefly replying. Then Noble Edward L. Dutton spoke in high praise of the help Mrs. Steuart has always been to her husband, particularly as chairman of his entertainment committee, and Mrs. Steuart replied in a manner that brought forth hearty applause. After the reception a dance was held.

SAHARA'S NEW MOSQUE

One of the major construction projects for Pine Bluff, Arkansas, this year is the new Sahara mosque to be erected at a cost of about \$300,000. The plans for the structure have just been completed, and bids opened.

The new mosque will be one of the most modern structures of its kind in the Southwest, when completed. It will be 109 by 204 feet, four stories high, of reinforced concrete and stucco, of Egyptian style of architecture and will give forth an atmosphere of the Valley of the Kings. Masonic and Shrine emblems will feature the interior and exterior design.

The auditorium to seat between 2,300 and 2,500 people. Billiard rooms, smoking compartments and lounging rooms will be located in the basement, while a banquet hall will seat 1,000. A band practise room will be 48 by 65 feet in size. A kitchen has been planned, as well as ladies' parlor and rest room, together with an orchestra pit and stage effects for road shows. Modern lighting will feature the structure which will stand on the edge of the residential section of the city, yet will be centrally located.

ISLAM'S BIG OUTING

Islam, San Francisco, does so many things and all in a big way that much is expected to come out of the country place they have recently acquired. It is 1640 acres of virgin redwood timber, with trout streams and all the usual accessories of a back to nature outfit. That it may be brought forcibly to the attention of the Nobility of Islam, arrangements are now being perfected for the putting on of a Shrine pageant on August 27, 28 and 29. The first night will feature the Ceremony of Kiswah; second night, Feast of Al Hotoma; third night, gorgeous pageant of the King and the Cripple. There are housing facilities at the grove for three days and two nights. The direction of the affair is in the hands of Assistant Rabban Philip A. Erbes.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Al Koran, Cleveland, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a class of 125 and put in a day of jollification including moving pictures, band concerts, drill by the Patrol and music by the Chanters and wound up with a drill by the Veteran Patrol and some real heart stirring music by the Canton Trumdrum band. Al Koran is the third oldest Temple in the United States.

ONE OF THE OLD FOLKS.

Ziyara, Utica, is making preparation to properly celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in the fall of 1927. The Spring Ceremonial was a scintillating success, the parade being one of the largest ever put on by Ziyara. A movement is on foot to inaugurate a Benefit association.

GETS HIS JEWEL.

Noble James E. Chandler was presented with his Past Imperial Potentate's jewel in Ararat Temple, Kansas City, by Potentate Russell F. Greiner. The jewel is the first of the new design and is extremely attractive. It was to have been presented by the Imperial Potentate in March, but the absence of Noble Chandler in Cuba at that time prevented.

TOURED THE STATE.

Al Chymia, Memphis, took a couple of Pullmans and made a trip with the uniformed bodies to Brownsville, Humboldt, Jackson, Lexington, Paris, Union City, Newbern, and Dyersburg. The local Shriners saw to it that plenty of entertainment greeted the pilgrims.

A ROYAL ESCORT

Potentate George F. Eisenbrown, Rajah, Reading, might be excused—after almost a quarter of century of (Continued on page 79)



Islam Temple has acquired a beautiful grove of virgin redwood timber, where they are arranging for a three day pageant. The above picture shows a merry group of Islams banqueting at the grove.

SHRINE NEWS

ACTIVITIES
of the
TEMPLES

(Continued from page 78)

service as a Potentate—if he ran out of new ideas, but he doesn't appear to be built at all along those lines. For the Ceremonial designated the Allentown Round up, he took the Band, Patrol, Drum and Bugle Corps, Officers and Reception Committee, piled them on a train and pulled out for Allentown, where he put on a parade and concert and picked up the Novices and other Nobles and escorted them to the place of execution.

AROUSED THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Potentate Lewis and Recorder Parker, Calam, Lewiston, Wash., visited the Shrine Clubs at Moscow, St. Maries, Kellogg, Wallace, Coeur d'Alene, Sandpoint and Bonners' Ferry and stirred up enthusiasm which showed in the increased attendance at the Spring Ceremonial, of both Nobles and Novices.

OFFERED BIG PRICE

Abdallah, Leavenworth, purchased a site in Kansas City, Kan., some years ago, with a view to building a club house for the Kansas City membership. The plan having been abandoned, the property was offered for sale and negotiations are now pending looking to the sale of the ground for \$75,000, which is highest price ever paid for a piece of ground that size, not located on the main business street in Kansas City.

WILL RAG OUTDOORS

Zem Zem, Erie, held its first open air ball in the form of a reception to the Potentate. Monthly dances will now be in order at Rainbow Gardens.

CORNER STONE LAID

One of the last important acts of Imperial Potentate Burger was the laying of the corner stone of Zorah Mosque at Terre Haute, Ind. He was assisted by Past Imperial Potentate E. J. Jacoby, Murat, Indianapolis. Dr. Harry E. Sharrer, Orak, Hammond, acted as High Priest and Prophet.

The ceremonies began with an escort of Band, Patrol and Nobility, the Imperial Officers following in motor cars. Arriving at the site of the Mosque, Potentate R. M. H. Britton, Zorah, introduced some thirty visitors who were to take part in the corner stone laying. The band played "America."



Past Potentate Ladner greeting Imperial Potentate Burger at the Shriners' Philadelphia Convention.

A colorful section of the Shriners' Parade as it swung along Broad street, at the Philadelphia Convention.

The ritualistic work was well rendered, Past Potentate Leonard P. Steuart, Almas, Washington, acting as Imperial Chief Rabban, and Past Potentate Fred C. Goldsmith, as Imperial Assistant Rabban. Following the ceremony the Band played "Indiana," and a benediction was pronounced by Noble Sharrer.

It is hoped to complete the Mosque for dedication on January 1, 1927, the cost being estimated at about \$300,000.

In the evening an elaborate reception and ball was held in honor of the visiting guests.

The annual meeting of Grand Commandery, K. T., of Indiana was held on the same day as the corner stone laying, which materially assisted in bringing together the Masonic leaders of the state to assist on this occasion.

BLOOD IN THE AIR

Potentate W. W. Morrison, Aleppo, Boston, in his Ceremonial notice modestly invites the world at large to come to Braves Field on August 5th and see the Braves win a game of baseball from the world champions, Pittsburgh.

HUGE PAGEANT ANNOUNCED

Aleppo, Boston, through its Patrol and Drum Corps will stage "America" from July 8th to 24th, inclusive. A scenic setting 600 feet long and 40 feet high will cover the entire park where the display is to be given, three stages will be required and about 1000 people will take part. There will be dazzling ever-changing electric light effects, the high lights of the Revolutionary period will be re-enacted and the entertainment features will present beautiful ballets, striking tableaux, brilliant pageantry and a wonderful finale of modern fireworks display that will outdo anything heretofore attempted in Boston. Mr. Earl F. Newberry, who annually stages the great spectacle "Awakening" has been secured as director-general of this brilliant and mammoth event. Certain broad public charities will participate in the profits.



\$120 A WEEK
\$600 A MONTH
SALES \$25000 2 YEARS

WHO ELSE?
Wants \$90 A WEEK

Men, just a short time ago the three fellows above—Gill, DePaies and Viles—were looking at earning figures just as you are right now. Today they've got those earnings in their pockets—simply because they followed the money-making plan which I now offer to send you—FREE OF CHARGE!

When I say you can average \$90 a week on this job, I am deliberately conservative. You can see for yourself that with daily earnings as high as the above, it's easy for a man to average \$90 a week and more. And why are these big daily earnings possible? Because as a Fyr-Fyter representative you often make 10, 50 or 100 sales to one customer!

NO COMPETITION

Here's the story in a nutshell. As a Fyr-Fyter fire prevention expert, you represent the most widely advertised, efficient and complete line of fire-fighting equipment in the world. You perform a vitally needed service to every property owner in America—a service instantly recognized and appreciated. You avoid the competition that ordinary salesmen meet. And you operate in a market that has barely been tapped—even though hundreds of Fyr-Fyter men have rung up millions of dollars in sales. It's a dignified profession with a handsome salary and a wonderful future. Does your present job offer you that combination?

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It will bring you a free book entitled "Building A Permanent Income As A Fyr-Fyter Representative." It tells you exactly why and how you can make \$90 a week. You need no experience—we train you at home free of cost. Get the full details before you decide. Simply mail this coupon.



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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

[Continued from page 75]

DAVID W. CROSLAND,
Imperial Deputy Potentate
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR,
Imperial Chief Rabban
FRANK C. JONES,
Imperial Assistant Rabban

HOSPITALS IN OPERATION

SHREVEPORT, LA. Opened September, 1922. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted to date 691. Discharged, restored to normal or materially improved, 633. Noble James H. Rowland, chairman Board of Governors. Dr. Herbert A. Durham, chief surgeon. Miss Byrd Boehringer, superintendent.

TWIN CITIES, MINNEAPOLIS—ST. PAUL, MINN. Opened March, 1923. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted 498. Discharged 397. Noble C. E. Ovenshire, chairman. Dr. Wallace H. Cole, chief surgeon. Miss Lucy F. Corey, superintendent.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Opened June, 1923. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted 312. Discharged 241. Noble John D. McGilvray, chairman. Dr. Walter I. Baldwin, chief surgeon. Mrs. Gertrude R. Folendorf, superintendent.

PORTLAND, ORE. Opened January, 1924. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted 358. Discharged 303. Noble George L. Baker, chairman. Dr. R. B. Dillehunt, chief surgeon. Miss Letha Humphrey, superintendent.

ST. LOUIS, MO. Opened April, 1924. Capacity 100 beds. Patients admitted 740. Discharged 618. Noble Henry F. Niedringhaus, chairman. Dr. L. C. Abbott, chief surgeon. Miss Ariel Cargo, superintendent.

MONTREAL, CANADA. Opened February 18, 1925. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted 150. Discharged 84. Noble Henry J. Elliott, chairman. Dr. A. McKenzie Forbes, chief surgeon. Miss Louise M. Dickson, superintendent.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Opened February 21, 1925. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted 238. Discharged 165. Noble George M. Hendee, chairman. Dr. R. N. Hatt, chief surgeon. Miss Ruth H. Cummer, superintendent.

CHICAGO, ILL. Opened March 20, 1926. Capacity 50 beds. Patients admitted to date 7. Discharged 0. Noble Will H. Wade, chairman. Dr. Beveridge H. Moore, chief surgeon. Miss Grace A. Dunning, superintendent.

In certain instances, where space was available, hospitals have been permitted to install extra beds, increasing temporarily the capacity.

MOBILE UNITS

HONOLULU, H. I. Opened January, 1923. Uses wards in Kaulaolani Hospital. Capacity 30 beds. Patients admitted 592. Discharged 553. Noble Harry N. Dennison, chairman. Dr. J. Warren White, chief surgeon. Miss Frances A. Page, superintendent.

SPOKANE, WASH. Opened November 15, 1924. Uses wards in St. Luke's Hospital. Capacity 20 beds. Patients admitted 178. Discharged 147. Noble Henry A. Pierce, chairman. Dr. Mitchell Langworthy, chief surgeon. Miss Grace Bratton, superintendent.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. Opened January 15, 1925. Uses wards in St. Mark's Hospital. Capacity 20 beds. Patients admitted 150. Discharged 116. Noble F. C. Schramm, chairman. Dr. A. L. Huether, chief surgeon. Miss Laura Tolander, superintendent.

WINNIPEG, CANADA. Opened March 15, 1925. Uses wards in The Children's Hospital. Capacity 20 beds. Patients admitted 138. Discharged 117. Noble Arthur W. Chapman, chairman. Dr. A. A. Murray, chief surgeon. Miss Kathryn M. McLearn, superintendent.

FINANCIAL REPORT
SHRINERS HOSPITALS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ALBANY, N. Y.
Financial Report as of March 31, 1926. Summary,
Receipts and Disbursements of the Units.

ST. LOUIS UNIT (No. 1)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 970,316 97
Donations, reported as received.....32,834 31
Interest and miscellaneous receipts... 9,558 21

\$1,012,709 49
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 160,169 30
Buildings449,075 63
Equipments70,113 42
Operating Expenses.....256,613 93
Research Department.....14,410 02

\$ 950,382 30

MONTREAL UNIT (No. 2)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 563,037 48
Interest and Exchange.....11,107 02

\$ 574,144 50
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 76,440 12
Buildings356,552 39
Equipments50,010 52
Operating Expenses.....76,911 00

\$ 559,914 03

SAN FRANCISCO UNIT (No. 3)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 578,642 58
Donations, reported as received.....90,433 73
Interest and Miscellaneous Receipts... 3,834 69

\$ 672,910 90
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 66,830 40
Buildings317,117 56
Equipments60,650 90
Operating Expenses.....199,571 72

\$ 644,170 58

SHREVEPORT UNIT (No. 4)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 590,537 48
Donations, reported as received.....36,796 52
Interest and Miscellaneous Receipts... 4,551 35

\$ 631,885 35
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 49,162 08
Buildings317,863 54
Equipments45,689 09
Operating Expenses.....205,049 96

\$ 617,764 58

TWIN CITIES UNIT (No. 5)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 584,490 82
Donations, reported as received.....35,532 09
Interest and Miscellaneous Receipts... 2,404 91

\$ 622,427 82
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 42,604 40
Buildings298,841 35
Equipments41,200 30
Operating Expenses.....227,495 21

\$ 610,141 26

SPRINGFIELD UNIT (No. 6)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 594,828 16
Donations, reported as received.....40,233 67
Interest and Miscellaneous Receipts... 1,606 45

\$ 636,670 28
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 30,013 56
Buildings432,199 13
Equipments74,864 40
Operating Expenses.....88,050 01

\$ 625,127 10

PORTLAND UNIT (No. 7)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 505,699 45
Donations, reported as received.....50,873 24
Interest and Miscellaneous Receipts... 2,184 57

\$ 558,757 26
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 50,366 13
Buildings285,979 38
Equipments53,478 82
Operating Expenses.....155,610 72

\$ 545,435 05

PHILADELPHIA UNIT (No. 8)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 550,377 86
Donations, reported as received.....37,000 00
Interest on Bank Balances.....1,037 22

\$ 588,415 08
Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 37,922 00
Buildings514,184 08
Equipments481 79

\$ 552,587 87

CHICAGO UNIT (No. 9)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 509,719 24
Donations, reported as received.....63,608 30
Interest on Bank Balances.....1,383 23

\$ 574,710 77

Real Estate and Improvements.....\$ 55,269 16
Buildings443,514 49
Equipments30,153 42
Pre-Opening Expenses.....81,581 60
Operating Expenses.....3,254 05

4,835 65

HONOLULU MOBILE UNIT (No. 1)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 149,143 17
Interest and Miscellaneous Receipts... 2,078 79

\$ 151,221 96

Hospital Equipment.....\$2,237 89
Furniture and Fixtures.....2,196 74
Operating Expenses.....4,434 63
135,247 51

\$ 139,682 14

SPOKANE MOBILE UNIT (No. 2)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 59,186 45
Interest on Bank Balances.....520 11

\$ 59,706 56

Hospital Equipment.....\$1,534 04
Furniture and Fixtures.....769 14
Operating Expenses.....2,303 18
45,256 76

\$ 47,559 94

SALT LAKE CITY MOBILE UNIT (No. 3)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 54,997 32
Interest on Bank Balances.....66 77

\$ 55,064 09

Building Improvements.....\$1,047 27
Hospital Equipments.....288 15
Furniture and Fixtures.....1,335 42
Operating Expenses.....39,942 06

\$ 42,845 66

WINNIPEG MOBILE UNIT (No. 4)
Remittances to March 31, 1926.....\$ 56,460 90
Interest Bank Balances and Exchange... 1,446 90
Donations, reported as received.....1,158 45

\$ 59,066 31

Buildings, Alterations and Improvements...\$ 4,046 49
Hospital Equipments.....\$3,313 93
Furniture and Fixtures.....424 50
Operating Expenses.....3,738 43
37,946 49

\$ 45,731 41

The foregoing amounts are the totals from the beginning of each Unit, up to and including March 31st, 1926.

Respectfully Submitted,
M. B. TORBETT,
Trustee Accountant.

April 20, 1926.

AID CONVALESCENT HOME

Kem, Grand Forks, unanimously passed a resolution appropriating \$1800 to help swell the fund for the Convalescent Home in prospect for the Twin Cities. The Women's Auxiliary have the matter in hand and pledge themselves to duplicate, dollar for dollar, everything contributed by the Temples in their field of service. Their hope is that each Temple will contribute a dollar a member which will bring a sum total of about \$40,000. With a like amount from the ladies and the more than \$20,000 now on hand, a Convalescent Home would be assured and the turnout of the Hospital more than tripled.

The ladies working with Boumi, Baltimore, for the Philadelphia unit, turned in \$2085 as the result of two card parties. This was made part of the \$10,000 contributed by Boumi toward furnishing the Philadelphia unit.

Salt Lake City unit patients were entertained by the manager of Pantages Theater, who brought to the hospital vaudeville turns, which included trained animals, the dogs, bull and horses proving vastly entertaining to the audience.

Dr. Nelson Hatt, chief surgeon at the Springfield unit, addressed the Shrine Club of that city on "The Sunshine of the Fez." He also gave a resume of the deliberations of the orthopedic surgeons who had recently held a national gathering at Atlanta.



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WHEN glad vacation time again is here. Ah, then—when straight ahead lie the great woods and sparkling waters of your own outdoors—have a Camel!

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Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.